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GODEY'S
MAGAZINE
AND
LADY'S BOOK.

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. BALE,
HORTON WHICHAH AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

THE FIFTH YEAR HAS BEGUN.
1843.

PHILADELPHIA:
LOUIS A. GODEY, PUBLISHER, 151 N.
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G O D E Y ' S
M A G A Z I N E

AND

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

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MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
MORTON M'MICHAEL AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

VOL. XXIX.—FROM JULY TO DECEMBER,
1844.

PHILADELPHIA: ✓

LOUIS A. GODEY, PUBLISHERS' HALL,
101 CHESTNUT STREET.

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LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
NEW YORK

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. XXIX.

A Day at Chatsworth and Haddon. By <i>Theo. Ledyard Cuyler.</i>	231	Leap Year; or, Woman's Privilege. By <i>W. E. Burton.</i>	84
A Fancy Sketch. By <i>Mrs. Volney E. Howard.</i>	210	Letter from Nahant. By <i>Lynn Bard.</i>	278
A Farewell.	60	Life's Curfew Bell. By <i>William H. Cranston.</i>	76
A June Morning. By <i>Mrs. M. E. Robbins.</i>	36	Lines. By <i>Mrs. E. F. Ellet.</i>	31
A Lay of Gratitude.	168	Lines written in an Album. By <i>P. B.</i>	224
A Madrigal. By <i>German W. Foss.</i>	103	Love's Message. Translated from the German of <i>Reinick.</i>	251
An Embroidered Fact. By <i>Mrs. Mary Clavers.</i>	124	Lucy Franklin. By <i>Mrs. Emma C. Embury.</i>	32
Anna Milnor—The Young Lady who was not Punctual. By <i>T. S. Arthur.</i>	147	Marrying a Genius. By <i>Miss Mary Orme.</i>	104
A Portrait. By <i>Park Benjamin.</i>	233	Monadnock and Moonlight. By <i>J. W. Phelps.</i>	147
A Rime. By <i>Tristram Langstaff.</i>	114	Mount Auburn Cemetery. By <i>Mrs. S. J. Hale.</i>	235
"Auld Reekie." By <i>Theo. Ledyard Cuyler.</i>	41	Music. By <i>James M. Stewart.</i>	279
Autumn Wind. By <i>Mrs. M. E. Robbins.</i>	128	Music—Oh, Lady, Sing again that Song. By <i>Cornelia C. Crozet.</i>	44
Baby-Visiting. By <i>Mrs. A. M. F. Annan.</i>	266	Music—My Own Marie. By <i>Mrs. C. L. Hull.</i>	236
Christmas Night. By <i>Mrs. John K. Laskey.</i>	243	Music—The Dying Soldier.	140
Clairvoyant Sketches—Love and Jupiter. By <i>C. F. Hoffman.</i>	166	Music—Woman's Love.	93
Cleopatra's Needles. Translated by <i>Helen R. Drayton.</i>	129	My Mother's Grave. By <i>S. Cameron.</i>	56
Contemplation. By <i>Mrs. S. J. Hale.</i>	97	My Mother's Good-by. By <i>Thos. M. Cooley.</i>	108
Day Dreams. By <i>Mrs. M. N. McDonald.</i>	137	New Receipts for Paste or Cement. By <i>Miss Leslie.</i>	43
Drowne's Wooden Image. By <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne.</i>	13	Notices of Noticeable People and their Productions. By <i>A Pen.</i>	253
Editors' Book Table.	46, 96, 143, 238, 282	Not Invited.	98
Editors' Table.	45, 95, 142, 191, 238, 281	"Not Sure about that Same," "an ower true Tale." By <i>Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.</i>	10
Epitome of Astronomy. By <i>Rev. George Waterman, Jr.</i>	274	Old and Young by Turns. By <i>Miss Anna Fleming.</i>	90
Evening Reveries. By <i>D. E. Wilson.</i>	261	One of Mr. Wilton's Reminiscences. By <i>Mary Clavers.</i>	23
Friendship's Trinity. By <i>S. Cameron.</i>	107	Our New Fashion Plate.	162
Fort Duquesne. By <i>Professor Frost.</i>	189	Redeeming Love. By <i>Mrs. M. A. Galloher.</i>	265
Godey's Portrait Gallery—No. 1— <i>T. S. Arthur.</i>	193	Sabbath Eve. By <i>Wm. H. Burleigh.</i>	150
He Gave his Chasten'd Mind. By <i>Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.</i>	209	Sabbath in the Country. By <i>Dr. John C. McCabe.</i>	119
Heroic Women of America—No. 1—The Lady and the Arrows.	229	Scene from Hamlet.	145
Home. By <i>M. H. R.</i>	212	Sketches from the Note-book of a Minister at Large. By <i>Henry F. Harrington.</i>	120, 173
Honours to the Dead. By <i>Prof. W. G. Howard.</i>	163	Sonnet Writing. By <i>D. H. Robinson.</i>	97
I Knew Not Till We Parted. By <i>H. T. Tuckerman.</i>	128	Sports of the Olden Time.	1
I Know That Other Skies. By <i>Harriet E. Spencer.</i>	60	Spring Bells, translated from the German. By <i>Anna Fleming.</i>	9
Impromptu. By <i>M. A. C.</i>	92	Spring Flowers. By <i>Tristram Langstaff.</i>	36
It's None of My Business. By <i>T. S. Arthur.</i>	109	Sympathy. By <i>Miss Marion H. Rand.</i>	31
		The Artist's Disappointment. By <i>Mrs. E. F. Ellet.</i>	77

The Battle-ground of Germantown.	241	The Sleep of the Sailor Boy. By <i>Miss C. R. Cowles.</i>	98
The Ballad Poetry of England. By <i>Henry W. Herbert.</i>	262	The Solemn Celebration—a Historical Sketch. By <i>Miss H. F. Gould.</i>	250
The Broken Vow. By <i>Miss Eliza A. Dupuy.</i>	57	The Stray Deer; or, A Scene near the Hudson. By <i>Ruth.</i>	218
The Cantatrice. By <i>H. T. Tuckerman.</i>	7	The Surprise. By <i>Margaret M. Davis.</i>	146
The Centenary Cherry Tree. By <i>Dr. John C. McCabe.</i>	3	The Teacher.	194
The Centre-Table. By <i>Miss Leslie.</i>	37, 51, 99, 183	The Three Breakfasts. By <i>Wm. E. Burton.</i>	199
The College Boy. By <i>Miss C. M. Sedgwick.</i>	27, 115	The Two Paths. By <i>Mrs. A. M. F. Annan.</i>	65
The Confirmed Bachelor. By <i>Myself.</i>	18	The Voice of the Night Wind. By <i>John Logon.</i>	276
The Country Cousins. By <i>Anna Fleming.</i>	225	The Violet. By <i>Mrs. M. A. Galloher.</i>	209
The Dampwoods—a slight Sketch. By <i>Miss Leslie.</i>	244	The Widow's Son—a Story of Real Life. By <i>Robert Morris, Esq.</i>	169
The Dying Student. By <i>a late Editor.</i>	136	The Winter Hyacinth. By <i>Mrs. L. H. Slogourney.</i>	26
The Empire of Man. By <i>Mrs. S. J. Hale.</i>	6	"Thou Art the Man!" By <i>Edgar A. Poe.</i>	219
The Fair Client. By <i>Mrs. S. C. Hall.</i>	195	Thoughts at Midnight. By <i>Mrs. Lois B. Adams.</i>	123
The Fire Flies. By <i>Miss Hannah F. Gould.</i>	49	To a Ringlet of Hair.	114
The Fortunes of the House of Foix—The Fatal Gift. By <i>Henry W. Herbert.</i>	151	To Helen. By <i>E. G. Squier.</i>	76
The Hand and its Work. By <i>Mrs. S. J. Hale.</i>	4	To "Mary." By <i>Dr. John C. McCabe.</i>	172
The Heiress. By <i>F. E. F.</i>	176	To My Boy. By <i>J. S. F.</i>	17
The Ideal. By <i>W. R. Morris.</i>	26	Tropic Land. By <i>The Poor Scholar.</i>	92
The Late Thomas Campbell. By <i>R. W. G.</i>	139	Two Passages in an Artist's Life. By <i>Mrs. E. F. Ellet.</i>	256
The Light Guitar. By <i>Mrs. S. J. Hale.</i>	50	Two Periods in the Life of Haydn. By <i>Mrs. E. F. Ellet.</i>	213
The Lily of the Valley. By <i>Mrs. M. E. Robbins.</i>	83	Two Ways with Domesticities. By <i>T. S. Arthur.</i>	61
The Mourner. By <i>Mrs. M. Carpenter.</i>	12	Useful Hints. By <i>Miss Leslie.</i>	43
The Mill Boy.	49	Visits to the Painters. By <i>an Amateur.</i>	277
The Mocking Bird. By <i>Wm. Gilmore Simms.</i>	230	Washington Crossing the Delaware.	50
The New Cinderella. By <i>Miss Penina Moise.</i>	252	We May Not Meet Again. By <i>D. Pratt.</i>	64
The New York Colonists. By <i>H. T. Tuckerman.</i>	234	Written in an Album. By <i>J. E. Knight.</i>	235
The Night Storm. By <i>Prof. Wm. G. Howard.</i>	255		
The Noonday Meal. By <i>H. W. Herbert.</i>	2		
The Oblong Box. By <i>Edgar A. Poe.</i>	132		
The Queen of the Desert. By <i>Miss Mary Ann Browne.</i>	175		

EMBELLISHMENTS IN VOL. XXIX.

JULY.

Sports of the Olden Time.
The Noonday Meal.
The Empire of Man.
Fashion Plate—Four Figures.
Music.

AUGUST.

The Farmer's Boy.
The Light Guitar.
Washington Crossing the Delaware.
Music.

SEPTEMBER.

Not Invited.
Contemplation.
Fashions.
Music.

OCTOBER.

The Grave Diggers.
Fort Duquesne.
The Surprise.

NOVEMBER.

The Teacher.
Portrait of T. S. Arthur.
Picture of the Lady and the Arrows.
Fancy Fashion Dresses.
Music.

DECEMBER.

The New Cinderella.
The Battle-ground of Germantown.
Superb Fancy Plate.
Fashions.
Music.





GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

JULY, 1844.

SPORTS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

(See Plate.)

This splendid plate represents a scene which must have been of the most joyous and exciting character. The sport of falconry or hawking was, during the middle ages, the favourite amusement of princes and nobles; and as ladies could engage in it, it became very prevalent, particularly in France. It is recorded in some of the old chronicles of that period, that one great advantage of falconry was, that queens, duchesses and countesses, were allowed by their husbands to carry the falcon on their wrists without offending propriety. The knight was anxious to pay his court to the ladies, on such occasions, by his attentions to the falcon. He was obliged to fly the bird at the proper moment, to follow her immediately, never to lose sight of her, to encourage her by calls, to take the prey from her, to caress her, to put on the hood, and place her gently on the wrist of her mistress.

The falcon was a bird of the hawk species, about the size of a raven. They were taken from the nest when young, and fed for months with the raw flesh of pigeons and wild birds. They were then taught to rest on posts, &c., in order to inure them to sitting on the hand. To make them tame, they were kept for a long time without sleep, and accustomed to endure a leathern hood, which was drawn over the head. After all this preparatory discipline, (and much more not worth recapitulating,) the hawk was taken to the field, always hooded, so as to see no object but the game, and as soon as the dog had sprung it, the falcon was unhooded and tossed into the air after its prey.

The sport continued in favour until the seventeenth century, but it was gradually superseded by the invention of fire-arms.

In England there is still an hereditary grand falconer, whose office it is to present the king, (or queen,) on the day of coronation, with a cast of falcons. The Duke of St. Albans is the present grand falconer of England. Some attempts have recently been made to revive the sport in that country; but on account of the general inclosure of the fields, and probably, too, because the amusement was incompatible with the present modes of life, the affair was a ridiculous failure.

This sport will never probably be known in our country, except by descriptions and delineations. As in the tournaments, and all the obsolete customs and observances of the chivalric ages, the novelists are the best authorities we can consult for the minutiae of hawking. In their pages we meet with the living and moving pictures of that social life in Europe, when one of the most potent kings* kept an establishment for falcons which cost him forty thousand livres annually, the grand falconer of which had under him "fifteen noblemen and fifty falconers!"

Every reader of Scott must remember the stirring scene in the "Abbott," where the hero Roland first displays his brave spirit in defence of the young falcons he had run such risk to obtain; the violence of his anger because the English falconer had fed the bird with "unwashed meat, and she an eyas!"

* Francis I. He began his reign in the year 1515.

But in one of James's novels—"Mary of Burgundy"—is a description which our plate strikingly illustrates—when the princess, "mounted on a beautiful white horse, adorned with many a goodly trapping, which, though full of fire and life, she managed with that easy and graceful horsemanship

for which she was famous," bearing upon her wrist the falcon, which showed the object of her expedition, and accompanied by ladies (not seen in our picture) and falconers, with their dogs, and other attendants, rode forth to enjoy the sport she so well loved and understood.

THE NOONDAY MEAL.

BY H. W. HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN BALLADS," "THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS," ETC.

(See Plate.)

It is the very lull of noon—the sun
Which smote the champaign, but an hour ago,
With violent heat, in pity hath concealed
The intolerable splendour of his brow
In tabernacles of cerulean cloud,
Gold fringed and gauze-like. But a milder glow
Streams over hill, and dale, and meadows green
Besprent with the rath crowslip; lanes o'erhung
With clustered woodbine; clumps of sycamore;
And immemorial oaks; green sepulchres
Of countless centuries; and proud roofs between
Peaked and embattled; homes transmitted down
From sire to son for ages—since the day
When Norman William smote the Saxon force
Of Harold on the hill—and lowly coits
With diamond casements flashing to the morn;
And happy hearths, though humble; and tall spires
Pointing the heavenward road to who would ask,
And find—

An English landscape, such as lie
Stretched out by thousands through the seagirt isle
From farthest Tweed to those white walls, which frown
Her southern bulwarks o'er the subject sea.

It is the very lull of noon—the thrush,
Which all the morn has poured his richest strain
In musical gushes from the umbrageous tent
Of yon gnarled thorn bush, stills his liquid throat
Mute by his silent mate—the lark, down dropt
Amid the young green wheat with trailing wing
Pants in the furrow, by excess of song
Faint, and forespent with bliss. In limpid pool,
Or shallow reach of the quick glancing stream,
The spotted heifers shun the midday glare
Half hid i' the willows pale, or on the bank
With open nostrils quaff the cooling breeze.
There is no life astir, save in the beam,
Where float, like dusty atoms, or the sand
On the sea-shore, wheeling their short-lived dance,
The myriad insect tribes, born but to die,
Most beautiful and briefest.

Oh! 'tis strange,
And passing sad, that in this human world,
Where all is fleeting transitory show,
Naught should so fleeting be, as what is best,
And dearest, and most lovely, and most loved.

Alas! alas! Is it indeed, that those
"Whom the Lord loves die young," thus spared the lapse
Of years, which are but sorrows; rescued thus
From trial and temptation, to look down
In perfect bliss on that uncertain state
Which once to them was happiness and love?

Or is it that our world, those left to strew
Its weary paths with gladness, and illumine
Its shadows by their inborn light of soul,
Would e'en too happy be, too bright; and so
Our aspirations to the mortal bind,
Which should to the immortal and eterne
Rise hopefully, and leave the dust of time.

Enough for us, that it is He, whose hand
Gives to the painted insect but one day
Of joy and beauty, and an age complete
To the slow senseless reptile—He it is,
Who takes the purest and the sweetest souls
Early away, and leaves the rude and vile
To grow apace and ripen—He it is
Most merciful and wise! and thence we know
This best and wisest: thought to mortal eyes
Strange, and intolerable to endure!

Bright insects! ye have led me from my theme
Devious, and like a child whom o'er the mead
Your downy wings invite to dubious chase
Illusive—but small things will thrill the chain
Of memory which links all time, and binds
All things that are, or have been, or shall be,
Into one present!

When the heart is bruised,
Even blissful things and gay their nature change,
Making its sadness sadder yet—the boon,
Long wished and long denied, which, had it fallen
Yestreen, had been esteemed a gift from God,
To-day comes as a grief, and adds new pain
To that needs no addition.

Thus it is
That I have wandered—
Yet, it still is noon
In the fair landscape—the swinked husbandman
Sits in the cool blue shadow of the oak,
His garments spread beside him, and the tools

That win his scanty bread, dismissed awhile,
 Yet soon to be resumed. A little hand
 Rests on his knee, a delicate small voice
 Speaks music to his weary ear—his girl,
 Bare-headed, in the sunshine, with bare feet,
 Yet fair and graceful as a prince's child,
 Has brought across the fields his noonday meal,
 And o'er the stile, and by the deep woodside—
 Nor stopped to gather king-cups in the mead,
 Or gay marsh-marigolds beside the brook;
 Nor—when her little sister clapped her hands,
 And laughed, till the old trees sent back her glee
 In mellow trebles, to see Carlo chase
 The light-winged swallows o'er the new-mown hay—
 Tarried to share her glee; but hastened on,
 Meek type of sweetest womanhood, to soothe
 The toil of others, careless of her own,
 Gentle, and uncomplaining, and most glad
 To mark a smile steal o'er the face she loves,

Lit by her coming.

Happy, happy they,
 Though poor, and weak, and lowly in estate,
 And haply scorned by the proud, who have on whom
 To lean in sorrow, and with whom in joy
 To feel joy doubled by the radiant smile
 That thanks the giver of 't.

And wretched He,
 Who, blest albeit with riches, honour, youth,
 Vigour of bone, and intellect sublime,
 Would barter, oh how freely!—youth, and wealth,
 Glory, and strength, and genius—and the last
 Perchance most willingly, as adding most
 To that he suffers—for one little hour
 Of who no longer is; although she live
 In bliss forever by no sense of his
 Perceived or apprehended, and perhaps—
 Most saddest thought of all—no more to be,
 Or known, or loved, beyond the pitiless tomb.

THE CENTENARY CHERRY TREE.*

Respectfully dedicated to Miss S. G., of Winchester, Va.

BY DR. JOHN C. MCABE.

YEARS, years have rolled above thee, yet still unscarred,
 unruined,
 Thy teeming branches wave aloft to catch the winds of
 heaven;
 The lightning and the tempest, the sunshine and the
 storm,
 In fury or in beauty oft hath played around thy form;
 Yes, years have brought their joys and griefs since first
 the twig took root
 That waves its strong arms gallantly, and sheds its lus-
 cious fruit;
 And 'neath thy branches, aged tree, there hath been joy
 and woe
 Since first thou struck'st the yielding soil one hundred
 years ago!

Our fathers met beneath thy shade to pluck thy glowing
 fruit,
 And many years have rolled along since they were cold
 and mute;
 And our mothers in their girlhood met beneath thy boughs
 to play—
 Our mothers!—weary time hath past, and where, oh
 where are they?
 Some sleep in distant churchyards, and some have made
 their graves
 Where the lowly drooping willow in its mournful beauty
 waves
 Beside some silvery streamlet's banks which softly winds
 along,
 And with the gentle breezes blends its sad funeral song.

Our childhood's friends have stood with us beneath your
 spreading limbs,

And at sweet sunset's holy hour have sung soft touching
 hymns;

Our childhood's friends! And where are they, the beau-
 tiful, the fair?

We ask, and echo from the hills repeats the mournful
 "where?"

The old are not, the young are gone—the green mound
 tells the rest!

(May the flower-decked turf lie lightly on each cold and
 pulseless breast!)

Yet here thou stand'st in "green old age," erect, and
 strong, and free,

And proudly fling'st thy fruit away, old centenary tree!

And thou shalt still in thy old age be towering, bold, and
 strong,

When he who weaves beneath thee now his melancholy
 song,

When *she*, the young and beautiful, who bids him wake
 his lay,

And those who mingle with us now, all, all have passed
 away!

May we who now are met to part beneath thee, aged tree,
 Strive for that brighter, better land; and then whatever
 may be

Our fates in time—our graves beneath the deep sea or the
 sod—

We all may pluck immortal fruit "fast by the throne of
 God!"

* On the farm of Samuel Skinker, Esqr., in Stafford
 county, Va., there stands a cherry tree one hundred years
 old, yet still flourishing in "a green old age."

Norfolk, Va.

THE HAND, AND ITS WORK.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—SOLOMON.

All work is noble.—*Labore orare.*—Work is worship.—CARLISLE.

THE stars that shine in Afric's sky,
Lighting all lovely things,
Have seen, though hid from human eye,
Two tiny, trembling Springs.
Whose silvery, soft-ton'd flowing seems
Like whispers heard in lovers' dreams,
That wake an answering smile;—
And yet those star-kiss'd springs send forth
The proudest flood that tracks the earth—
The world-renown'd Old Nile:—
Swart Egypt's sands, beneath his wave,
Are whelm'd, as in an ocean grave;
Anon, from out his slimy tide,
Like earth from Chaos raised again,
The rich green harvest waveth wide,
And hope, and joy, and beauty reign.

Thus powerless, as the oozing rill,
The infant's small, soft hand appears,
But wielded by stern manhood's will,
And strengthen'd by life's rolling years,
That wonder-working Hand may pour,
Like Nile, when bursting every bound,
A flood of devastation o'er
The prostrate world around;
Or, like Nile's fertilizing tide,
May scatter blessings far and wide.

The human Hand! Would'st number o'er
Its mighty works of strength and skill?
The trophies cumber every shore;—
'Mid desert wastes,—on mountains hoar,
Where foot may press, or eye explore,
Its presence meets us still;—
From Babylonia's crumbling tower,
(Religion's earliest dome of power,)
To Zion's holy hill,—
And downward, through the lapse of time,
Where'er is heard the voice or chime,
That summons men to praise and prayer,
From minaret or Gothic pile,
From shingled roof or pillar'd aisle—
The Workman's Hand is there.

The monuments of power and pride,
Whose shadows aw'd the elder world,
Like broken toys, at eventide,
By careless childhood cast aside,
Now lie in ruin hurl'd;—
Temples and palaces o'erthrown,—
But scattered brick, and sculptur'd stone,

Still bear this record, undefaced
By time or change, by war or waste:—
That THEBES had men of patient care,—
That strong and cunning Hands were there;
And thus the workman's fame,
His own by honest toil, remains secure,
When vanishing like foam by winds up-tost,
Ambition's towering eminence is lost;—
The artisan that chisell'd Pharaoh's name
His work abides,—the monarch's sinks obscure.

Earth's desolate places! Oh, who that hath trod
'Mid ruins, once fair as a city of God,
But felt, as he ponder'd the work of his race,
The spirit's deep yearning each movement to trace?
To sweep o'er the Ages, and gaze on the Past,
With the eye of the sun, and the wing of the blast?
—'Tis vain—the dark pall of oblivion is spread;
But Hist'ry, though cold as the hand of the dead,
Still holds the quench'd torch, that once blazon'd their
fame,
And points out a clue to the place and the name:—
"These stones are Palmyra!—and high in those rocks,
The haunt of the owl, and the hole of the fox,
Were thy palaces, Edom—the queenly, the proud!"
And thus, as the light of some tremulous star,
That shows its pale beam through the murk midnight
cloud,
Antiquity shineth, so faint and so far!
So faint in the east, where her genius had birth,—
But who may discover her light in the west?
Where the ages are mute, as the mines of the earth,
When the "blackness of darkness" above them is
press'd!
The Nile, hath it witness'd destruction and change?
The Amazon waters a region more strange!
Pompeii was whelm'd in her lava-seal'd tomb—
Palenque and Uxmal—oh, what was their doom!

Where roams the red man through the thorn-tangled brake,
And the jaguar's yell drowns the hiss of the snake,
On a mound, Tian-like, by dark forests o'ergrown,
Wild ruins of palace and temple are strown,
And o'er them, like watch-towers of silence and fear,
Vast structures, in desolate grandeur, appear,—
As though the Storm-demon had swept in his wrath,
And Death, with closed vizor, had follow'd his path,
And "sealed up" the things which the heavens beheld,
Ere the dark gods of earth by the Cross were expell'd;—
'Tis the empire of wonder, the realm of blind doubt,
Where the light of man's soul has forever gone out.

Thus thought, as he roam'd through those dust-darken'd halls,

And gaz'd, with strain'd eye, on their dim-pictured walls,
A son of the land, whose star-banner unfurl'd,
Bears terror to tyrants and hope to the world.

As cheerful as lark, mounting upward from earth,
From the home of his father's that searcher went forth;
And wider than mountain-fledg'd eagle hath flown,
His foot o'er earth's strange, storied places had gone:

On Sinai's lone summit his spirit bow'd low,
With the Greeks, at Thermopylae, challeng'd the foe;
All noble achievements he felt to the core
Of his heart, and all mysteries deep would explore;

A man among men—aye, right worthy was he
To uphold the renown of the brave and the free,
And glean, from the ruins of ages, the lore
Of wisdom and truth, which are new evermore.

But now, on his soul the dark shadow is cast,
As vainly he struggles to fathom the Past;—
All dumb rise the phantoms he summons around,—
Their signs have no meaning, their language no sound:

Ha! the form of a Hand* on the ceiling impress'd,
Bright red, as with blood, flowing warm from the breast!
And the heart of the traveller leap'd at the view,—
'Twas humanity's symbol, the perfect, the true!

He feels as though brothers their welcome was bringing,
And tones of glad voices around him were ringing;—
He is not alone in that desolate place,
Man's Hand had been there—'twas the work of his race!

The Hand—what wondrous wisdom plann'd

This instrument so near divine!
How impotent, without the Hand,
Proud reason's light would shine!

Invention might her powers apply,
And Genius see the forms of heaven,
And firm Resolve his strength might try—
But vain the will, the soul, the eye,

Unquarried would the marble lie,
The oak and cedar flout the sky,
Had not the Hand been given.

The frost's ice-breath the seas may block,—
An earthquake's arm the mountain's shake,—
The lightning's eye dissolve the rock,—
The heaving breast of waters break

A pathway through the solid land;—
No form, that Nature's force could take,
Such changes in the world would make,
As doth the human Hand!

Its slender palm the forest clears,
And sows the nurturing grain,
The harvest springs, the vine appears,
And pastures dot the plain,

Its slender palm the forest clears,
And sows the nurturing grain,
The harvest springs, the vine appears,
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* "On the walls of this desolate edifice (in Uxmal) were prints of the 'mano colorado,' or red hand. Often as I saw this print it never failed to interest me. It was the stamp and form of the living hand: it always brought me nearer to the builders of these cities, and at times, amid stillness, and desolation, and ruin, it seemed as if from behind the curtain that concealed them from view, was extended the hand of greeting."—*Stephens' Incidents of Travel in Yucatan.*

Where flocks and herds secure may lie,
Nor prowling beasts will venture nigh,—
They feel their Maker's stern command,
And yield to man the cultured land.
Then cities lift their stately spires,
And orchards bloom, and household fires
Are kindled up, with song and glee;
And art and taste their riches pour;
And strong swift ships have bridg'd the sea,
While nations meet on either shore,
Like neighbours, stepp'd from door to door;—
And savage Hands, whose work was strife,
Now clasped in social compact, prove
Justice and peace may govern life,
If man his work perform in love.

Man's work—how much the word hath said

From Mæris' Lake to fountain, set,
Like diamond in a coronet,
Within some emerald shade;

From garden-pale to China's Wall;
From Pyramid to plaything small

Which infant's touch hath sway'd;
From mud-scoop'd hut to royal hall;
From burial vault to lighthouse tall,—
The loftiest work, the lowest—all
The master Hand hath made.

All wants that from our nature rise,
Life's common cares, the Hand supplies,—
It tends and clothes our myriad race,

It forms for each a resting place,
And ceaseless ministry doth keep,
From cradle dream to coffin sleep.
All rare, rich, curious, costly things,

Which fashion seeks, and commerce brings,
To fill our homes with comforts sweet,
And make it joy for friends to meet;
And all that deck ambition's train,

And gild authority's command,
Were wrought with toil, and care, and pain,
And fashioned by the skilful Hand.

Art's glorious things, that give the Mind

Dominion over time and space;
The silken car, that rides the wind;

The steel, that pathless seas can trace;
The engine, breathing fire and smoke,
Which first old Neptune's trident broke,
And sails its ships 'gainst wind and tide;

The telescope, that sweeps the sky,
And brings the pilgrim planet nigh,
Familiar as the Sun's pale bride;
The microscopic lens, which finds

On every leaf a peopled land,
All these, and more, which aid the mightiest minds,
Were wrought and finished by the good right Hand.

And even where Mind unquestioned empire claims,

And eloquence can spell-bound chain the throng,
Still must the Hand enbalm the deathless names,

And carve the cenotaph, or trace the song
That keeps their glories, as the star its light,
Drawn from the sun's bright day to gild its night;—

Egyptian wisdom hath no more a tongue,
 Save in the hieroglyph the Hand hath wrought;
 And Pericles and Cicero would sleep,
 Like diamonds wasted in the unfathom'd deep;
 And Angelo's or Allston's fame be nought,
 Except the Hand, with wizard power could seize
 Imagination's burning reveries,
 And give material form to heavenly thought.

And thus, through all our round of life,
 The Hand a sovereign sceptre sways,
 It wields the battle brand of strife,
 The olive branch of peace displays;
 Its touch can waken and control,
 Of heavenly harmony the soul;—
 (What wonders hath its masters done,
 From Jubal down to Norway's son!)
 Pour floods of sound on ravish'd ears,
 As though an angel struck the spheres!
 It writes the laws that govern man;

The books, that make him glad and wise,
 And tests, from Britain to Japan,
 From Niger to the Polar Sea,
 'Mong poor, or rich, or bond, or free,

The sum of human energies.
 Oh, when its gathered trophies stand,
 Like magic forms on sea, on land,
 In fancy's view, who doth not cry,
 As the bright vision glideth by,
 In beauty, power, and majesty—
 "Though Mind Aladdin's lamp might be,
 His Genie was the Hand!"

While thus to ceaseless task-work doom'd, to make the
 world his own,
 —Lest, in the struggle, sense should drag the spirit from
 its throne,
 Woman's warm heart and gentle hand, in God's eternal
 plan,
 Were form'd to soften, soothe, refine, exalt, and comfort
 Man,
 And win from pleasure's poison cup to life's pure fount
 above,
 And rule him, as the angels rule, by deeds of peace and
 love:—

And so the tender Mother lays, upon her nurturing breast,
 With her soft hand, her infant son, and lulls him to his
 rest,
 And dries his tears, and cheers his smiles, and by her
 mild control,
 She checks his wayward moods, and wakes the seraph
 in his soul;
 And when life's work commands him forth, no more to
 dwell with her,
 She points him to the HAND that saved the sinking mari-
 ner,
 And broke the bread for famish'd men, and bids him trust
 that stay—
 And then, her hands unclasp'd from his, are lifted up to
 pray.

But man could never work alone, and even in Eden's
 bowers
 He pined for woman's smile to cheer his task of tending
 flowers;
 And soon a fair young bride is sought and found to bless
 the youth,
 Who gives, for his protecting hand, her heart of love and
 truth;—
 And now his work hath higher aims, since she its bless-
 ings shares,
 And oft her hand will roses strew, where his would scatter
 tares;
 And, like a light within a vase, his home enshrines her
 form,
 Which brightens o'er his world-toss'd mind, like sunshine
 o'er the storm;
 And when she pleads in sorrow's cause, he cannot choose
 but hear,
 And when her soul with Heaven communes, she draws
 his spirit near;
 And thus they live till age creeps on, or sickness lays
 him low,
 Then will she gird her woman's heart to bear life's bi-
 terest woe,
 And soothe his pain, and stay his head, and close his dy-
 ing eyes—
 Oh, then, his work well done, his Hand may rest in Para-
 dise!

THE EMPIRE OF MAN.

BY MRS S J HALE.

(See Plate.

"SUBDUE and rule the world," was God's command.—
 With slow and toilsome tread man urges on
 His conquests o'er the stern and savage land:
 Yet still Earth cries—"Thy empire is not won!"

Next, with the dark and storm-rob'd ocean king,
 Man, compass-arm'd, the conflict hath begun
 He triumphs, and the seas their tribute bring:
 Still Earth repeats—"Thy empire is not won!"

The bolts of heaven man grasps with daring hand—
 In vain the fiend of fire his fate would shun!
 Forc'd like a slave he toils on sea and land:
 Still Earth exclaims—"Thy empire is not won!"

One effort more, yon monarch of the wind,
 Seize his bold wing, the battle will be done;
 Air, Fire and Water as thy vassals bind,
 Then Earth will shout—"Man hath his empire won!"

THE CANTATRICE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"Il cantar che nel' anima si sente."—PETRARCA.

THE scent of violets always reminds me of Bianca C—. Her love of the flower amounted to a passion. She almost invariably wore a bunch in her girdle, and a porcelain vase that stood on the little centre-table beside her chair was often filled with them. I have seen her in winter, when the noonday sun warmed the atmosphere, pour a drop or two of the perfume upon her fingers, and throwing open the window, wave her hand to and fro, and as the breeze wafted in the fragrance, you could easily fancy that it was the first delicate breath of spring. The association is not incongruous, although Bianca was a public character. Her spirit was as meek and her affections touched to as pensive a sweetness as the violet. She was but an indifferent actress. You could never lose sight of the woman in the character. Her imitative power was very limited. It was impossible not to be conscious that she was feigning the queen, the lover, or the priestess; and, at the same time, such was the personal fascination that you felt, that "only herself could be her parallel." Her professional success was owing entirely to her voice. It was not of great compass, but liquid and true to a marvel. She warbled rather than sung. I never heard any thing so bird-like. Often have I instinctively ran my eye suddenly from her face to the lofty ceiling, as if the notes were rising visibly. They seemed to escape so perfect, and well upward like the air bubbles through a gaseous spring—

"And then my youth fell on me like a wind
Descending on still waters."

I grew buoyant with the melody, and could, as it were, feel every mortal weight fall away from my heart. Not that the sensation was always joyous; Bianca's voice had a silvery pathos in its most lively overflowings; but whatever the sentiment of the music, her cadences were wonderfully aerial. They gave one the feelings of wings. I could apply to her Shelley's apostrophe to the sky-lark—

"Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a rapture so divine.

"What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?"

The excitement of such vocalizing lingered with me long after its audible vibrations died. I used to walk the streets for hours on leaving the opera-

house, to lull my nerves into weariness. Nothing vivifies consciousness like high and exquisite music, especially that of the human voice. The waves of emotion palpitate beneath it like a sea. While singing, Bianca gave you the impression of a prophetess, or a sybil won momentarily from her superhuman attributes by love. When crowned with the garlands of public admiration, she drew near the foot-lights, and standing with a Niobe-like inclination, extended her beautiful arms—

"As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
And carried to all spirits with the act
Its affluent inspiration."

To the burst of applause, a silence ensued almost sublime in its pervading quietude; and then, moved by the grateful homage, and kindled by the vast expectancy of a thousand hearts, she would become quite oblivious of the prescribed music, and fearlessly utter strains of unpremeditated melody that thrilled the hushed multitude with delight and awe. The bewildered orchestra forgot their vocation and rose to listen. Fair heads leaned from the long range of boxes intently. Strangers, side by side, unconsciously grasped each other, by that instinct of sympathy which "makes the whole world kin." At the close, there always succeeded a feeling of vivid surprise, so great was the lapse from ideal height to a sense of the immediate and the actual. It seemed as if upon that stream of harmony we might have attained some infinite good. For a moment, the heart vacillated with the pain of awaking from its exalted dream, and then turned its baffled enthusiasm into plaudits to the genius of the hour. But it were as hopeful an emprise to attempt to paint the lightning in its momentary effulgence, or impart in words an idea of the most innate grace of character, as strive to convey any adequate conception of triumphs so ethereal. When death chills the sculptor's heart, some tokens of his life survive in marble. The bold design, the lines of tasteful skill, the expression of saintly beauty, yet assure us how nobly he thought or how earnestly he felt. And thus is it with the limner and the bard. But the song expires on the lip. Its only trophies are in the auditor's memory. Its triumph endures alone in the heart it stirred and the imagination it fired. Yet how endearing are even these frail oblations, since they belong to that vast array of latent agencies which perhaps have more to do with our weal and wo than all the apparent enginery of life. Truly, music is the most spiritual of the fine arts. Apart from her vocalism, it is

easier to describe Bianca. In her by-play, and, indeed, at all times, she gave you the idea of a lady. There was nothing professional in her looks or attitudes. Her manner of standing and moving, the expression of the eye, every glance and gesture was perfectly refined. Without being sylph-like, her gait was winning. It was unique upon the stage. There is something exceedingly significant in a woman's step. It is marvellously indicative of character. There is a certain indescribable gait which I have but rarely witnessed,—neither the queenly tread of the Tuscan peasant, nor the graceful step of the fair Spaniard, nor the lightsome trip of the Grisette; it is a modest, gentle, candid movement, breathing alike of rectitude and dependence. It hath something in it irresistibly appealing. Such a gliding about one makes home divine. Scott's perception of it is evinced in his picture of Dumbiedikes for hours silently watching Jeannie Deans as she moved upon her household duties, through her father's cottage. There is no little integrity in natural language, and that of woman hath not a more meaning chapter than her gait. You could not watch Bianca as she paced the stage, (trod is too bold a term,) without feeling it would be a glorious privilege to walk beside her through the world. Another attraction belonged to her of which nature is not prodigal. Her shoulders were expressively beautiful. They rounded so full and deftly, that the head was thrown slightly forward, giving an air of the most sincere humility, which was the more affecting from its union with such noble gifts. I delighted to watch her slow progress up the stage when arrayed in a most becoming oriental costume. The full white drawers, brought tightly round the ankle, the snug embroidered jacket, the short skirt, and the turban of rich merino, finely displayed her symmetrical form and gave relief to every movement. It was grace personified;—not that of art, but the free, dignified, and yet meek grace of genuine womanhood.

The success of a vocalist, however scientific, is liable to many interruptions. A slight illness or depression of spirits will often obstruct that delicate instrument, upon the clearness and facility of which the exercise of the art depends. Bianca was remarkably even and sustained. I could never detect any waywardness in her moods. She appeared happy, indeed, in the triumphant display of her rare powers, but there was in this feeling no elation or oppressive excitement—all seemed resolute and placid. She bore herself like one serene and patient, as if above the minor cares of her profession, and devoted to it from love and duty rather than ambition. I remarked this to one of the very few individuals who enjoyed her society; she repeated the observation to the *prima donna*. She was pleased at the recognition of character it implied, and soon after consented to gratify my earnest desire for an introduction. We became intimate; and as I gradually learned her rare worth and the circumstances of her life, my original enthusiasm was deepened and confirmed.

Her family were nobly allied, but unfortunate; and they regarded her vocal powers as a blessing destined to redeem them from poverty. On the very night of her *début*, the Duke of ——— became her passionate admirer. At length he addressed her and was rejected. Her father's pride was enlisted, and his commands, united with her lover's importunity, at length induced her to yield. A year had not elapsed after the marriage, before her husband proved himself a brute. To add to her misfortunes, his estate was seized by a swarm of abused creditors. With the forbearance of a lofty soul, she forgot his unkindness and cheerfully returned to the stage. Yet he gambled away her earnings, and continued to abuse and neglect the benefactress not less than the wife. In vain her friends remonstrated and urged a separation. Her affection, if it had ever been cordial, was long since destroyed; but a moral heroism inspired her. She resolved still to suffer and to hope. At the close of a season of extraordinary brilliancy, a benefit was arranged for her on a scale of liberal patronage worthy of the artist and the woman. It was a tempestuous night, but every nook of the splendid opera-house was crowded. An audience whose faces had grown familiar by their uninterrupted attendance, thronged to pay a heart-felt tribute and revel once more in the delicious strains of the *prima donna*. That very day, on her husband's applying for money which she had not to bestow, in a fit of disappointment and rage, he felled her to the earth. Hours passed away before she rallied sufficiently from the insult to prepare for the exertions of the night. But necessity at last nerved her to the task. How few of the delighted assembly who warmly greeted her appearance, dreamed of the base injury she had so recently suffered! How little were they aware that the dark ringlet that unwontedly rested upon her left temple, concealed a scar which she carried to her grave! Acute pain or wounded feeling will not seldom inspire genius to achieve wonders. Byron was roused to poetic effort by harsh criticism, and the annals of eloquence boast no more glowing pages than those dictated by the fervour of moral indignation. Bianca, on that night, astonished and transported the coldest hearts. There was an almost superhuman energy, a sublime depth, a tearful sweetness in her tones. They were like the swan's dying strains. Alas! that the flower must be crushed ere its sweetest odours are breathed! When the last quivering note had ascended, there was a pause, as if the repressed emotion so long accumulating gathered itself up for utterance; and then came the long, thrilling outbreak of grateful admiration. Crowned like a victim for sacrifice, exhausted by intense effort and self-control, Bianca remained in her dressing-room, with her face bowed upon the table, her frame trembling, her long hair dishevelled, and every vein fevered with the throbs of contending impulses, until the profound quiet around made the beatings of her heart audible. She had locked the door, and was wholly unconscious of that absorbing reverie. In a few

moments she was arrayed for her departure from the deserted scene of her glory. Not another being remained in the extensive and dusky theatre but the porter who had charge of the keys. He stood muffled up in his cloak holding a flambeau. The lights were all extinguished. The stillness of the desert reigned through the house. When Bianca appeared, the man lifted his cap respectfully, and planting the torch upon the stage at her feet, went out to announce her readiness to the coachman. Several minutes elapsed, and he returned only to declare that neither equipage nor servants were visible. The heartless tyrant for whom she had so patiently toiled, was too worldly-wise to neglect the appearance of kindness towards one so idolized, and accordingly her carriage was invariably in attendance. Its absence, at such a moment, could only be ascribed to him. It was a scene for a tragedy. There she stood in the silent gloom of that desolate temple, so recently alive to countless hearts entranced by her magical tones, utterly abandoned! The echoes of wild applause had but just died away. Dreams of love and beauty, kindled by her song, even at that moment haunted countless pillows. Her name lingered yet on many a lip tenderly eloquent in her praise. The idol of the multitude was more solitary than the meanest denizen of that populous city. It is difficult to imagine a more agonizing contrast than this between the triumphant artist and the injured woman. Awhile she was immovable, allowing the blasting truth to feed like a vulture on her heart. The poor

spectator of her voiceless anguish looked upon her despairing features, rendered more impressive by the red glare of the torch-light, and scarcely breathed for reverence and pity. Many a kind word had she spoken to him, and often were his children's wants supplied by her bounty. She was even thoughtful for the humblest of her fellow-creatures, and the rude bosom of that unlightened drudge swelled with a monarch's anger even at the faint surmise of her griefs. Her resolution was taken; and, before the wonder-stricken attendant could remonstrate, she had rushed past him into the tempest. On through the driving rain she walked, and, like Lear, taxed not the elements with unkindness. To reach her residence, (it had never been a home,) it was necessary to cross a fashionable street. A flash of light almost blinded her as she entered the thoroughfare. One of the large mansions was illuminated, and she heard above the wailings of the storm, the gay music of the dance. A carriage stopped before the portico as she approached, and the blaze of a street-lamp revealed to her the livery of her own groom. She checked her rapid steps, and her husband, glittering in a rich ball-dress, with a woman of high birth but questionable fame leaning on his arm, hastily entered the palace. The last drop was added to her cup of bitterness. Endurance had reached its acme. She turned back, and in a few moments was beneath her father's roof. The wretch who called her his at the altar, had lost the only jewel of his being forever.

SPRING BELLS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY ANNA FLEMING.

Snow bells ring,—kling—ling—ling!
What can it mean?—A very merry thing,
The little Spring was born last night,
A very pretty child.
He lies in his snow-bed so white,
Till the weather is more mild.
So hasten from the south, ye birds,
Bringing with ye songs;
Ye little streams, hear ye my words;
Awake, and come in throngs:
Awake the child to meet—
Awake the Spring to greet.

Blue bells ring,—kling—ling—ling!
What can it mean?—Another merry thing.
The Spring to-day a bridegroom is,
The green earth is his bride;
These banners gay and tall are his,
And the flowers are full of pride.

So hasten to the banquet, Pink!
Hasten all ye elves;
Tulips, bring fresh dew to drink;
Roses, adorn yourselves:
Haste the bride to see—
Bridesmaids shall ye be.

May bells ring,—kling—ling—ling.
What can it mean?—A sad and mournful thing.
To night the Spring from us must part:
Alas!—alas!—alas!—
Sadly it sounds o'er hill and dell,
To moss, and flowers, and grass.
Mosses rustle, flowers complain,
Grasses wish him back again:
Glow-worms light him on his way,
His northward course brooks no delay.
In vain, in vain we mourn,
Already is he gone.

"NOT SURE ABOUT THAT SAME."

"AN OWER TRUE TALE."

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF THE "SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

"AND so you have had two wives, Robert, they tell me, and you are a very young man still."

This was said by way of parenthesis to Robert Kennie, the gardener, who had a year before married a pretty seamstress, very much to his own happiness and the discomfort of certain families in the neighbourhood, who from that time forth despaired of having "gaging," "side stitch," or "over and over," ever again done to their liking. And now Jeannie was slightly ill, began to look shy, and her blushes were brighter than ever; and many were the old baskets and "budget bags" examined in her behalf.

"Two wives did you say, ma'am?"

"Yes, Robert," and the last parcel was thrust into the basket in the same breath with the response. Strange enough, Robert set the basket upon the floor, and the smile of honest pride and pleasure, at the interest we all took in the affairs of little Jeannie, passed from his face, and he replied, in a thoughtful, musing manner—

"I am not sure about that same, ma'am.

"'Twould be a great easing to my mind, ma'am, if you would explain things a bit to me."

"Certainly, Robert, I will aid you in any way I can, to the best of my judgment; but will not Jeanie be expecting you home?"

"No—Kate Randell is staying with her; and I think I might be made a happier man by telling a bit about poor Mary."

He had taken a small rake, unawares it would seem, into the room; and now having respectfully taken the chair I pointed out, he leaned his two hands upon the handle of the implement, and to my astonishment I beheld the large tears dropping from his eyes upon the floor. I did not interrupt his grief, for it was too late to tell him he had no right to call little Jeane his wife, if the memory of Mary was still so painfully dear to him. Besides, he was a poor unlettered youth, and while so many of his betters sanction all sorts of inconsistency in matters of sentiment, it seemed idle cruelty to attempt to set him right.

"So many of his betters!" But Robert shall tell his own story, and then we shall see if the unlearned and simple-hearted do not live nearest to the Temple of Truth.

"I am thinking, ma'am, I committed a great wrong in the matter of poor Mary, and my mind is never quite easy about it. I didn't think so much about it till the day she died, poor thing!"

Here Robert was silent, for his voice was fairly

choked by his emotion. I, too, half arose from my seat, and nervously re-arranged the geranium stand, with that instinctive selfishness natural to persons of quick sensibilities, who dread to have their sympathies painfully awakened. The movement aroused the professional jealousy of Robert, whose habits of forethought in the taste of these little arrangements seemed to be impeached by my interference. It gave him, too, a more defined current of thought.

"I am thinking, ma'am, that some women folks are just like these flowers. They must have just the right kind of sile, and the right light, and the right heat, and every thing suited to their natures, or they will die. 'Tis'nt so with all plants, for some will seem to get along and grow, and flower, and look well, under any treatment, and so it is with most of women. But poor Mary was like one of these geraniums, and when she withered away, it seemed a kind of cruelty, just as it always looks to me, to see a geranium dying out of place."

This professional illustration of the point in hand seemed to linger upon the fancy of Robert, as if by dwelling upon it, his taste and his sentiment were both alike gratified.

"Why, Robert, you are certainly indulging a sickly fancy in talking in this wise of Mary; and as to any self-reproach, it ought to be out of the question, for I am sure you have too good a heart to neglect any one. And then too, Robert, I shall speak frankly, for I have heard that Mary was a sickly, complaining, melancholy creature, likely to make both herself and you miserable. Now, Jeane

"God bless her," interrupted the gardener, rising to an attitude of respectful earnestness; "but indeed, ma'am, that is why I wish to tell of Mary, because she was blamed when I was the one to bear the blame. God forbid that I should ever have neglected Mary. No, no. I cared for her night and day, but it wasn't the right kind of care, nor from the right one, and she grew sickly, pined, and died. She didn't love me, ma'am, as a woman should love to become a wife."

"Robert, have you ever been to your priest, and told him of this matter? Did you ask counsel of him?"

"In part, ma'am, but he doesn't seem rightly to understand me, and things are not clear to my own mind; only I believe but for me Mary Duncan might at this day be fresh and blooming, and singing like a bird, as she always did, poor thing!

You see, when I first came to this country, ma'am, I was employed by old Mr. Brewster upon his grounds, and Mary was a bit of a lass doing small work for the ladies of the family. At first she was always smiling like, and singing. Then she began to grow pale, and mute; and I—I, a fool of a boy, must needs think she was pining for me. Then I began to think how wondrous lovely, and meek, and good she was. One day I did something tender-like to her, and she burst out a crying as if her little heart would break. I put her head on my shoulder, and comforted her, and she seemed like a dear child to me. You must know that Mary talked the whole matter over before she died, and she seemed more like the holy Virgin in spirit than any thing else.

"I never talked love to that child, ma'am, never; and yet I began to talk about going to the priest's. Mary was fearful in her nature, and she did not tell me all about herself. She was an orphan with neither kith nor kin, and like one of these plants made to cling to something else or they cannot grow. She had a lover, to whom she had been attached like ever since they were little children. She did not tell me this till I began to regard her so much mine, that it would have been terrible to part with her. He was to come out at a certain period, and she was to keep her faith till that time. If he did not come, she might suppose he was dead or changed.

"Poor little Mary!—this was the time I first began to notice her. She moved about heavy-like, and grew pale, and the smallest thing set her to crying. She sometimes thought he had forgotten her; and then come the fear that he might be dead. My sympathy—for I thought maybe the child is ailing for home,—helped to turn her away from gloom; and we sat hours talking about auld Ireland, and the places and people we had known there. Then when I began to go with her wherever she went, never talking about it,—for somehow I did not, yet I could never bear to see any body else near her, and even was angry when Mary did not look to me for protection. Then Mary told me of the absent lover. She was gentle and loving in her nature, and had regarded me as a brother whom she might love and trust with no thought as to the future.

"Ma'am, I was nigh on't wild when I heard of this; and I made Mary promise, that if Dermott did not come within two weeks after the time appointed, she would be my wife. You may think she was unhappy, ma'am. No; she was so like a sweet child, that when she saw all smiling and happy about her, she couldn't be miserable herself, even though things weren't quite to her liking. But I remember now, and, ma'am, I shall never forget how tearful her eyes looked sometimes, and how she tried to smile and it came faint-like, and her hands grew icy cold, and her voice stopped its singing. But I would'n't regard these things then; and God forgive me, often and often I wished Dermott would never come—for I was selfish, and

full of a blind love for the meek, innocent creature."

Robert was for many moments silent, as if a perplexing and painful current of thought oppressed him. He resumed.

"Well, the time come, and no lover come with it; the two weeks were over, and the bridal made ready. We had a few of our own people, and the priest made Mary mine; and she seemed quite gentle and content, and I thought more beautiful, and lovable than ever. I don't know why it is, ma'am, that a sorrowful face should go so nigh to the heart; but so it is.

"We were to have a fine treat; and while the females prepared that in one room, the younger folks were making merry in the other. We heard a knock at the door, and then some one spoke. Mary sprang for the door, and I, ma'am,—yes, I,—held the poor child back with a grasp that left the prints upon her arm. I held that child from the heart that——"

Robert's eyes were distended as if with horror at the recollection, and then suddenly drawing in his breath, he sank like a stricken child upon his knees, and scarcely above a whisper, uttered—

"Tell me truly, ma'am, was it not my duty then at that moment to have given her to her lover?"

"Most assuredly, Robert. God forgive you that you did not."

"Amen."

The voice was so sepulchral, that I started and looked around to see from where it could have come.

"I did not. Ah! she was so beautiful, so lovable, and the priest had bound her to me. She was mine. I could not, would not resign her to another. The very peril of losing her made me more fiend than human."

"What did Mary say, Robert?"

"Poor girl! She only looked into my face, so still, so sorrowful, her blue eyes without a tear, and her dear cheek white, and the light curls all away from one side of her face, just as they had fallen when I thrust her back. I thought she had stopped breathing. Then the door opened, and closed softly, and the room was hushed as if for the dead.

"My mother whispered how Dermott was there, and how she had told him all; and that he was sitting by the door with no power to move. And then she turned to Mary, and said, 'He only asks one kiss of ye, Mary, and then he will never trouble ye again.' 'One, Robert, only one,' said poor Mary, rising to go. 'Ye are my wife, Mary, and James Dermott shall never, never kiss your cheek;' and I held her with a strong hand. Mary neither spoke nor moved."

"Robert, Robert, you may well pray God to forgive you —" I stayed my speech, for the man was crushed at his own recollections.

"Mary never uttered his name from that time forth. She strove to smile. She was gentle and good; and oh! so quiet, that I would have given worlds to have met an angry glance. I would

have given worlds to have had her reproach me. But night and day I watched over her. I was doomed to early lose the being I had wronged, and whose patient misery was a perpetual reproach to me. I neglected every thing to meet her slightest wishes; while she, as she never reproached me, so did she forbear always to call upon me for the slightest attention. She had a forlorn aspect, as a plant will have that has been left to the mercy of a storm."

"Did she live long, Robert?"

The man started with a sharp expression of pain.

"One day my mother came in and told us that Dermott was dead. It was not a year from that fatal night. The third day Mary was in her grave. A blossom of beauty, and a bud never unfolded to the light. My mother—for women feel differently about these things from what we do—my mother bade me bury Mary beside of Dermott, and I obeyed."

"Robert," I said, "you are ill. This is so unlike you, that I cannot believe it to be a real truth you have told me."

"Aye, ma'am, it seems like a terrible dream to me. I have tried to think it over. I have tried to find an excuse for my cruelty. But poor dead Mary,—it is too, too true. It was not love that I bore her—it was the love of power—the tenderness of a brother;—but I could never bear opposition. I could not sacrifice my own will for the happiness of any creature, till this great grief changed my whole nature."

"But where is Jeane all this time? Did you conceal this strange story from her?"

"God forbid. I told it her when I first found what it meant to lose another. And to-night she bade me talk with you, thinking you might see it in a different light from what I did."

"No, Robert, no; do not hide your great fault from your own eyes. Dare to look it in the face, and repent manfully therefor. Mary was no wife of yours in the sight of God, and you should have yielded her to the lover, the betrothed lover, whom you defrauded by a miserable quibble—for days and weeks are not to be named in the calendar of vows between true hearts."

Robert bowed his head in silence. At length he resumed, in a tone trembling from anxiety—

"Jeane is not in the least like poor Mary; and yet now when she is moving in the very room where poor Mary used to sit so quietly, and she is silently making this small work, I have more than once shuddered to see just such a look pass over her face as Mary had. I sometimes fear I am to be punished in a still greater manner—that the four years of agony is not atonement enough!"

And the tears gushed from the eyes of the darkened man, and he grasped the chair convulsively.

Little can be said upon subjects like these. They are viewed according to the enlightenment of sentiment, and conscience; and only to the Great Comforter can the weary heart carry its burden.

Robert's presentiments of evil, however, were unrealized. Jeane is as blooming, and more cheerful than ever—for a house is ever prosperous where love presides at the altar; and the smiles of infancy will of themselves chase away all the spirits of evil.

THE MOURNER.

BY MRS. M. CARPENTER.

Droop not, pale mourner! clouds of transient sorrow
May dim life's brightest day.—
Sleep thou with hope, and thou shalt wake to-morrow,
To find them pass'd away.

The rose that droops and withers, does not perish!
But, with its mother earth,
Its forces mingling, serves to aid and cherish
The plant of later birth.

So, if beneath the blessed eye of heaven
Blooms the eternal mind;
Even in our ashes will some good be given,
To those we leave behind.

Be thou in faith's white beauty so excelling,
That all shall miss thy loss!
As a fair spire, that threw o'er humblest dwelling,
The radiance of the cross.

We know, to him whose footstep does not falter,
But onward, upward tends—
Whose prayer, an incense from the pure heart's altar,
To Heaven alone ascends,

Death comes not like a doomsman of dread presage;
But with such sweet command,
As if he were an angel with a message
From the soul's fatherland.

And each good deed he flung on ocean's bosom,
While sailing o'er life's wave,
Shall bear to him an odour and a blossom
Beyond the silent grave.

Then be of cheerful heart, O weary mortal!
For after this world's wars,
The narrow valley hath a glorious portal
Of sunbeams and of stars.

DROWNE'S WOODEN IMAGE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, AUTHOR OF "TWICE TOLD TALES," ETC.

ONE sunshiny morning, in the good old times of the town of Boston, a young carver in wood, well known by the name of Drowne, stood contemplating a large oaken log, which it was his purpose to convert into the figure-head of a vessel. And while he discussed within his own mind what sort of shape or similitude it were well to bestow upon this excellent piece of timber, there came into Drowne's workshop a certain Captain Hunnewell, owner and commander of the good brig called the *Cynosure*, which had just returned from her first voyage to Fayal.

"Ah! that will do, Drowne, that will do!" cried the jolly captain, tapping the log with his rattan. "I bespeak this very piece of oak for the figure-head of the *Cynosure*. She has shown herself the sweetest craft that ever floated, and I mean to decorate her prow with the handsomest image that the skill of man can cut out of timber. And, Drowne, you are the very fellow to execute it."

"You give me more credit than I deserve, Captain Hunnewell," said the carver, modestly, yet as one conscious of eminence in his art. "But, for the sake of the good brig, I stand ready to do my best. And which of these designs would you prefer? Here"—pointing to a staring, half-length figure, in a white wig and a scarlet coat—"here is an excellent model, the likeness of our gracious king. Here is the valiant Admiral Vernon. Or, if you prefer a female figure, what say you to Britannia with the trident?"

"All very fine, Drowne; all very fine," answered the mariner. "But as nothing like the brig ever swam the ocean, so I am determined she shall have such a figure-head as old Neptune never saw in his life. And what is more, as there is a secret in the matter, you must pledge, your credit not to betray it."

"Certainly," said Drowne, marvelling, however, what possible mystery there could be in reference to an affair so open, of necessity, to the inspection of all the world, as the figure-head of a vessel. "You may depend, captain, on my being as secret as the nature of the case will permit."

Captain Hunnewell then took Drowne by the button, and communicated his wishes in so low a tone, that it would be unmannerly to repeat what was evidently intended for the carver's private ear. We shall, therefore, take the opportunity to give the reader a few desirable particulars about Drowne himself.

He was the first American who is known to have attempted,—in a very humble line, it is true,—that art in which we can now reckon so many names

already distinguished, or rising to distinction. From his earliest boyhood, he had exhibited a knack—for it would be too proud a word to call it genius—a knack, therefore, for the imitation of the human figure, in whatever material came most readily to hand. The snows of a New England winter had often supplied him with a species of marble as dazzlingly white, at least, as the Parian or the Carrara, and if less durable, yet sufficiently so to correspond with any claims to permanent existence possessed by the boy's frozen statues. Yet they won admiration from maturer judges than his schoolfellows, and were indeed, remarkably clever, though destitute of the native warmth that might have made the snow melt beneath his hand. As he advanced in life, the young man adopted pine and oak as eligible materials for the display of his skill, which now began to bring him a return of solid silver, as well as the empty praise that had been an apt reward enough for his productions of evanescent snow. He became noted for carving ornamental pump-heads, and wooden urns for gate-posts, and decorations, more grotesque than fanciful, for mantel-pieces. No apothecary would have deemed himself in the way of obtaining custom, without setting up a gilded mortar, if not a head of Galen or Hippocrates, from the skilful hand of Drowne. But the great scope of his business lay in the manufacture of figure-heads for vessels. Whether it were the monarch himself, or some famous British admiral or general, or the governor of the province, or perchance the favourite daughter of the ship-owner, there the image stood above the prow, decked out in gorgeous colours, magnificently gilded, and staring the whole world out of countenance, as if from an innate consciousness of its own superiority. These specimens of native sculpture had crossed the sea in all directions, and been not ignobly noticed among the crowded shipping of the Thames, and wherever else the hardy mariners of New England had pushed their adventures. It must be confessed, that a family likeness pervaded these respectable progeny of Drowne's skill—that the benign countenance of the king resembled those of his subjects, and that Miss Peggy Hobart, the merchant's daughter, bore a remarkable similitude to Britannia, Victory, and other ladies of the allegoric sisterhood; and, finally, that they all had a kind of wooden aspect, which proved an intimate relationship with the unshaped blocks of timber in the carver's workshop. But, at least, there was no inconsiderable skill of hand, nor a deficiency of any attribute to render them really works of art, except that deep quality, be it of soul

or intellect, which bestows life upon the lifeless, and warmth upon the cold, and which, had it been present, would have made Drowne's wooden workmanship instinct with spirit.

The captain of the Cynosure had now finished his instructions.

"And Drowne," said he, impressively, "you must lay aside all other business, and set about this forthwith. And as to the price, only do the job in first rate style, and you shall settle that point yourself."

"Very well, captain," answered the carver, who looked grave and somewhat perplexed, yet had a sort of smile upon his visage. "Depend upon it, I'll do my utmost to satisfy you."

From that morning, the men of taste about Long Wharf and the Tower Dock, who were wont to show their love for the arts by frequent visits to Drowne's workshop, and admiration of his wooden images, began to be sensible of a mystery in the carver's conduct. Often he was absent in the day time. Sometimes, as might be judged by gleams of light from the shop windows, he was at work until a late hour of the evening; although neither knock nor voice, on such occasions, could gain admittance for a visitor, or elicit any word of response. Nothing remarkable, however, was observed in the shop at those hours when it was thrown open. A fine piece of timber, indeed, which Drowne was known to have reserved for some work of especial dignity, was seen to be gradually assuming shape. What shape it was destined ultimately to take, was a problem to his friends, and a point on which the carver himself preserved a rigid silence. But day after day, though Drowne was seldom noticed in the fact of working upon it, this rude form began to be developed, until it became evident to all observers, that a female figure was growing into mimic life. At each new visit they beheld a larger pile of wooden chips, and a nearer approximation to something beautiful. It seemed as if the hamadryad of the oak had sheltered herself from the unimaginative world within the heart of her native tree, and that it was only necessary to remove the strange shapelessness that had incrustured her, and reveal the grace and loveliness of a divinity. Imperfect as the design, the attitude, the costume, and especially the face of the image, still remained, there was already an effect that drew the eye from the wooden cleverness of Drowne's earlier productions, and fixed it upon the tantalizing mystery of this new project.

Copley, the celebrated painter, then a young man, and a resident of Boston, came one day to visit Drowne; for he had recognized so much of moderate ability in the carver, as to induce him, in the dearth of any professional sympathy, to cultivate his acquaintance. On entering the shop, the artist glanced at the inflexible images of king, commander, dame, and allegory, that stood around; on the best of which might have been bestowed the questionable praise, that it looked as if a living man had here been changed to wood, and that not

only the physical, but the intellectual and spiritual part, partook of the stolid transformation. But in not a single instance did it seem as if the wood were imbibing the ethereal essence of humanity. What a wide distinction is here; and how far would the slightest portion of the latter merit have out-valued the utmost degree of the former!

"My friend Drowne," said Copley, smiling to himself, but alluding to the mechanical and wooden cleverness that so invariably distinguished the images, "you are really a remarkable person! I have seldom met with a man, in your line of business, that could do so much; for one other touch might make this figure of General Wolfe, for instance, a breathing and intelligent human creature."

"You would have me think that you are praising me highly, Mr. Copley," answered Drowne, turning his back upon Wolfe's image in apparent disgust. "But there has come a light into my mind. I know, what you know as well, that the one touch, which you speak of as deficient, is the only one that would be truly valuable, and that, without it, these works of mine are no better than worthless abortions. There is the same difference between them and the works of an inspired artist, as between a sign post daub and one of your best pictures."

"This is strange!" cried Copley, looking him in the face, which now, as the painter fancied, had a singular depth of intelligence, though, hitherto, it had not given him greatly the advantage over his own family of wooden images. "What has come over you? How is it that, possessing the idea which you have now uttered, you should produce only such works as these?"

The carver smiled, but made no reply. Copley turned again to the images, conceiving that the sense of deficiency, so rare in a merely mechanical character, must surely imply a genius, the tokens of which had been overlooked. But no; there was not a trace of it. He was about to withdraw, when his eyes chanced to fall upon a half-developed figure which lay in a corner of the workshop, surrounded by scattered chips of oak. It arrested him at once.

"What is here? Who has done this?" he broke out, after contemplating it in speechless astonishment for an instant. "Here is the divine, the life-giving touch! What inspired hand is beckoning this wood to arise and live? Whose work is this?"

"No man's work," replied Drowne. "The figure lies within that block of oak, and it is my business to find it."

"Drowne," said the true artist, grasping the carver fervently by the hand, "you are a man of genius!"

As Copley departed, happening to glance backward from the threshold, he beheld Drowne bending over the half created shape, and stretching forth his arms as if he would have embraced and drawn it to his heart; while, had such a miracle been possible, his countenance expressed passion enough to communicate warmth and sensibility to the lifeless oak.

"Strange enough!" said the artist to himself. "Who would have looked for a modern Pygmalion in the person of a Yankee mechanic!"

As yet, the image was but vague in its outward presentment; so that, as in the cloud-shapes around the western sun, the observer rather felt, or was led to imagine, than really saw what was intended by it. Day by day, however, the work assumed greater precision, and settled its irregular and misty outline into distincter grace and beauty. The general design was now obvious to the common eye. It was a female figure, in what appeared to be a foreign dress; the gown being laced over the bosom, and opening in front, so as to disclose a skirt or petticoat, the folds and inequalities of which were admirably represented in the oaken substance. She wore a hat of singular gracefulness, and abundantly laden with flowers, such as never grew in the rude soil of New England, but which, with all their fanciful luxuriance, had a natural truth that it seemed impossible for the most fertile imagination to have attained without copying from real prototypes. There were several little appendages to this dress, such as a fan, a pair of ear-rings, a chain about the neck, a watch in the bosom, and a ring upon the finger, all of which would have been deemed beneath the dignity of sculpture. They were put on, however, with as much taste as a lovely woman might have shown in her attire, and could therefore have shocked none but a judgment spoiled by artistic rules.

The face was still imperfect; but, gradually, by a magic touch, intelligence and sensibility brightened through the features, with all the effect of light gleaming forth from within the solid oak. The face became alive. It was a beautiful, though not precisely regular, and somewhat haughty aspect, but with a certain piquancy about the eyes and mouth which, of all expressions, would have seemed the most impossible to throw over a wooden countenance. And now, so far as carving went, this wonderful production was complete.

"Drowne," said Copley, who had hardly missed a single day in his visits to the carver's workshop, "if this work were in marble, it would make you famous at once; nay, I would almost affirm that it would make an era in the art. It is as ideal as an antique statue, yet as real as any lovely woman whom one meets at a fireside or in the street. But I trust you do not mean to desecrate this exquisite creature with paint, like those staring kings and admirals yonder?"

"Not paint her?" exclaimed Captain Hunnewell, who stood by;—"not paint the figure-head of the Cynosure! And what sort of a figure should I cut in a foreign port, with such an unpainted oaken stick as this over my prow? She must, and she shall, be painted to the life, from the topmost flower in her hat down to the silver spangles on her slippers."

"Mr. Copley," said Drowne, quietly, "I know nothing of marble statuary, and nothing of a sculptor's rules of art. But of this wooden image—this work of my hands—this creature of my heart!"

and here his voice faltered and choked, in a very singular manner—"of this—of her—I may say that I know something. A well-spring of inward wisdom gushed within me, as I wrought upon the oak with my whole strength, and soul, and faith? Let others do what they may with marble, and adopt what rules they choose. If I can produce my desired effect by painted wood, those rules are not for me, and I have a right to disregard them."

"The very spirit of genius!" murmured Copley to himself. "How otherwise should this carver feel himself entitled to transcend all rules, and make me ashamed of quoting them?"

He looked earnestly at Drowne, and again saw that expression of human love which, in a spiritual sense, as the artist could not help imagining, was the secret of the life that had been breathed into this block of wood.

The carver, still in the same secrecy that marked all his operations upon this mysterious image, proceeded to paint the habiliments in their proper colours, and the countenance with nature's red and white. When all was finished, he threw open his workshop, and admitted the townspeople to behold what he had done. Most persons, at their first entrance, felt impelled to remove their hats, and pay such reverence as was due to the richly dressed and beautiful young lady, who seemed to stand in a corner of the room, with oaken chips and shavings scattered at her feet. Then came a sensation of fear; as if, not being actually human, yet so like humanity, she must therefore be something preternatural. There was, in truth, an indefinable air and expression that might reasonably induce the query—who and from what sphere this daughter of the oak should be. The strange rich flowers of Eden on her head; the complexion, so much deeper and more brilliant than those of our native beauties; the foreign, as it seemed, and fantastic garb, yet not too fantastic to be worn decorously in the street; the delicately wrought embroidery of the skirt; the broad gold chain about her neck; the curious ring upon her finger; the fan, so exquisitely sculptured in open work, and painted to resemble pearl and ebony;—where could Drowne, in his sober walk of life, have beheld the vision here so matchlessly embodied! And then her face! In the dark eyes, and around the voluptuous mouth, there played a look made up of pride, coquetry, and a gleam of mirthfulness, which impressed Copley with the idea that the image was secretly enjoying the perplexed admiration of himself and all other beholders.

"And will you," said he to the carver, "permit this master-piece to become the figure-head of a vessel? Give the honest captain yonder figure of Britannia—it will answer his purpose far better,—and send this fairy queen to England, where, for aught I know, it may bring you a thousand pounds."

"I have not wrought it for money," said Drowne.

"What sort of a fellow is this!" thought Copley. "A Yankee, and throw away the chance of making his fortune! He has gone mad; and thence has come this gleam of genius."

There was still further proof of Drowne's lunacy, if credit were due to the rumour that he had been seen kneeling at the feet of the oaken lady, and gazing with a lover's passionate ardour into the face that his own hands had created. The bigots of the day hinted that it would be no matter of surprise if an evil spirit were allowed to enter this beautiful form, and seduce the carver to destruction.

The fame of the image spread far and wide. The inhabitants visited it so universally, that, after a few days of exhibition, there was hardly an old man or a child who had not become minutely familiar with its aspect. Had the story of Drowne's wooden image ended here, its celebrity might have been prolonged for many years, by the reminiscences of those who looked upon it in their childhood, and saw nothing else so beautiful in after life. But the town was now to be astonished by an event, the narrative of which has formed itself into one of the most singular legends that are yet to be met with in the traditional chimney-corners of the New England metropolis, where old men and women sit dreaming of the past, and wag their heads at the dreamers of the present and the future.

One fine morning, just before the departure of the Cynosure on her second voyage to Fayal, the commander of that gallant vessel was seen to issue from his residence in Hanover street. He was stylishly dressed in a blue broadcloth coat, with gold lace at the seams and button-holes, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, a triangular hat, with a loop and broad binding of gold, and wore a silver-hilted hanger at his side. But the good captain might have been arrayed in the robes of a prince or the rags of a beggar, without in either case attracting notice, while obscured by such a companion as now leaned on his arm. The people in the street started, rubbed their eyes, and either leaped aside from their path, or stood as if transformed to wood or marble with astonishment.

"Do you see it?—do you see it?" cried one, with tremulous eagerness. "It is the very same!"

"The same?" answered another, who had arrived in town only the night before. "What do you mean? I see only a sea-captain in his shore-going clothes, and a young lady in a foreign habit, with a bunch of beautiful flowers in her hat. On my word, she is as fair and bright a damsel as my eyes have looked on this many a day!"

"Yes; the same!—the very same!" repeated the other. "Drowne's wooden image has come to life!"

Here was a miracle indeed! Yet, illuminated by the sunshine, or darkened by the alternate shade of the houses, and with its garments fluttering lightly in the morning breeze, there passed the image along the street. It was exactly and minutely the shape, the garb, and the face, which the townspeople had so recently thronged to see and admire. Not a rich flower upon her head, not a single leaf, but had had its prototype in Drowne's wooden workmanship, although now their fragile grace had become flexible, and was shaken by every footstep that the wearer made. The broad gold chain upon

the neck was identical with the one represented on the image, and glistened with the motion imparted by the rise and fall of the bosom which it decorated. A real diamond sparkled on her finger. In her right hand she bore a pearl and ebony fan, which she flourished with a fantastic and bewitching coquetry, that was likewise expressed in all her movements, as well as in the style of her beauty and the attire that so well harmonized with it. The face, with its brilliant depth of complexion, had the same piquancy of mirthful mischief that was fixed upon the countenance of the image, but which was here varied and continually shifting, yet always essentially the same, like the sunny gleam upon a bubbling fountain. On the whole, there was something so airy and yet so real in the figure, and withal so perfectly did it represent Drowne's image, that people knew not whether to suppose the magic wood etherealized into a spirit, or warmed and softened into an actual woman.

"One thing is certain," muttered a Puritan of the old stamp. "Drowne has sold himself to the devil; and doubtless this gay Captain Hunnewell is a party to the bargain."

"And I," said a young man who overheard him, "would almost consent to be the third victim, for the liberty of saluting those lovely lips."

"And so would I," said Copley the painter, "for the privilege of taking her picture."

The image, or the apparition, whichever it might be, still escorted by the bold captain, proceeded from Hanover street through some of the cross-lanes that make this portion of the town so intricate, to Ann street, thence into Dock-square, and so downward to Drowne's shop, which stood just on the water's edge. The crowd still followed, gathering volume as it rolled along. Never had a modern miracle occurred in such broad daylight, nor in the presence of such a multitude of witnesses. The airy image, as if conscious that she was the object of the murmurs and disturbance that swelled behind her, appeared slightly vexed and flustered, yet still in a manner consistent with the light vivacity and sportive mischief that were written in her countenance. She was observed to flutter her fan with such vehement rapidity, that the elaborate delicacy of its workmanship gave way, and it remained broken in her hand.

Arriving at Drowne's door, while the captain threw it open, the marvellous apparition paused an instant on the threshold, assuming the very attitude of the image, and casting over the crowd that glance of sunny coquetry which all remembered on the face of the oaken lady. She and her cavalier then disappeared.

"Ah!" murmured the crowd, drawing a deep breath, as with one vast pair of lungs.

"The world looks darker, now that she has vanished," said some of the young men.

But the aged, whose recollections dated as far back as witch-times, shook their heads, and hinted that our forefathers would have thought it a pious deed to burn the daughter of the oak with fire.

"If she be other than a bubble of the elements," exclaimed Copley, "I must look upon her face again!"

He accordingly entered the shop; and there, in her usual corner, stood the image, gazing at him, as it might seem, with the very same expression of mirthful mischief that had been the farewell look of the apparition when, but a moment before, she turned her face towards the crowd. The carver stood beside his creation, mending the beautiful fan, which by some accident was broken in her hand. But there was no longer any motion in the life-like image, nor any real woman in the workshop, nor even the witchcraft of a sunny shadow, that might have deluded people's eyes as it flitted along the street. Captain Hunnewell, too, had vanished. His hoarse, sea-breezy tones, however, were audible on the other side of a door that opened upon the water.

"Sit down in the stern sheets, my lady," said the gallant captain. "Come, bear a hand, you lubbers, and set us on board in the turning of a minute-glass."

And then was heard the stroke of oars.

"Drowne," said Copley, with a smile of intelligence, "you have been a truly fortunate man. What painter or statuary ever had such a subject! No wonder that she inspired a genius into you, and first created the artist who afterwards created her image."

Drowne looked at him with a visage that bore the traces of tears, but from which the light of imagination and sensibility, so recently illuminating it, had departed. He was again the mechanical carver that he had been known to be all his lifetime.

"I hardly understand what you mean, Mr. Copley," said he, putting his hand to his brow. "This image! Can it have been my work? Well—I have wrought it in a kind of dream; and now that I am broad awake, I must set about finishing yonder figure of Admiral Vernon."

And forthwith he employed himself on the stolid countenance of one of his wooden progeny, and completed it in his own mechanical style, from

which he was never known afterwards to deviate. He followed his business industriously for many years, acquired a competence, and, in the latter part of his life, attained to a dignified station in the church, being remembered in records and traditions as Deacon Drowne, the carver. One of his productions, an Indian chief, gilded all over, stood during the better part of a century on the cupola of the Province House, bedazzling the eyes of those who looked upward, like an angel of the sun. Another work of the good deacon's hand—a reduced likeness of his friend Captain Hunnewell, holding a telescope and quadrant—may be seen, to this day, at the corner of Broad and State Streets, serving in the useful capacity of sign to the shop of a nautical instrument maker. We know not how to account for the inferiority of this quaint old figure, as compared with the recorded excellence of the Oaken Lady, unless on the supposition, that in every human spirit there is imagination, sensibility, creative power, genius, which, according to circumstances, may either be developed in this world, or shrouded in a mask of dulness until another state of being. To our friend Drowne, there came a brief season of excitement, kindled by love. It rendered him a genius for that one occasion, but, being quenched in disappointment, left him again the mechanical carver in wood, without the power even of appreciating the work that his own hands had wrought. Yet who can doubt, that the very highest state to which a human spirit can attain, in its loftiest aspirations, is its truest and most natural state, and that Drowne was more consistent with himself when he wrought the admirable figure of the mysterious lady, than when he perpetrated a whole progeny of blockheads?

There was a rumour in Boston, about this period, that a young Portuguese lady of rank, on some occasion of political or domestic disquietude, had fled from her home in Fayal, and put herself under the protection of Captain Hunnewell, on board of whose vessel, and at whose residence, she was sheltered until a change of affairs. This fair stranger must have been the original of Drowne's Wooden Image.

TO MY BOY.

In the azure pavillons and halls of the blest,
Is a picture for each one below,
From vice come the dark-rolling shadows that dim,
From virtue the radiant glow.

Reflected from scenes in the drama of life,
And chang'd by a thought or a breath,
Interchanging and blending the various hues,
Till the picture is finish'd by death.

2*

The watchers on high—the bright angels of God,
Can thus all your actions discover,
Though dark be the picture, one penitent tear
Can brighten the darkest all over.

Then wisely when prompted to action decide,
Whether govern'd by virtue and love,
If brighter or darker your picture would be,
In the halls of the angels above.

J. S. F.

THE CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

BY MYSELF.

Benedick. I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love.—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

"WELL, Mary, is there no end to that letter you are reading? I have been waiting fifteen minutes for my second cup of coffee."

"Excuse me, brother—I am really so overjoyed at its contents that I forgot your cup."

"Overjoyed! strange kind of overjoy, crying as fast as you can. But that is the way with you women, there is no understanding you—pshaw, sister, you have emptied the sugar-bowl into my cup. If," said her brother rising from the table, "people would write letters of a proper length, there would not be such a waste of valuable time in reading them—as if a half dozen lines could not say all that was necessary."

"You don't ask whom my letter is from, brother. You do not know how much you are interested in its contents."

"Oh! from some love-sick girl, telling you of all the conquests she has made at the last ball, and how many declarations followed."

"You were never more mistaken in your life; there is not a word about lovers in the whole letter. Fanny Thorn is no love-sick maiden, but a—"

"Oh! no doubt a very charming interesting lady, like all your sex, Mary. But it's nine o'clock and I must go; a man of business stopping to chat with a girl like you."

"But business or no, brother," said Mary, with an affectionate smile, "you must waste a little time to hear my letter—and a woman's letter too."

"What can a bachelor like myself have to do with your letter; but hurry, child, I have a dozen things to attend to before court opens."

"Well then," said Mary a little diffidently, "my letter says, my dear friend Fanny Thorn will be here the day after to-morrow to pay me a visit of two months."

"Let her come, Mary. I do not wish to interfere with your plans, your happiness. Only remember I am a man of business; and besides, I am a confirmed bachelor—an unchangeable Benedick; so that you and your friend must take care of yourselves—no attentions from me, sister. Do as pleases yourself, and let me do the same.—Two young ladies in the house," said her soliloquizing brother, "how the deuce am I to get along with them?" and with this puzzling point in his mind Henry Dorrance, attorney at law, entered his comfortable office rooms, and in a few minutes had totally forgotten that there was such a thing as a woman in the world.

Henry and Mary Dorrance were brother and sister, and had been separated from each other ever since the death of their mother, which took place when Mary was ten years old. Henry was the eldest of several children, all of whom died except Mary, the youngest, the darling of her mother and the plaything of the tall handsome man, her brother, who for some years had been established as a lawyer in the town of Bedford. Mrs. Dorrance, on her death-bed, called her son to her and told him to write to his aunt, a widowed sister of his mother who lived about two hundred miles distant, and to say that her dying request was to fulfil a promise long since made, that if her child was left motherless she would become a mother to her, and that now she committed to her the sacred trust, with full confidence in her affection and faithfulness. Henry wept bitter tears before he could comply with her commands; for his mother was dearer to him than "aught beside;" and now to realize that he was to lose her, his best counsellor, his affectionate friend and parent, one who had so often cheered and sustained him under difficulties, wrung his heart with grief, and the man and the lawyer were overpowered by the deep affliction of the son. After a few days of suffering Mrs. Dorrance died; her last look of affection rested upon her two children who stood by her bedside. She had placed her hand for a moment on the head of the bewildered Mary, and ere it was raised she had ceased to breathe.

After the sad ceremonies for the departed were ended, Henry had another painful duty to perform, to take his little sister to her new home. How much did he wish she was to remain with him, and how sorrowful and lonely did he feel, as he saw the preparations for her departure. On the journey he found her becoming dearer to him than ever, and he was only induced to leave her with his aunt by the remembrance of his mother's request. Mary threw her arms round his neck, and said he should never leave her; but when the violence of her grief overcame her she was gently forced away, Henry kissing her again and again, and telling her that when she was a woman she should come and keep his house.

Years passed on and the brother at first wrote frequently and tenderly to his sister, but as the duties of his profession increased, he became so absorbed by them, as to become forgetful of his sister, and regardless of the claims which society had upon him. He avoided marriage, and though proverbial

for his indifference to female fascinations, the eminent lawyer of Bedford was still regarded by the ladies as a matrimonial speculation of the first quality. When his letter of a half a dozen lines was sent to Mary it still bore the same heading, "My dear little sister," for in his abstraction he had totally forgotten that she was any thing else; so that he was roused and somewhat bewildered on receiving a letter from the town where she lived, stating the sudden decease of his aunt, and requesting that he would immediately come to his sister, who was overwhelmed with grief at her loss.

His kindly feelings were moved at the mention of his sister's sorrow, and he sat out on the journey with alacrity; and when he found in that sister a tall, graceful, handsome girl of twenty-two, with all the intelligence of his mother in her face, he felt like a new being, and it seemed as if he was once more the young man leaning again on a mother's counsel and love. In her aunt, Mary Dorrance found all that she had lost in her mother, so that under her wise, pious direction, she was charming both in person and mind, free from affectation of manners, and pure and elevated in her pursuits. There was now no relative left to her except her brother, and under his roof she must henceforth obtain protection. With a comfortable fortune of her own she was independent; but there she must be, notwithstanding the bachelor had a great many embarrassing thoughts as to how it would be possible for him to get along with one of *that* sex that he had classed as troublesome and trifling. He did not hesitate, however, to assure the weeping girl that he would both protect and love her, with a brother's true affection. He immediately wrote to a friend to have a house prepared for his return so that it might suit a "bachelor" and his sister, and leaving the arrangement wholly to his taste and judgment.

After an absence of about two weeks he returned to Bedford, and established Mary as mistress of his house, and she had been in that office nearly six months, when the conversation we have related took place at the breakfast table.

Mary had felt deeply her aunt's death, and with it the loss of the society of all those dear friends among whom she had lived so happily. The sister of Mr. Dorrance did not want for civilities of a flattering character in her new position, and she received and reciprocated them with good breeding and gratitude; but still her affectionate heart missed the dear old friends she had been taken from, and in the necessary loneliness of a bachelor's home, sighed often for their pleasant society, and for none more so than that of Fanny Thorn. No wonder then that her joy was great, to learn that it was now in Fanny's power to visit her. They were congenial in taste and character, had been companions from childhood, and were friends out of pure esteem for the worth which each saw the other to possess. When Mr. Dorrance returned to dinner, he appeared to have no recollection of Fanny's intended visit, though Mary asked him many questions about the weather, the safety of railroads and

the time of the cars coming in. He answered her, and then said it was natural he believed for ladies to ask questions, and yet as he left the room he was struck by the very happy and lovely expression of her countenance.

The next morning proved fair and bright as Mary's hopes; she had not slept soundly and fancied she had much to do.

As she handed her brother his coffee she said, "To-morrow we shall be a trio at breakfast, and I hope my brother is prepared to be very agreeable to my friend Fanny."

"Agreeable, Mary! What do you mean? That I am to flatter and talk nonsense to your friend? Suppose I take breakfast in my own room. With you, Mary, I have managed to get along; but with another lady, I cannot see how it is to be done. She will expect me to bow, compliment and offer my arm on every occasion. I cannot do it. My mind must not be cobwebbed by such trifles. Do not look so sad, Mary. Make Miss Thorn as welcome as you can. Act freely, only no attentions from me."

"But, brother, Miss Thorn will not feel pleasant to know she has driven you from your breakfast table; besides, it will be uncivil."

"Miss Thorn, my dear Mary, will have to learn that I am a man of business, and have no time to waste on ladies. I told you, sister, that you would not like a bachelor's ways. Women do so many things that there is no use of doing, that a man of business who knows the value of time can scarcely get along with them. Women ought to live a great deal longer than men; for twenty years of their life is not equal to ten of a man's, they trifle so."

"But still, Henry," said Mary, her beautiful eyes involuntarily filling with tears, "I must insist upon your not altering your old practice of breakfasting with me; do not, for my sake, I entreat you."

"Well, if that will satisfy you, I won't." And heaving a deep sigh, as if he had a presage of further evils, he said, "I hope that this is all."

"All for the present, brother," said Mary, laughing. "I shall see you at dinner."

"No, not at dinner, for I am obliged to go out of town on the Green-Hill business, and will not be in until late in the evening."

Fanny Thorn arrived safely in the town and was welcomed amid the smiles and tears of the warm-hearted Mary. They embraced again and again and kissed each other with all the ardour of the purest kind of love. Mary conducted her friend to the apartment she had prepared for her reception, and there they poured out their hearts, the one totally forgetting that her brother was to be no abettor in all her plans, and the other unconscious that she was an inmate of the house of the most important gentleman in the neighbourhood—the celebrated Mr. Dorrance—still a bachelor in defiance of the ladies.

It will not be worth while to tell what the ladies said between their meeting and tea-time, lest some of my readers might charge the fair couple with

trifling, which Mr. Dorrance pronounced to be the province of women; but never tea-table was graced by two lovelier maidens than that of the invulnerable Mr. Dorrance.

"I must apologize for the absence of my brother. Business of importance has called him out of town, and I shall not have the pleasure of presenting you to him until morning; but he desired me to make you perfectly at home."

"He is very kind, Mary; but is he at all like you? What must I expect to see? You wrote me word he was a 'confirmed bachelor.' Has he been deceived by one of our sex, and therefore emptied his ink bottle over the whole of us?"

"Oh no—he has lived apart from the influence of females since the death of my dear mother, and has denounced us all as a body of triflers—harmless I believe he thinks we are, but rather an unnecessary part of creation."

"Well then, what we do will make no impression on him—he it good or ill—he will range it under the gems, trifles—and so let it pass."

"Oh yes—he is very kind to me; but as he says in his odd way, I am his sister, and take attention or do without it as a matter of course."

"And that circumstance is no fault of his. But your house is in very good taste, and your piano of excellent tone," said Fanny as she rose from the table and ran her fingers over the keys.

Mary was soon at her side and they sang together all their old songs as they were wont to do in the large old-fashioned parlour of their aunt at Taunton.

On entering the breakfast-room the next morning, Mary was somewhat surprised to find her brother already there reading the morning paper. She led Fanny forward, and with a sweetness and affection that might have awakened a sympathy in the bosom of old Cato, said, "My dear brother, allow me to present Miss Thorn to you, or in other words, my friend Fanny, that you have heard so much about."

Mr. Dorrance rose, bowed, and lawyer as he was, stammered and was embarrassed by the presence of the lovely girl who stood before him. He soon, however, regained his composure, and made the usual inquiries as to Miss Thorn's journey, her health, and hoped Mary would make her visit agreeable. They were soon seated at the breakfast-table. Mr. Dorrance seemed scarcely to know whether he was to pursue his old plan of reading as he sipped his coffee. The ladies talked as if he were not present, and had he looked up he would have seen a mischievous smile in Mary's eyes occasioned by his perplexity, which she in vain tried to conceal. He got through the breakfast, and Mary thought she heard him give a sigh of relief as he closed the door. Certain it is that he looked round his office rooms that morning with an air of peculiar satisfaction to find nothing that in any degree resembled a woman, and turned over the pages of his books with a feeling of luxury. "These speak," said the bachelor, "without tongues."

"Your brother is by no means an ogre, Mary,

or any thing like the beast that Beauty lived with; but a handsome, intelligent looking gentleman. When I know him better I shall venture to inquire to 'what dread cause' we owe his aversion to our sex."

"Not only intelligent looking, but really so. If we could open his eyes to regard 'Heaven's last best gift' as he ought, what a charming addition he would be to our society."

Days passed by, and Miss Thorn had become quite accustomed to the grave manner of Mr. Dorrance. She could laugh as lightly and sing as sweetly in his presence as if he were some lifeless statue "who had ears and heard not." But ears he had, and eyes too, and though the book or paper was always in his hands, yet his thoughts were oftener occupied with the two ladies of his house than with the contents of either. They were problems he could not solve. They talked so much about incidents unworthy a thought, their movements were so rapid and light, and they were always pleased. It was a mystery to him what they were made of.

One morning as Mary and he were alone, Fanny having gone out, her brother remarked, "I thought you said Miss Thorn was entirely unacquainted in our town."

"So she was, before her visit."

"Why, Mr. Grey speaks of her as though he knew her very intimately, and detained me a long time yesterday with a tirade of congratulations on my having so delightful a lady an inmate of my house, asking me what I thought of the contour of her face—her voice—her conversational powers—her form—when, in fact?"

"When, in fact, my dear brother did not know that she possessed any thing worth looking at, or listening to. Mr. Grey is not so insensible to female charms as Mr. Dorrance, and yet Mr. Grey is no trifler. Fanny is riding with him this morning."

"Riding! Has Grey nothing more to do than ride with the ladies? His prospects are fine, but such proceedings will ruin them. And moreover, he is, he told me, far from expert at driving. Miss Thorn is not safe with him."

"Do not be concerned; they are on horseback; and if you could have seen how exceedingly lovely Fanny looked when mounted, even you would have wished Mr. Grey anywhere else than by her side."

Mr. Dorrance was silent for a few minutes. "It is strange, Mary, when I have a carriage, that you should not have mentioned the pleasure I would have in driving her out. It seems you have no proper idea of things. I am acquainted with all the drives round the country, and Miss Thorn ought to see them before she leaves you."

"Oh Fanny has been to them all."

"All? When and with whom?"

"Mr. Grey and other gentlemen," said Mary, laughing as her brother closed the door muttering, "The deuce take Grey—he had better have been in his office."

We cannot divine why, but during dinner Mr.

Dorrance certainly looked very often at Fanny while she talked of her pleasant ride with Mr. Grey.

"Miss Thorn, my carriage is at the service of yourself and my sister whenever you desire to ride," said Mr. Dorrance, with an easier and more sociable manner than he had ever yet assumed towards her.

Fanny thanked him, and insensibly they fell into a conversation concerning scenery and buildings, and the difference between town and country pursuits, until Mary said it was four o'clock, and the bachelor, with an embarrassed air, at the thought of conversing an hour with a lady, rose and bowed to them as he left the room.

While Mr. Dorrance had been so indifferent to Miss Thorn and her charms, they had been fully appreciated by his friends. Mr. Grey was not the first who had spoken to him of her beauty, and whether he was piqued into noticing Fanny, or whether he feared he had not been sufficiently polite to an inmate of his own house, we cannot say; but certainly henceforth he lingered longer at the table, and even was guilty of a few little acts of gallantry to the ladies.

After dinner, one day, he threw some concert tickets on the table and said, "The concert of to-night promises much. There are tickets for Miss Thorn and yourself."

"Oh thank you, brother, but how shall we get there? unless Mr. Grey or some one comes in, we shall have no escort."

"Why, is it too entirely unfashionable for one gentleman to attend to two ladies?"

"But we have not one," said Mary, hesitating, "unless you spend an evening for once in so useless a manner."

"Of course, Mary, I intend going. I once thought you had more quickness than most of your sex; but I do not know what is the matter with you; you are dull at comprehending the most simple thing."

"Oh, remember I am only Miss Dorrance, not Mr.," said Mary laughing, as she ran up stairs to Fanny.

"What wonder next, Fanny? My brother asks you to sing after breakfast, brings concert tickets after dinner, and accompanies us in propria persona after tea. Oh, my confirmed bachelor brother, I begin to have hopes of you after all."

The concert was delightful; Fanny and Mary two of the greatest beauties there, and Mr. Dorrance the most envied of men.

As they prepared for sleep, Fanny said, "Really, Mary, your brother was almost as agreeable as Mr. Grey."

"I had little opportunity of judging," replied Mary in a sleepy tone, and the conversation ended.

To Mary's deep regret there remained but one week of Fanny's visit; nearly two months since she came. Why does time when we are happy travel on so quickly? How they counted the hours when they must part to meet again, under such pleasant circumstances perhaps no more.

"With your approbation, Henry, I shall have a number of friends, to spend Wednesday evening with me before my dear Fanny leaves me."

"Just as you please, my little sister; but why must Miss Thorn go so soon? Is she weary of this place and its gaieties?"

"Fanny has only one sister, and she is a deeply afflicted one. To be away any longer, she says would be heartless and unkind.—I suppose I shall have your company if not your assistance on Wednesday. Mr. Grey, knowing your distaste for such things, has offered his services."

"Mr. Grey has grown officious," said Mr. Dorrance, pettishly; "I don't see how he can know any thing of my tastes and distastes."

"Oh," said Mary, colouring, "he meant no offence; I thought you esteemed Mr. Grey as one remarkable for every virtue."

"Esteem him? So I do; but he need not interfere with my duties."

Every thing in the way of preparation went on well; but a few refusals came, and Fanny and Mary were beyond description beautiful as they stood together to receive their guests for the evening. Many bright eyes, fair forms, and light hearts filled the rooms of Mr. Dorrance, and by many was the question asked, "Will Mr. Dorrance favour us with his company?"

Mary herself felt anxious for his appearance, and cast her eyes frequently towards the door.

"So many of his friends are here, Fanny, he will surely come. It is so contrary to etiquette for him to be absent without a cause."

"Without a cause, Mary? Cast your eyes around on the array of female beauty and fascination, and then say if there is no cause for the absence of an 'unchangeable Benedick,' 'a confirmed bachelor.' He dare not trust himself here lest he be made captive against his will."

"I come to claim your hand, Miss Thorn," said Mr. Grey, looking the perfection of elegance as he led her out to the dance. "Pray, what were you and your friend discussing? the subject has heightened your bloom."

"What we have often done before, finding fault with your sex."

"Our sex is grateful for being noticed on any terms by such ladies."

Just then there was a slight whispering, and Mary saw that her brother's entrance occasioned both surprise and pleasure. She looked at him with admiration. He had certainly paid some extra attention to his dress, and was conspicuous for his fine form and intelligent face.

"Well, my little sister, how are you succeeding in your evening entertainment. To prevent a scolding to-morrow I have come among you—I did not know Miss Thorn danced. I thought she had too much mind for such frivolity; and Grey by her side. After capering about to-night like a grasshopper, how is he fit to come into court on serious business to-morrow?"

"Why, Henry! I shall tell Fanny to what you have compared her partner. Mr. Grey like a grasshopper!—and pray what is Miss Thorn like?"

"Oh, I cannot possibly tell you what she is like,

without it is a chameleon. Now Miss Thorn this morning was a reasonable conversant being, and to night—"

"She is the same," said Mary, interrupting him, "with only a vast increase of personal charms—Do come quickly, Fanny, Henry is complimenting you this evening. Mr. Grey, you have had a share too, and if you do not offer me your arm for a short promenade, I shall have my turn in the hearing of you all."

"A compliment from Mr. Dorrance," said Fanny pleasantly; "I must make a note of it, if I can only tempt you to repeat it."

"Mary's spirits are high, and Miss Thorn's ears are familiar with compliments," said the bachelor, somewhat confused.

What was the subject of his conversation with Miss Thorn we do not know; whether of the folly of dancing, and especially with Mr. Grey; whether of mind, matter, clouds, sunsets or poetry; but they conversed about something until the company separated, each declaring it was an agreeable evening.

But a day or two remained of Fanny's visit, and her lovely manners, so devoid of pretensions beyond her merit, had made her coming departure a matter of regret to all who knew her. Parting civilities flowed in upon her.

"Miss Thorn does not return alone," said Mr. Dorrance to his sister.

"Of course not."

"Is any one coming for her?"

"Oh no. Mr. Grey will accompany her."

"Mr. Grey does every thing. I should suppose propriety would have induced her to have preferred your brother."

"Mr. Grey has business in that direction; besides, we did not suppose for one moment it would suit you to go."

"Has Mr. Grey any particular claim on Miss Thorn that he is always at her side?"

"You must ask Fanny yourself, or shall I ask her for you?" said Mary, archly.

"Nonsense, Mary, why should I want to know? It is of no importance to me."

The parting of the two friends I will not describe. Many tears flowed, ere either of them could say farewell. Fanny was exceedingly pale, and Mr. Dorrance again and again expressed his fears that she was not well and had better defer her journey for a few days. None seemed happy save Mr. Grey, and when the carriage door closed, he looked out of the window and nodded to Mr. Dorrance, who still remained at the door, with an expression that seemed to say, do you not envy me?

"Grey has become a perfect coxcomb," said Mr. Dorrance as he walked in and slammed the door behind him.

For a few days the house was silent and sad. Mr. Dorrance appeared as if he was looking for some familiar object each time he came in. At length letters came. All were well. No accidents on the road. Mr. Grey was very kind, and would return in a few days. Mary told her brother, who said he was very happy to hear it.

Mr. Grey had been at home for more than a month. All marks of sadness had disappeared from Mary's face, and she had fallen into her old routine of duties, when her brother, who had been particularly restless that morning, entered the parlour for the fifth time and said "Mary, what think you of a short visit to Taunton?"

"Delightful, brother! Who is going?"

"Why I am going, Mary; it never occurs to you that I am to do any thing. I have particular business there, and I suppose your friend Fanny will be glad to see you, though you are not accompanied by the fascinating Mr. Grey."

"You never appreciate Fanny. When you see her in the midst of her own family, so amiable, so loved, you may learn to do so too."

Mr. Dorrance coloured and said, "Don't be angry, Mary, but be ready for our journey in two days."

They arrived at Taunton, and Mary was left at Mr. Thorn's, while Mr. Dorrance drove on and took lodgings at a hotel. The suit that was to be decided was one of general interest, and the legal acumen of Mr. Dorrance was universally commended. It was soon settled in favour of his client. A week had passed, business was over, and Mary wondered that her brother did not speak of returning. Another week passed, and she told him her arrangements would not admit of a longer stay.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Dorrance, "I am engaged to drive Miss Thorn out. The next day we will leave."

Mr. Dorrance on his return had intended to have stopped at several small towns, on his way; but perhaps his prolonged visit prevented him, as they went directly home. Mary thought her brother was very dull and unobservant on the journey.

They had been at home about a week when Mr. Dorrance came into his sister's room and said, "I have letters for you, Mary."

"From Fanny? There is no post-mark. Who brought them?" exclaimed Mary as she opened them.

Her brother closely watched her varying countenance as she read—aye, more closely than he had ever watched a legal opponent while speaking.

"You to be married!" cried she springing up and taking her brother's hands—"You to be married in two months—and to dear Fanny! I thought you despised the race. We were triflers, vain, inconsistent chameleons—You, the unchangeable Benedick, to be married. When did you begin to love her?"

"Not till some time after you did Mr. Grey. Fie, sister, not to tell me and I thinking he was Fanny's all the time. But Grey is a fine fellow, and you have my approbation to marry him."

"A grasshopper!" said Mary, demurely.

"Nonsense, Mary, do you never forget any thing?"

"I am quite breathless," said Mary to Mr. Grey the day preceding that on which they were to set off for the wedding. "I've often heard of 'wedding haste;' but the climax of it is when a 'confirmed bachelor' finds it time to be a confirmed husband."

ONE OF MR. WILTON'S REMINISCENCES.

BY MARY CLAVERS, AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," ETC.

WHEN I was a young man, just commencing the practice of law in the city, I became exceedingly fascinated by a young lady who happened to be boarding, with her aunt, at the same house with myself. This fair damsel was bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked, and always looked as if she had just stepped out of a French print—so exactly fashionable and becoming was her costume. But above all, she had that enviable ease and self-possession which is the one thing hopeless to a bashful youth like myself, country bred, and only just beginning to learn the manifold ins and outs of conversational good breeding. This self-possession of hers had a magical power of putting me at ease in her society, and I became in consequence more fond of being there than anywhere else.

I had never asked myself whether my liking for Miss Ebrington was founded upon any thing that would bear the inquisition of my sober judgment; and I had never frequented society enough to be able to compare her manners with those of other young ladies. She was always surrounded by admirers, and yet always seemed to me to show peculiar favour towards my timid attempts at a gallantry which, I dare say, sat as ill upon me as would the numberless frills and flounces of my fair friend upon one of my plain, sober sisters. So I could not afford to be reasonable in the matter. If a girl of Miss Ebrington's claims would overlook my awkwardness, it was not for me to question her various excellencies; and I was about to surrender without any discretion at all, when I received from the country a large packet of letters directed to Miss Isabella Walton, accompanied by a special request from my sister that I would deliver the important budget with my own hands.

Miss Walton's name was not unknown to me, for I was intimate with some relatives of hers in the country, but to call upon her at her own house was a task indeed. All the woodland moss which I had vainly flattered myself had been rubbed off in Miss Ebrington's society, seemed to come back upon me thick and threefold as I turned over and over in my own mind the probable circumstances of my visit. In the agony of my sheepishness, I was about to entreat Miss Ebrington to lend me her countenance on the occasion, when I recollected having heard her speak slightly of Miss Walton, as a prim, exclusive pattern-woman, and concluded that she would not wish to visit her. So after much brushing and more misgiving, I started on the venturesome quest alone.

I was ushered into a very handsome room, furnished with greater regard to comfort than to

splendour, yet deficient in none of the refinements of modern elegance. It was not so French as the parlour in which Miss Ebrington and her aunt received morning visitors. There were fewer mirrors and less *bijouterie*; but there were good pictures and elegant books, writing materials and work-baskets—and in the midst of all, a young lady in a plain white morning-dress, with her brown hair simply arranged, and her finger garished with a golden ornament called a thimble—an article which I had never yet observed among the manifold decorations of Miss Ebrington's snow-white hands. I was happy to observe that the variety of *suggestive* objects which lined the room on every side afforded some security against those awful pauses which sometimes occur in the colloquies sublime of young ladies and their morning beaux. And this, with the simple and unaffected manner of Miss Walton, helped to rid me of a portion of the embarrassment which I had been dreading.

I had time to draw conclusions while the young lady was looking at the superscriptions of the various letters contained in the parcel I had brought her—letters probably as important as young ladies' correspondence usually is, and which, judging from their variety of outside, I concluded to have come from cousins of all ages. After this glance at the externals of her despatches, Miss Walton inclined herself very graciously to the little I could find to say, and contributed a generous share to the conversation, which I felt irresistibly impelled to continue, without remembering to consider what sort of a figure I was making.

But in a few minutes—at least but few by my computation—a sharp ring at the door announced an impetuous visitor; and before I could gather myself together for a parting bow, Miss Prynne was announced, and she followed so close upon the servant's heels, that he had nearly trodden on her as he turned to make way for her entrance. The room was so darkened, à la mode de New York, that I passed unnoticed in my corner.

"My dear Miss Walton," said the lady, with the most puckered mouth possible, "my dear Miss Walton, how *do* you do this morning? I know how you must feel, but I am delighted to find that you are not so much overcome as I had feared. From your intimacy with that miserable girl, I was dreading to find you entirely overwhelmed. But you are right, quite right! She is not worthy of your notice or concern. Oh! what a hypocrite! This comes of all her quiet elegance, her fastidiousness, her ———"

Here the lady made her first pause, and drew her mouth up into a mere button hole in her endeavour to find terms sufficiently expressive. This auspicious interval gave Miss Walton an opportunity to edge in an exclamation—

"What *can* you mean? Pray, explain, for I am entirely ignorant —"

"Ignorant!" exclaimed Miss Prynne, throwing up both hands and both eyes in an agony of astonishment; "are you the last to hear what the whole town rings with? Well! this is worse even than I supposed. You! her most intimate friend! I came to condole with you, little supposing I was to be the bearer of evil tidings! Can it be that you are yet to learn that your bosom friend, Lucilla Farley, has eloped in the most disgraceful manner?"

"Yes indeed," said Miss Walton; "but —"

"Yes, it is but too true; and with her father's clerk—a mere nobody. And to think that she should not even have confided in *you*, and given you an opportunity to dissuade her from rushing on ruin. Oh! it is too much! I never was so shocked in my life! I can tell you all about it —"

But here the door opened suddenly, for we had not heard the bell—indeed, the fire bells might have rung unheard while Miss Prynne was speaking,—and in came two ladies, Mrs. Lamkin and—Miss Ebrington.

"My dear Isabella," said Mrs. Lamkin, in tones of the most overcoming softness and pathos, "my heart bleeds for you. I have but just heard the particulars of this melancholy affair from Miss Ebrington, and we flew to offer you our sympathy, knowing how you must suffer."

Here Mrs. Lamkin threw down her eyelids pathetically, and wiped her lips with a transparent *mouchoir brodé*.

"I do assure you—" began Miss Walton, with great earnestness.

"Oh! you need not assure us," said all three ladies at once.

"Nobody supposes," continued Miss Ebrington, who had been too earnest to recognize me as I sat with my back to what little light there was, "nobody suspects you could be guilty of assisting in so degrading an affair. For my part, I am not so much surprised at it as some people are. I always knew there was deception in that meek, saint-like countenance. I always distrust your pattern-people." (I had heard her say the same of Miss Walton.) "Only think how Lucilla Farley has been held up as a model of duty and affection! Scarcely a party did she attend last winter because her father's health did not allow of his going out in the evening, and this wonderfully good daughter must stay at home to keep him company! It is well recollected now by many people that this young man—this Worthington—was always sure to be there in the evening, on some pretence or other; and so Miss Lucilla's sacrifices are all very satisfactorily accounted for! Oh! it is most amusing! The poor father was only a blind; and he, believing her to be all that was excellent, never suspected her

duplicity. Poor old soul! his gray hairs will go down —"

Here enters Mrs. Wentworth, a lady in whose eye sat something which did not promise to submit as patiently to interruption as Miss Walton had done. But the torrent of Miss Ebrington's virtuous indignation suffered scarcely a momentary check as Mrs. Wentworth took her seat.

"Poor Mr. Farley," continued my voluble friend, who evidently considered the floor as still her own, "poor Mr. Farley had not the least suspicion of any attachment when he found she was gone, and had even sent off her trunks while he was at the country house. He was like a distracted man they say. He tore his hair, and —"

"He wears a wig," observed Mrs. Wentworth, quietly.

"Well, his wig then," persisted Miss Ebrington. "Be that as it may, he is beside himself with grief and mortification. They say it is absolutely heart-rending to hear him crying, 'My daughter! oh, my daughter!' The housekeeper was so much alarmed at his distressing condition, that she sent for the bishop. A friend of mine saw him go in, so there is no mistake about that!"

"Ah no!" began Miss Prynne, who felt that she had been most unjustly treated by Miss Ebrington in this long speech; "ah no! it is all but too true! And it is feared by some that the misguided girl is not even married —"

"This is too much, really," said Mrs. Wentworth, in a tone of more energy and even command than Miss Walton had ventured to assume in her various attempts to be heard. "You must allow me, ladies, to set you right in this matter."

Then taking from her pocket a scrap cut from a newspaper, she read aloud—

"Married, on Tuesday evening last, by the Right Reverend Bishop —, William Worthington to Lucilla, only daughter of Edward Farley, Esq."

There was silence for full half a minute. But Miss Prynne was nothing daunted.

"I don't know what that can mean," she said.

"I had my information from the best authority."

"Oh! poor old man, what could he do," charitably interposed Miss Ebrington. "She is his only child—her character at stake—what could he do better than have them married? For my part, I pity him from my heart."

"So do I, I am sure," said the silver-tongued Mrs. Lamkin; "and it is rumoured that the worst of this sad business is not yet known. A friend of mine, whose brother-in-law is a director in one of the banks, told me in confidence, (of course I would not wish it to go any further,) that considerable apprehension is entertained that all the checks purporting to be Mr. Farley's that have been paid during the past week are not genuine! This would indeed —"

"Allow me to correct this mistake," said the gentle Isabella, with a sweet smile and a sweeter blush, though she had evidently gained courage

from the presence of Mrs. Wentworth. "My friend was married with the full consent and approbation of her father. I had the pleasure and honour of being her bridesmaid, and yesterday morning parted with her on board the steamer which was to convey her to the Liverpool packet."

The ladies received this announcement with various grace, but none ventured to reply till Miss Ebrington said—

"Well, he was nothing but her father's clerk at any rate!"

Here Mrs. Wentworth again came to the rescue, reading from another scrap of newspaper an announcement of a partnership between Edward Farley and William Worthington.

At this very awkward conjuncture, a young gentleman, with something of the dandy, but more of the quiz in his manner, dashed into the room, and mingled with his salutations the information that he had a note for Miss Walton which had been brought up by the pilot. Fortunately, Mr. Merriman was a very rapid speaker, or he would have found it impossible to say thus much.

"Mr. Merriman!" began two or three of the ladies, "didn't you tell me that Lucilla Farley had eloped with her father's clerk?"

"No, ma'am," said the gentleman, with an amusing air of meekness. "I told you she had gone off, which was strictly true, for the bridegroom was her father's clerk until to-day, as I presume the papers —"

"Oh yes! we have heard —"

"But sir, you insinuated —"

"Yes, I understood you —"

"Oh! perhaps I might shrug my shoulders, raise my eye-brows, or shake my head thus, but there is nothing actionable in those movements, however expressive; and I have so often seen you ladies use them with effect, that I may have been ambitious to try my powers a little. I merely got up this little afterpiece as some compensation for the rare wedding we were cheated out of by their sudden departure."

My friend and her companions did not receive this acknowledgment very amiably.

"But," said Miss Ebrington, who seemed determined to die in the last ditch, "if there was nothing wrong, why was the matter kept such a profound secret?"

"Oh, they were not to have been married until next winter," said Mr. Merriman, who seemed to feel a little penitent, and rather upon honour to set the thing straight at last;—"that was the original plan; but some business of the house requiring that a confidential person should be sent to Europe, my uncle Farley proposed that his partner that was to be should undertake the voyage, to which he agreed with the trifling proviso that the fair Lucilla accompanied him as Mrs. Worthington. My uncle poh-poh'd a good deal at first, but after a little deliberation consented, and granted a year's furlough for a trip to the Continent. Old Mr. Worthington came up to the wedding, and what is better, came down

with a handsome sum for his son's share of the concern. It was only agreed upon last week, and it came off on Tuesday, before any body but those in the secret suspected a word of the matter. Now I do assure you, ladies, I have told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, without a single shrug, nod, wink or innuendo."

"But you have not told us how the bride's consent to this sudden affair was obtained," said Mrs. Wentworth, who seemed really sorry for the mortification of the kind trio.

"Oh, I leave that to the bridesmaid," said Mr. Merriman.

Miss Walton seconded the attempt of Mrs. Wentworth to relieve the embarrassment of her crest-fallen visitors, by showing a splendid bracelet which had been the bride's parting present to herself. But it was all in vain. The ladies were unable to rally their spirits, and poor Miss Ebrington looked absolutely ugly. As she rose to depart, I arose too; and I shall never forget the start she gave as she recognized me. It was evident that she recollected, in that one single instant, all that she had said to me of Miss Walton, and all the fine sentiments she had uttered in the course of our acquaintance.

As for myself, I had been sitting in the dark, while Miss Ebrington had been shedding a flood of light upon her own character. Light may be so brilliant as to be painful, and I confess I found this so. The rose-tinted medium through which I had contemplated this young lady, disappeared from that morning; and she was too practised an observer not to notice the change. She saw that I was disenchanted, and she evidently felt a little unamiable on the subject. I considered with myself what would be the fitting proceeding in the premises, and the result of my cogitations was the present of a splendid piece of French *bijouterie* for the aunt's centre-table, and what the ladies call "a love of a veil,"—the handsomest I could find,—for my quondam flame. These having been graciously accepted, I considered my *amende* to be equal to the occasion; and the next morning before breakfast my luggage and myself were transferred to a boarding-house, where a timid bachelor friend assured me they never took young ladies.

Safe in this rare retreat, there was evidently no danger of a conspiracy against my liberty. Why then could I not exult in my secure position, and keep out of harm's way? Ah! that fateful visit! That plain morning dress! That thimble! My hour was come, and all that was left me was to fall gracefully.

How long it took me to win Isabella Walton I shall not disclose; but we were quite ready to be married when Mr. and Mrs. Worthington returned to grace the occasion with their presence. I was relieved from the anguish of seeing Miss Ebrington inconsolable for my desertion, by the occurrence of her marriage with a widower of sixty, who by dint of thorough dressing, and dashing manners, was looked upon (by the ladies) as a man of fortune;

but who in reality was attracted by the same appearances about my fair friend, and equally disappointed with herself to find that appearance was all. They lived together awhile, as such people

may, but separated before long, as such people do; and the last I heard of my original charmer, was in the character of companion to a lady about to travel in Europe.

THE WINTER HYACINTH.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THOU'RT beautiful, my flower,—my winter flower!—
These many weeks I've watch'd thy graceful mesh
Of silvery roots, making their busy way
Down through the watery element, intent
To reach the bottom of thy crystal vase,
That deck'd my mantel.

Then, came bursting forth
From thy brown bulb, a coronal of leaves,
A stalk,—a spike of buds,—and last, thy head,—
Heavy with floral bells, and rich with sweets,
My glorious hyacinth. Day after day,
Thy radiant charms attracted every eye,
And many a phrase of admiration woke,
As from a lover's tongue.

But now, alas!—
Decay doth touch thy brow, my beautiful,
And while we hop'd for thee a longer date,
The time hath come to die. In thy brief span
Didst thou remember His untiring hand,
From whom is all our beauty,—all our joy?
And was the perfume of thy secret soul
So freely breath'd around,—a tender sigh

Of praise to Him? If aught remains undone,
Which might thy gentle nature well befit,
Haste thee, my precious one. Thy time is short.
The spoiler cometh.

Drooping on its stem
Methought it meekly lifted its pale leaves
For the last silent prayer,—while unto me,
A gush of fragrance, was its parting gift.
—At morn I came.—No more its bosom glow'd;
A heavy sleep hung on its leaden eye
With dews, like funeral tears.

O friend,—whose gift
Was this bright flower, and unto whom my thoughts
Of grateful turn'd, as o'er its opening charms
I hung with deep delight,—say, dost thou blend
Love to our God,—with all thy kindly deeds
Of love to man?—and like the radiant plants,—
And plants that share thy nurture,—heavenward soar
In heart-felt praise?—Then, with unclouded brow,
For sleep's blest angel wait, in tranquil trust,
And lowliness, like thine own folded flower.

THE IDEAL.

BY W. R. MORRIS.

THERE is a form I only meet
Far in the twilight land of dreams,
Whose constant voice is always sweet,
Whose eye with mild affection beams.

That voice—its words I may not hear—
I only heed its heavenly tone;
That eye of liquid lustre clear—
I feel its tender gaze alone.

When first I heard that voice so dear,
Across my answering heart it rolled,
As if I, in some happier sphere,
Had met and loved its notes of old.

And when that eye illumines my breast,
Its cares sink sleeping to their caves,

As lulls the brooding moon to rest,
At midnight, the enchanted waves.

Oh, soul-felt voice! oh, radiant eye!
Let morn your mingling spells restore—
Be with your real influence nigh,
And mock me with your shades no more.

Yes, come, as trembling Dian came
Down to her sleeping Carian boy—
In dreams awhile she nursed his flame,
But waked to more celestial joy.

But, if not here such eyes may shine,
If but in heaven such tones may sound,
Then leave me, still, my dream divine,
Till there that voice, those eyes, are found.

THE COLLEGE BOY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

"What song doth the cricket sing?
What news doth the swallow bring?
What doth laughing boyhood tell?
What calls out the marriage bell?"

"Is it mirth? Then why will man
Spoil the sweet song all he can?
Bid him rather, aye, rejoice
With a kind and a merry voice!"—BARRY CORNWALL.

"FATHER, father, won't you speak to Harley; he torments us so?" cried little Mary Oliphant to her father. "He kisses us just to torment us!"

Mr. Oliphant was reading his newspaper, and gave no heed to an outbreak very common at his fireside; and Harley repeated the offence, saying, as he kissed the little girls first on one round ruddy cheek and then on the other—

"Mary, my dear, do not you remember the rule, 'When you are smitten on one cheek turn the other?'"

"Oh Harley!" replied Mary, briding with a dignity which a treacherous smile on her lips betrayed, "that is worse than kissing, to quote Scripture so."

"How, Mary? Did I not quote it right?"

"You know well enough what I mean, Harley."

"So you do, Harley," and "so you do," said the half dozen little Oliphants in a breath; and Jessie, the eldest, a girl of thirteen, said—

"You know very well, Harley, that it is very wrong to quote Scripture upon such occasions."

"What occasions did you allude to, Jessie?" asked Harley, passing around the circle of girls and snatching a kiss from each on forehead, cheek, ear, or back of the neck, as chance served him.

"Oh! you are too bad, Harley!" "I never!" and "how provoking!" broke from each, as each according to her humour, tossed her head, looked vexed, or broke into an irrepressible laugh.

"What is all this cackling about?" asked Mr. Oliphant, laying aside his paper.

The children told their grievances, and Harley insisted he was the injured person, defrauded of his just rights. Mr. Oliphant proposed a compromise, and Jessie and Harley concluded on the terms. Harley was to be entitled to two kisses a day levied on each of the girls, when and where he pleased. If he exceeded this allowance, he forfeited his right of forage; and if they denied this limited requisition, all restrictions upon Harley were abolished.

The next day was Sunday. Mr. Oliphant was detained from church by a cold, and the young people went to the sanctuary without any elder friend to watch over them. Their mother had died two years before, and their father was in the habit

of confiding in their self-regulation—a mode of discipline better than the most watchful eye. Little disgraces and failures may occur, but there is a rectifying principle that brings all out right at last. We venture this remark upon an occasion that rather favours the Martinet system of education.

We presume our readers to be acquainted with the severe decorum of a village church, where during the prayer in our congregational meeting, no sound is heard but the voice of the minister. Hemming, coughing, sneezing, and their usual accompaniments, are suppressed. The body is immovable, but unfortunately not in an attitude of devotion, as our stern Puritan forefathers threw away the kernel with the chaff of external observances. The men uniformly stand upright, and some among them relieve the tediousness of a fixed and uneasy posture by giving full liberty to the eye, so that if a poor little delinquent wickedly or unwarily offends against the proprieties of the place, he soon feels himself a sort of burning-glass, a focus where all these wandering eyes meet.

The minister of ——— was approaching the close of his long prayer, when Harley, assured he should miss the opportunity of a bit of mischief he was preparing, leaned over the two girls who intervened between him and Jessie, his eye flashing fun, and the rest of his face as grave as if he were asking for a psalm book, and said—

"Now, Jessie, my kiss!"

"Harley!" breathed Jessie.

It was but a breath, but it would have repressed any less devoted lover of mischief than Harley; but nothing daunted, he repeated—

"My kiss, Jessie. Keep your promise, Jessie. Jessie, my kiss!"

Still Jessie kept her countenance, save a little twitching of the corners of her mouth. The young girls began to titter. Jessie covered her face; she felt that eyes, blue, black, and gray were upon her; but in spite of her terror and indignation at Harley, she began to shake with laughter. Harley sat down convulsed, and stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth. The poor little girls tried their best, but in spite of them the sounds, a strange mixture of horror and mirth, would swell up and burst out.

They were low, and manifestly involuntary; still the children were sure they were heard to the farthest corner of the church; and when the prayer closed, and they composed themselves sufficiently to look up, they were surprised to find the clergyman was not looking at them, and that every thing was going on as usual without an earthquake or a thunderbolt. Harley appeared singularly attentive to the discourse. Jessie's face was flushed, and her restless eye turned from the preacher to the children in evident distress, lest there should be a recurrence of the disgraceful scene.

"Disgraceful you know it was, Harley," she said, as the little group drew apart from the congregation at the church door and proceeded homeward.

"It was shocking," said Harley. "What in the world were you all laughing at? They say laughing is catching, and I declare to you I had a great mind to go away into Miss Osborne's pew lest I should take it."

"Oh! Harley, Harley!" cried out the little girls upon him; "you are the horriddest boy I ever knew."

In spite of this denunciatory language, they all hovered around him two at each hand. Miss Jessie alone was dignified, and after whispering to each of the younger children a caution to say nothing at home of what had passed at church, she turned the corner of the street and left them. She herself proceeded to the clergyman's house, and with much trepidation and many blushes, begged his forgiveness. The good man said mildly to her that it was against the sacred place, and not against him she had offended.

"Oh, I know it very well," she said; "that is the worst of it; but we have been disrespectful to you and to the congregation, and I of all was most to blame, for I should have set my sisters a better example."

"You should, my dear; and since you see your fault and are sorry for it, you will I trust hereafter. I am glad Harley Dayton behaved with propriety. He is not always so considerate, though he should be, as he is some years older than you, I believe, Miss Jessie."

"Only two, sir."

"Well, two years is a considerable advance upon your short lives."

"But boys, sir, are always so much wilder than girls."

"Some boys than some girls," he replied, smiling significantly; and Jessie hastened away, anxious to escape a conversation that might lead to an implication of Harley.

The scene of childhood we have described may seem better adapted to a juvenile miscellany than to readers pampered with romantic incident. But besides that, we deem it well for those who feed daily on such exquisite refinements as *Paté de Foie Gras*, &c., now and then to have a regimen of water-gruel. We think, besides, that a specimen of childhood shows the elements of the mature

character. We see the warp and woof before it receives a dye, and is woven into complicated figures. This dyeing and weaving is but the type of the events of life, and the conventionalisms of society.

Harley Dayton had been adopted so early into the family of Mr. Oliphant, that he remembered no other home, and no possible circumstances could have made any home happier to him. His father was an Irish gentleman without relatives in this country. More generous than wise, he had wrecked a large fortune in a futile attempt to save mercantile friends from bankruptcy; and when he died and left a child of three years, Mr. Oliphant took the boy to his own home, gathered up the fragments of his father's fortune, and invested it for Harley's education. It was enough to secure that, and his independence till the working day of life began. Harley's mother had died at his birth, and his ardent affections were all transferred to the Oliphants.

Mr. Oliphant was a man whom all young creatures professed to love next to their own father, whom many loved better. He was indulgent to all God's creatures but himself. Perhaps we should except too, as part and parcel of himself, his children and Harley, who was scarcely less dear to him than they. He was so earnestly desirous of their excellence, so jealous of their least deviation from right, so fearful of himself, that he might in judging between them and others be swayed by his affections, that it was not very uncommon for him to be in relation to them strict almost to injustice. This imperfection of a noble nature was most conspicuous towards Harley. In assuming the care of the boy, he felt responsible for his good conduct. Harley had a fine intellect, an ingenuous temper, and warm affections, but he was gay, rash, and heedless. Mr. Oliphant held up to him the highest standards, and expected him at once to form himself by them. He had not patience to wait for the growth, and gradual ripening to the strength and sedateness of manhood. He was irritated by every wasted opportunity and impulsive deviation from the straight onward path. Youth must return upon its footsteps; learn caution from its own stumbling, perseverance from its own loitering, and draw the pearl of prudence from the sea of its own folly. There is no hereditary experience—there is no borrowing that gold. Each man must work it out for himself with much toil and frequent failure; and happy is he if at last it does not prove but a "stern light."

"Patience is a great help," and patience is the great necessity, the greatest help for those who have the care of the young. Let them watch and wait, and keep the lamp of their vigils forever burning—patience and faith will have their reward.

Mr. Oliphant's girls gave him little anxiety. They were of a ductile material, various in their characters, but all gentle and docile; all expanding and thriving in the broad daylight of truth and warm sunshine of a happy home.

Harley was abroad at school, and was cast of necessity upon his own self-direction,—not very safe to an excitable and impulsive character like his; but if a storm arose, the saving strength of the vessel became apparent. He was calm, thoughtful and serious. A mountain stream is not more changed from its bold, noisy career, over rocks and precipices to its subsequent depth and quiet force.

The time came for that dangerous passage in a young man's life—his college-course. At the University, poor Harley's infirmities clung to him like the man of the sea. His scholarship was respectable; his compositions bore the highest mark, and his elocution was unsurpassed; but this availed him little with the Faculty while he was negligent of prescribed observances and the leader of all fun—innocent fun enough but for being ill-timed and out of place. These faults in the eyes of his classmates were but "glittering dew-drops on the lion's mane." They loved him for his frankness, affectionateness and magnanimity. The Faculty, too, though they frowned upon him officially, loved him in their secret hearts. They could not help it—for when was the best liquor ever vitiated by the sediment that rises in its first fermentation?

The first vacation of Harley's sophomore year was approaching. Perhaps some of our readers may know what the coming home of the dearest member of the family from college is? To pass a winter vacation, too, when every hilarity of the season has been suspended, every promised pleasure has been stored up; when jokes have accumulated to be told, stories to be related, news to be communicated; when each member of the family has contrived a pleasure or prepared a gift for the comer—when to each little heart time seems suspended till the hour of arrival strikes. Perhaps, too, they have known the pang of disappointment; have known what it is to study fearfully the cloud lowering on the brow of the elders; to dread and guess at its mysterious import, and finally to love the dear delinquent all the better—if not for his disgraces, for his misfortunes.

"My dear Harley," wrote Mr. Oliphant, "we shall see you on Friday. In the meantime I write merely to beg you to pay your bills, and bring me an exact statement of your expenses. You know that I think your temporal salvation depends on exactness and regularity in these matters—independence, justice, truth and honour, on the punctual payment of your debts. Your patrimony is sufficient to take you through college and complete your professional education;—if, after that, you cannot take care of yourself, you must be a poor devil. I love you too well to interpose aid that might prevent the rigorous employment of your energies; or, my dear fellow, the just consequences of your negligence.

"But for a more gracious theme. The vacation is at hand, and we are all preparing for it. Little Fan is saving all her nuts to crack when you come; Kate has put off her birthday till next week; Jessie is working a pair of slippers—for whom she says

not, but Fan slyly remarks they are just your size; and Mary and Ellen have at this moment come down from your room where they have spread a new hearth-rug of their own manufacture, put on your bed a snow-white quilt,—'because Harley likes a white one,'—and have converted a blanket shawl into a curtain—'Harley likes curtains so much.' They are watching their flowers, lest a tea-rose should not bloom and a red-rose should be out of bloom that are destined for your toilet. These, in one sense, are trifles, Harley; but in another, of infinite worth, as the signs of that love which is God's best gift—our immortal treasure."

"Two letters from Harley!" exclaimed Mary Oliphant, running in from the post-office; "one for you, father, and one for you, Miss Jessie."

"Two letters from Harley!" echoed Mr. Oliphant, "when he is to be here on Friday. What does this mean?"

"Here is another letter," said Mary. "I didn't give it to you because I wanted you to read Harley's first."

Mr. Oliphant took the third letter, and examined the superscription as if there were no other means of finding out whence it came;—he hesitated, guessing too truly at its purport. In the mean time, Jessie had opened and was reading hers. Her cheeks were flushed and her tears dropping fast upon it. Mary turned to her.

"Mercy, Jessie, what is the matter?" she asked. "Is Harley sick—is he dead?"

"He is neither sick nor dead," replied Mr. Oliphant, throwing down his letters. "It would be better if he were!"

"Oh dear!" sighed Mary, and walked to the window.

Every word from her father sunk like lead into Jessie's heart. "I know," she thought, "there is nothing worse than Harley has written to me."

"May I read the president's letter, father?" she asked, with a tremulous voice.

He put it into her hand, and asked if he might read hers from Harley. After a moment's hesitation, she gave it to him. It ran as follows—

"Dearest Jessie—

"I am wretched beyond description—not because I have got into some foolish scrapes here, but that I am not coming home this vacation; that it will be long before I see you and the girls, and more than all, because your father—my more than father—will be offended and distressed and in despair about me. I have been publicly reprimanded and am suspended for the next term, and am to be sent off to Lynton, to the Rev'd Bartimeus Hill, to dig away at my studies instead of having a delightful time with you all! Oh that I had minded the ringing of the bell to morning-prayers! Oh that I had done what I ought to have done, and had left undone what I ought not to have done! Oh that I had left in the chambers of my imagination those villanous caricatures of our grotesque tutor which have brought me into disgrace!

"I have written to your father an exact history of the whole affair. At first he will think me quite as bad as Cain; but I am not, Jessie, nor will he think so long. In the matter of the morning prayers, I do not feel myself much to blame—not half so much as those who insist on maintaining a service nominally religious, to which the boys come shivering and sleepy, merely to save their marks. Many among them go half-dressed and hurry back to their beds, so that it is not even a test of their early rising. If I have been present but nine times during this time, set at least a part of my delinquency down to my disgust at the desecration of a religious service.

"For the caricatures I have no extenuation to offer. My incurable levity betrayed me into drawing them during recitation, and my folly and vanity into permitting them to be passed round the class. I confess the justice of my punishment; and this is proof enough of my humility and contrition, since that punishment involves a prolonged separation from you—from all in my dear home. Did ever a poor orphan outcast find, and having found, forfeit such a home?

"Do not say a word to your father in my behalf. I deserve his displeasure, for I had reasons for straining myself to the utmost to maintain my place. I cannot afford to play the fool. If there be excess now in his anger, I am sure he will be just to me at last. Don't let the girls think me worse than I am; and don't you, dear Jessie, think me better. I do not deserve half the love you have all wasted upon me."

Harley's letter to Mr. Oliphant exactly corresponded with the official letter. He extenuated nothing, nor did he magnify his sense of his offences in order to get the advantage of a rebound.

When Jessie and her father had finished the reading of the letters, Mr. Oliphant walked up and down the room without seeming mollified, saying, as if thinking aloud—

"Such folly! such selfishness! such want of principle!"

"Father," said Jessie, in a tremulous voice, "I do not see a want of principle."

"You don't!—and no selfishness, I suppose. Is there no selfishness in his indulging his indolence at the expense of his standing in college? The fellow has attended morning-prayers but nine times this term, and the whole expense of going to college is sacrificed to the indulgence of lying in bed. Is there no selfishness in this? Is there no want of principle in his corrupting his class by the most outrageous ridicule of their tutor?—in his throwing away the happiness of a whole family to gratify his silly impulses? I don't know what you call want of principle. You young people have morals of your own."

Jessie well knew that her father's "bark was worse than his bite," but she could not help putting in an extenuating plea for Harley.

"I know, father," she said, "that Harley has

been thoughtless and boyish,"—her voice faltered,—"unkind to us, and undutiful to you, dear father."

"Oh, as to that—I don't care about that. Duty, indeed! It's an old-fashioned word, pretty nearly obsolete. You young people have an improved vocabulary of your own."

Jessie could scarcely repress her tears; but she felt that her father was unjust, and her spirit rose.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," she said. "I thought love and duty were stamped together on your children's hearts. I never looked for them in any other vocabulary;—there neither could be effaced without the other were obliterated."

"Jessie, my dear child, I beg your pardon. You and the little girls are as good as children can be. I spoke hastily. I did not mean to complain of my children, but only of Harley."

"Oh! father, is he not one of your children? Have you not always called him so?"

"Till now I have."

"And surely, father, you will not cast him off now. You will not treat him as if he had been guilty of lying, or treachery, or dishonesty, or any thing dishonourable. Surely there is a great gulf between all these and levity, and even the president calls it nothing more than levity."

Mr. Oliphant smiled, and beautiful was that smile in Jessie's eyes.

"You have forgotten, dear," he said, "that Harley desired you not to plead his cause. Well, thank heaven, the boy with all his faults is fair and manly—true to the backbone. We will talk over the matter this evening. I must go to my office now. You go and comfort the children as you best can."

This was enough for Jessie. She went to her task with a lightened heart—but a sad task it was. Mary, who had lingered long enough in the parlour to possess herself of the dismal news from Harley, had already announced it, and that Harley's coming home was deferred for six months. Six months, with a deferred pleasure beyond them, are an eternity to the eager expectation of childhood; but disappointment and loss were swallowed up in sorrow for Harley's disgrace.

Mary was already at her desk, when Jessie entered, writing to Harley; Ellen was knitting away at her purse that she might send it to him; Kate declared she would never have another birthday,— "a birthday would be hateful without Harley,"—and little Fan, the gentlest and tenderest of mortals, laid her cheek wet with tears to Jessie's, and whispered, "What a pity that Harley did not say nine prayers!"

Oh love!—domestic love!—who can measure its height or its depth? Who can estimate its preserving and purifying power? It sends an ever swelling stream of life through a household;—it binds hearts into one "bundle of life;"—it shields them from temptation;—it takes the sting from their sorrows. It breathes music into the voice—into the footsteps;—it gives worth and beauty to

the commonest office;—it surrounds home with an atmosphere of moral health;—it gives power to

effort, and wings to progress. It is omnipotent—God is love.

LINES.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"Forgetting those things which are behind."—PHIL. iii, 13.

Look not upon the past—the mournful past.
In its stern grasp the joys and hopes of youth,—
The forms that smiled upon us, wreathed with light
Then beaming from the morning sky of life—
Are held:—the forms to which affection clung;
Towards which the lone and stricken spirit yearns;
And the grim gaoler will not let them go!
Far off and dimly seen, like buried wealth
In cold dark ocean caves—the treasures lie,
While o'er them rolls th' impenetrable deep,
And its hoarse murmur wails the ever lost.

Look not upon the past—the bitter past.
Its spectral pageants haunt thee!—Darkly there
Gathers a throng, from whose pursuing gaze
Thou fain wouldst turn away. The hours misspent,
The wasted energies—the gifts abused—
The feelings wronged—the blighted hopes—stand there.
The sins thou deemedst trivial, and the world
Deemed virtues haply, tower to giant height,
And flout thee with their scorn. The hidden crimes

Cast off their mask, and fill thee with affright.
Time—that relentless creditor, there stands,
Presenting his account, and bidding thee
Tremble at his dread records, and prepare
The reckoning to abide.

Look not upon
The past—the gloomy past. 'Tis stoted in grief.
'Tis the domain of evil—dark and sad
To human eyes;—the mournful prison-house
Of human woes and errors. There, too, broods
The cloud of wrath divine.

Thou may'st forget—
Is the kind sentence Heaven writes out for man.
Forget thy years of folly—years of crime.
Lo, the unstained future! 'tis thine own,
With all its glorious aims, its boundless hopes;
And thou may'st claim this bright inheritance
Free from all hindrance—so the eye of faith
Be fixed on Him who was content to bear
For thee the shame and sorrow of the past.

SYMPATHY.

BY MISS MARION H. RAND.

Hide not thy secret grief
In the dark chambers of the soul,
Where sombre thoughts and fancies roll,
Bringing thee no relief.
Gloomy and cold the spirit grows,
While brooding over fancied woes:
The lightest care, while yet concealed,
Lies like a mountain on the breast;
The heaviest grief, when once revealed,
Is lulled by sympathy to rest.

Relieve thy bursting heart,
And pour into some loving ear
Each bitter thought, each chilling fear;
How soon will all depart!
And words of love, like healing balm,

Will gently soothe and sweetly calm,
Till reason's almost fading ray
Resumes its firm and wonted sway,
And though thy burden be not less,
Thou wilt not still be comfortless.

Hast thou no human friend,
To whom in hours like these to turn
When thine o'erburdened soul will yearn
Its bitterness to end?
Oh, still despair not—there is One
To whom sad hearts have often gone—
Though rich the gifts for which they pray,
None ever came unblest away:
Then, though all earthly ties be riven,
Smile, for thou hast a Friend in heaven.

LUCY FRANKLIN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

THERE is no beautifier like happiness—no cosmetic equal to a cheerful temper. "A merry heart," says Solomon, "doeth good like a medicine," and why then should it not exert, as I maintain it does, a beneficial effect upon the complexion.

Never was there a more hopelessly ugly child than poor little Lucy Franklin. She was one of those thin, scrawny-looking creatures, who seem to be all bones and ligaments;—her skin was the colour of dingy parchment, except when the frequent blush imparted a livid hue to cheeks which were never tinged with the rose; her mouth was enormously wide, and her great black eyes, which might have been fine in any other face, only gave an elfish expression to her countenance, while her jet black hair cropped close to her head, had a most inveterate propensity to stand out in all directions, as if every individual hair had set up for itself. A nervous twist of her shoulders when she walked, and a habit of dropping her under jaw when she met the eyes of any one, which were the results of timidity and shyness, certainly added no charms to her unfortunate person. Yes, Lucy was hopelessly ugly.

However one may moralize about the matter, the fact is not to be doubted that a handsome face is always a letter of recommendation, and never was such an advantage more needed than in the case of poor little Lucy. Left an orphan at seven years of age, Lucy had inherited only her robust father's swarthy complexion, and her pretty mother's delicate constitution. She had neither the health which could enable her to work for her bread, or the beauty which could awaken interest in the hearts of strangers; and but for the kindness and a sort of family pride in her mother's cousin, who was her only living relative, she would have been consigned to the care of some public charity. Mr. Leighton, her benefactor, was a close and narrow-minded but not an unfeeling man. He pitied the condition of the little orphan, and without consulting his wife, of whose sympathy with his benevolent impulses he had no little doubt, he determined to give her a home at least until some provision could be made for her support. Lucy was too much overwhelmed with grief to take much heed of the manner in which she was received when she entered her new abode; but she often remembered, in after years, the half-expressed anger, the determined sullenness and the grudging hospitality of her cousin's wife.

Mrs. Leighton was one of those very commonplace women whose mission seems to be merely to replenish the earth. This she undoubtedly ful-

filled, for eight sturdy children, as noisy as health and spirits could make them, already circled the household fire. She never puzzled her brains to discover the "whole duty of man;" but to her mind the whole duty of *woman* consisting in taking good care of the baby. Scolding the servants, fretting at children, lecturing her husband, and worrying about housekeeping, she looked upon as the minor duties of life, which she by no means neglected. Her house was as neat as a paper of new pins; her children were always clean and well-dressed, and her domestic affairs were most carefully looked after;—her only mistake was in the manner of accomplishing these desirable ends. There was no system in Mrs. Leighton's mind, and of course there could be none in the government of her little domain. Instead of arranging her household so that the whole machinery would go on smoothly without the jarring of a single wheel under her judicious supervision, she took an especial pride in feeling that her actual presence was essential at every part of the engine. She wanted to adjust all its complications, and set it in operation with her own hand. The consequence was that every day began with bustle, tumults and hurry, while every evening closed in weariness and discontent. The ill-temper of the perplexed and hurried servants, the turbulence of the capriciously indulged and thwarted children, and the scolding, driving, anxious carefulness of the mistress, made the household a very excellent specimen of that state of domestic chaos which the Irish designate by the expressive phrase "*Through-other-ness*."

In such a home Lucy was likely to find little sympathy or appreciation. Naturally timid in character, and now oppressed with a bitter sense of loneliness and bereavement, she shrunk from the noisy gaiety of the children, whom she was soon taught she must not venture to regard as relatives. Mrs. Leighton was not disposed to give any thing without receiving its full value; and when she found her husband determined to befriend the poor child, she resolved to do so at the least possible expense. Accordingly, Lucy was furnished with the children's cast off dresses; and before she had recovered from her torpor of grief she had been reduced to the condition of that universal scapegoat in a large family—"the little bound-girl." She had been the darling of her sickly mother; and though after the death of her father, poverty had been her only birthright, yet the tenderness of her sorrowing parent had veiled its harsher features from her view. But she now learned the full bitterness of her position. She was a shy and timid child, but there was

a degree of self-respect in her character which was remarkable in one so young, and which, if properly directed, would have been one of the most efficient of all instruments in training her mind to virtue and nobleness. In her present condition, however, the effect of such a trait was decidedly injurious. A sense of outward inferiority was continually struggling in her heart with a consciousness of real equality, until a sort of sullen reserve, especially unlovely in early youth, was imparted to her nature.

Mr. Leighton noticed that she was warmly clad, and that if she did not eat heartily it should not be for want of a well-filled plate at table; but beyond this he gave himself no concern. He had afforded her a home, and he knew she was not ill-treated; therefore his conscience acquitted him of all further duty towards her. So Lucy grew up a thin, sallow, unhappy-looking creature, who did as she was bid, and moved mechanically to the will of others. No one cared any thing about her, except so far as to exact services from her;—no one interested themselves in her comfort or amusement. She was expected to do the lighter drudgery of the kitchen and nursery; and, when this was accomplished, a task of needlework employed her until bedtime,—her task being only varied by the pleasure of amusing a cross baby.

Even "Sunday beamed no Sabbath" to poor Lucy. To make amends for the loss of an hour of Monday morning, when she always rose early lest the servants should be idle on the momentous occasion of the *weekly wash*, Mrs. Leighton usually indulged herself with late slumbers on Sunday. A late and hurried breakfast is not generally a help to devotion, and by the time the lady and her children were ready for church, Lucy was sufficiently weary of the turmoil to be glad when she found herself alone with "the baby." Sometimes, however, Lucy was indulged with the privilege of going to church herself, which generally happened when Mrs. Leighton found herself uncomfortably drowsy after a hearty dinner, and preferred a half-dreamy slumber beside the cradle to the exercises of the sanctuary. Mrs. Leighton meant to be very conscientious, and upright and correct in her whole course of life, and she would have been shocked if it had been suggested to her that she was unjust and unkind to the poor orphan. She was only a well-meaning but selfish woman, utterly ignorant of the wants and exigencies of the soul, and only regardless of the demands of physical comfort.

When Lucy was twelve years old, Mr. Leighton suddenly conceived the idea that she ought to receive some education. She had learned to read and write under the instructions of her mother, but since her death, it had only been at intervals stolen from continuous duties or needful rest, that Lucy had been able to indulge her fondness for books. It was now decided, however, that she should be a half-pay scholar in the academy where five hopeless scions of the Leighton stock were already undergoing the process of indoctrination. It was a gleam

of light upon Lucy's lot, but it soon passed away. She was only allowed to attend school half the day, and when by her application she really made such amends for this privation that she was entitled to take rank above her fellow-pupils, she found that the curse of poverty clung to her even amid the influences of intellectual culture. The poor orphan girl was not allowed to take precedence of the rich though stupid scholar; and, at length, disgusted and disheartened, Lucy lost all interest in herself. With a sort of sullen resignation, she submitted to her destiny; and crushing within her the aspirations of a high nature and the impulses of a loving heart, long before she could either understand or analyze her feelings, she became the mere machine, the poor relation, earning her food and raiment by the toil of her hands, and eating her bread in the sweat of her heart if not of her brow.

Time passed on until Lucy had counted her seventeenth birthday. Ten years of bitter thralldom, of soul-wearing bondage, had she suffered since she looked her last upon the mother whose memory she still idolized. The little ugly child had grown up into the dark, awkward, and not less ugly maiden. Her hands were hardened by household toil; her form was bent from habitual stooping over her needle, and a listless air of indifference pervaded her whole appearance. Her sallow skin showed no trace of quick emotion, her eyes were usually veiled by her heavy lids, whose long lashes only threw a deeper shadow over her hollow cheek; and the expression of fixed and almost stern melancholy which marked her pale compressed lips, made her countenance positively repulsive.

Such was Lucy Franklin when I accidentally met her at a country house where I had taken board for the summer. She was in attendance upon one of Mrs. Leighton's children, a wayward and fretful boy of ten years of age, who was suffering from a painful and incurable lameness. Country air had been recommended by his physician, and as his mother was far too notable to be long absent from home, Lucy was sent to take care of him. The patience and judicious management of the young nurse awakened my interest, notwithstanding the repulsive expression of her countenance; but when I ventured to address her on the subject of her little charge, I was puzzled by the cold indifference which she exhibited. I had supposed she must dearly love the child to whom she devoted so much time and care, but what was my surprise to find she was merely performing a mechanical duty. She was like one whose heart did not animate their frame—like an automaton wound up to perform a certain part, but equally insensible to the praise or blame which the performance might obtain. I was puzzled beyond measure. It was to me a new phase in human nature, and I had nearly come to the conclusion that Lucy was a sort of an anomaly—a woman without vanity, without sentiment, and without capacity for any affection.

Among the inmates of the pleasant and retired

mansion where we had found refuge from the discomforts of the city, was a maiden lady, considerably past middle age, who had been for years a confirmed invalid. Miss Marian S—— had been exceedingly beautiful, and her countenance still retained traces of her early charms. Descended from one of the old Dutch families, who form the only true aristocracy of the empire state, she had always been accustomed to the refinement of the best society, while a competent fortune enabled her to indulge all her elegant tastes. Possessed of a highly cultivated mind and finished manners, she had learned to find resources within herself to reconcile her to the privations of her present condition. While in the prime of womanhood, renowned for her beauty and grace, she was rendered an invalid for life by the fall of a heavy chandelier in a ball-room, which almost crushed her beneath its weight, while she was dancing with her affianced lover. The injury at first seemed comparatively slight, but it was productive of serious results; and the most excruciating pains, accompanied by a gradual distortion of her fine figure, showed the fearful effects of the accident. It was an awful trial for one who had heretofore known nothing of life but its enjoyments, and who had thus suddenly exchanged the triumphs of the ball-room for the weary monotony of the sick-chamber. But Marian S—— was a creature of noble nature. She bore her sufferings patiently and meekly. Once only did her courage fail, and this happened when she broke the bonds which united her to the object of her early love. In vain did he sue to be allowed to watch over her future life, even if it were only to share and soothe her pangs. Marian was too unselfish to allow his life to be wasted in a vain affection; and as soon as her disease was pronounced incurable, she wisely decided to free him from the ties of honour which bound him. The result showed the wisdom of her self-forgetting goodness. Her lover vowed eternal constancy, but Time offers healing medicaments to most hearts, and after the lapse of a few years, he found one, less lovely, and, it may be, less beloved than Marian had been, who could yet minister to his happiness.

How much the sacrifice had cost Marian no one ever knew; but she had loved as devotedly as a high and noble nature can, and such feelings are not to be put off as lightly as a worn-out garment. When her lover married, Marian found means to become the friend of his gentle wife; and though he was rarely admitted to the presence of her whom he had once loved, yet the sweet child-like creature who now looked up to him for happiness, was the unconscious pupil of her who had undergone the discipline of sorrow; and much of the calm joy of his after life did he trace to the pure influence of Marian's noble affection.

Years had meliorated Marian's bodily sufferings, while they had increased the outward evidence of her misfortune. She was now dwarfed and deformed in person, but with a face full of sweetness and holy resignation. She lived in handsome style

in the homestead near Albany, with an only brother, who, though several years her junior, had resisted all the allurements of society in order to devote himself to her comfort. Some old family servants, the last remains of that system of domestic servitude which prevailed with such happy influence in the northern states during the simpler days of the Republic, managed the concerns of the household, and in the gratification of her affectionate and benevolent impulses, Miss Marian (as she was usually styled by those admitted to the privileges of friendship) found solace and even happiness.

The attention of this lady had early been called towards Lucy Franklin, but she had drawn her inferences more wisely than I had done. I had not seen enough of sorrow to know its paralyzing effects, but the patient invalid had been too often the confidant of heart-griefs, and had too sympathetic a nature to be in doubt as to the evidences of habitual suffering. She read Lucy's nature with the clear eye of one who was a sage in all sorrowful lore. She saw that the light within her was shrouded in thick darkness, but she knew it was not extinguished. Her benevolent heart grieved over the weary servitude which had thus made a living soul only as a beast of burden, and had crushed its striving impulses beneath a weight of petty cares and iron duties. She sought to win the confidence and awaken the kindly feelings of the orphan girl, but the task was one of no little difficulty, for Lucy had so long lived alone, and so long subdued every instinct of her nature, that she had become almost content with her own torpidity.

But no one could be long insensible to the sweet pleading tones of Miss Marian's voice, or to the persuasive eloquence of her words. She managed to render herself indebted to Lucy for some little kindness, well knowing that nothing so soon awakens a high nature as a sense of its duties to others. Lucy became conscious of a pleasure she had never before known, in proffering this unbought and gratefully received service to the afflicted lady. Miss Marian's manner towards her was so delicate, so full of appreciation and interest, that the poor girl's long dormant self-respect was aroused, and her sullen individuality was suddenly exchanged for an almost cheerful consciousness of sympathy with one, at least, of God's creatures.

Ere the season came for separation, Lucy had learned to regard Miss Marian with a degree of tenderness which she knew not existed in her heart, and the hour of parting was one of intense grief to the lonely hearted girl. Miss S—— returned to her pleasant abode on the banks of the Hudson; I resumed the duties of my quiet home, and Lucy again became the "hewer of wood and drawer of water" in Mrs. Leighton's turbulent household.

* * * * *

In the summer of 18—, some ten years after my first and only acquaintance with Lucy Franklin, I was sojourning at Lebanon for the benefit of its warm baths, when a large and gay party arrived

there from Albany. Every body becomes inspired with curiosity at a watering place; and, I must confess, I felt some anxiety to know who these people were, especially as I was much struck with the beauty of one of the ladies. She sat opposite me at dinner, and I could scarcely restrain the impulse which led me to gaze on her noble face. To so passionate an admirer of the beautiful, either in animate or inanimate nature, much ought to be forgiven, but unfortunately society makes no such nice distinctions, and I was therefore obliged to be discreet in order to avoid seeming impolite. She was a superb creature, in the very prime of womanhood, with a fine oval face, flashing black eyes, and glossy raven hair folded smoothly around a head which would have charmed a phrenologist. A critic eye might have discovered that her mouth was too wide, but its frank expression and its wealth of glittering teeth made amends for its slight want of symmetry. Her form was tall and stately, but with a slight bend at the shoulders, which gave a kind of willowy gracefulness to a figure that else had been almost too queenly. As I looked upon her beauty, a vague feeling of recognition stole over me, as if I had seen that face in some by-past dream; and when she spoke, her voice seemed to strike the chord of memory, yet I was sure I had never before heard those ringing tones of glee.

I soon discovered (women soon detect these things) that she was married; but I saw no one in the whole party worthy to be her husband, except one fine-looking man whose noble bearing and classically moulded face made me almost forget to observe his gray hairs. He appeared nearly double her age, yet he was the only one who possessed sufficient intellectuality and loftiness of physiognomy to be her equal. My womanly perceptions aided me to divine the truth. The elderly gentleman was indeed the husband of my beauty, and he was nearly double her age; for she had only counted her seven-and-twentieth summer, while he, alas! was "fifty, or by'r lady inclining t'ward three-score." Yet she loved him earnestly and tenderly, and had bestowed on him the pure, deep fulness of an unwasted heart. I heard the story afterwards from dear, good Miss Marian—for who do you suppose my beauty really was, gentle reader? It was Lucy Franklin,—the poor little drudge—*ugly* Lucy!

What had wrought such a transformation?—you ask. It was the beautifying power of happiness, my friend. Content had loosened the foldings of her pale lips; peace had smoothed her contracted brow; the quiet joy of appreciated affection had lighted up her fine eyes; health had filled out her sunken cheeks; exercise had strengthened the bowed and drooping form; and all these things combined, had cleared the sickly complexion, and tinted it with the deep, rich rose-hue which is so beautiful on the cheek and lip of the brunette. It was marvellous, but it was true. Happiness had been a better beautifier than all the cosmetics and freckle-washes in the world, for it had awakened the healthful pulsations of a torpid heart.

Lucy's story is soon told, and, as Miss Marian said, "there is not much in it, after all." Her new friend determined to rescue her from the dull stagnation of intellect and feeling to which she seemed condemned, and accordingly proposed to Mrs. Leighton to take upon herself the future charge of Lucy's fortunes. This, after some little demur on account of the loss of Lucy's services, was finally agreed upon, and the orphan exchanged the grudging charity which had exacted its full reward for the frank and cordial beneficence of a noble spirit. As an inmate of Marian's household, Lucy found herself in a new world. Her heart and mind were rapidly developed, for affection was the talisman which broke her long slumber of the soul. Self-respect taught her what were her duties and her deficiencies, while a quick comprehension and untiring industry enabled her to overcome the disadvantages of early ignorance.

Mr. S—— was not less interested than was his sister, in the friendless and neglected girl. He was a speculative philosopher, and the development of the human character was a subject of deep interest to him, but he had never before enjoyed the opportunity of watching the quick expansion of soul in one past the age of childhood; therefore, it is scarcely a matter of wonder that he should have watched over Lucy as he would have marked the growth and blossoming of some rare flower. But such things are not like the fanciful dreams of some vague theory. When men study philosophy in women's labyrinthine hearts and astronomy in their starry eyes, they are apt to become strangely perplexed between the material and the spiritual. The grave student of books and men had little idea, however, of the nature of his own feelings, until he was called to act the part of guardian to his young pupil.

Lucy's beauty had attracted much notice in the society to which Miss Marian had introduced her, and as her birth offered no obstacle to any alliance, her hand was more than once sought by the most unexceptionable suitors. To all these Lucy returned a decided refusal; but one of her lovers, who possessed a considerable share of Dutch pertinacity, was not to be thus easily dismissed. He applied to Mr. S——, and begged him to use his influence with the lady. At first Mr. S—— felt strongly disposed to resent this request as an insult, but a moment's reflection showed him the folly of such an impulse. The more he looked into his own heart, the more appalled did he feel at the infatuation which now possessed him; but this only determined him to be firm in the fulfilment of his duty towards Lucy, and to advise her to marry a man who could make her happy, even if his own heart rose up in rebellion while he spoke.

I don't know how it happened, and I doubt whether Miss Marian ever clearly understood the matter, but certain it is, that after a long and agitating interview between Mr. S—— and Lucy, the lover was formally dismissed. Not long after, it was known in the circles of fashion that Lucy

Franklin was the affianced bride of the somewhat elderly brother of her benefactress; but how he ever brought himself to the recognition of his own

feelings, or how Lucy managed to disclose to him the long-cherished affection which had grown out of her gratitude, yet remains a secret.

SPRING FLOWERS.

BY TRISTRAM LANGSTAFF.

O FAINTLY smiles spring as 'twere half a-cold,
And winter is weeping itself away,
But who heeds the tears of a dotard old,
In the faintest smile of a maiden gay!

And a maid, with drooping flowers in her hair,
Hath asked me to sing, why the flowers that spring,
Hardest and first in the cold bleak air,
Are the soonest of all seen withering?

Sweet maiden! believe me, spring even now,
While your heart the death of her flowrets grieves,
Breathing on thousands just open to blow,
Kisses the winter's cold tears from their leaves.

And flowers! wild flowers! at her whisper, your hue
Is deepen'd with blushes, but say, O say!
Why bloom ye soon, and then shrinking from view,
Ah! why so soon do ye perish away!

Ye are not of earth! she owns nought so bright—
Spring coming from Eden, brought you away,
The guardian angel frown'd at the sight,
But she smiled—and how could he say her nay!

And wild flowers of spring, 'tis from pride I fear,
That timidly shrinking, ye droop so soon:
For ye feel, sweet flowrets, degraded here,
And will bloom in spring's brief visit alone.

A JUNE MORNING.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBBINS.

FLOWERS, flowers every where!
Oh this world of ours!
It is very beautiful,
Garlanded with flowers.

Blossom-bowed acacias
Greet us with their breath,
Pouring out their fragrance
Like a psalm of faith.

The twining honeysuckle
Lifts its arms above,
And in sweetest numbers
Chants its lay of love.

Blushing roses all around
Scent the balmy air;
Dearest, leafy month of June!
Oh, how bright you are!

Sweet the breath of clover fields
In the dewy morn,
Beautiful the carpeting
Of the glistening lawn.

When the sun his rosy rays
Scatters o'er the hills,
And the burst of melody
Vale and woodland fills;

Comes the music from our hearts?
Comes it from the streams,
Where the fairies' diamond crowns
Gleam in the sunbeams?

Comes it from the loving birds?
From the waking flowers?
Falls it from the golden clouds,
In soft silent showers?

Oh, it cometh everywhere!
'Tis the breath of love,
Pours the tide of melody
Round us and above.

And how holy should we be
Who listen to the strain!
God is speaking in our hearts;
Be it not in vain.

THE CENTRE-TABLE.

BY MISS LESLIE.

MRS. WAYLAND was a widow in very affluent circumstances, who lived in what is called "handsome style" at the west end of Philadelphia. Like London, all American cities have their "west ends." During a long period of real mourning for the death of her husband, Mrs. Wayland had so entirely lost the habit of going into large companies that she never afterwards resumed it. Yet she found great pleasure in assembling her friends about her, a few at a time, in her own house; and in bestowing her hospitality, discriminatingly, on such strangers as had something more to recommend them than the mere circumstance of not belonging to her own city. But as it is impossible, in the natural course of things, to select always such guests precisely as we like best, Mrs. Wayland was obliged occasionally to entertain persons who, according to the softened phraseology of the present day, "had their peculiarities." Beside her invited visitors, the neighbours of Mrs. Wayland were much in the practice of dropping in spontaneously, so that she rarely spent an evening alone; the gentlemen belonging to the ladies, making their appearance usually about nine o'clock.

Of the very feminine conversations that took place round the centre-table of Mrs. Wayland, it is our present purpose to produce a specimen, which may probably be followed up by others equally desultory and womanish; yet from which it is hoped a little amusement, and a little improvement in little things may be extracted.

At the commencement of the evening in question, three ladies only were seated with Mrs. Wayland at the centre-table of her front parlour. One of them was Louisa Brookley, a very young and inexperienced girl from the West. Her father, before he removed "so far beyond the mountains," had been a friend of Mr. Wayland's. After bringing with him his daughter on her first visit to Philadelphia, Mr. Brookley had gladly accepted Mrs. Wayland's invitation for Louisa to become a guest at her house, instead of remaining with him at a hotel. The other ladies were from the immediate neighbourhood; had drank tea with Mrs. Wayland; and brought their work with them. One was Mrs. Cottinger, a plain, downright straight-forward woman, and a thorough utilitarian even in her reading; for she took no interest in any book from which she could not derive some new ideas in the form of useful knowledge.

The next was Miss Sophia Olivant, a frank, warm-hearted, and very clever young lady of five-and-twenty; who during six years, had presided "excellently well" over the house of her father;

which perhaps was the chief reason why he evinced no disposition to look out for a second wife. This is a hint to daughters who do not want a step-mother.

These ladies were all engaged in the discussion of a new book of travels, when there arrived an unexpected addition to their little party in the person of another neighbour, Mrs. Pelby, one of that numerous class of respectable women whom Pope characterizes as having "no character at all." It must be from this idea of Pope's that, in Yankee-land, a pumpkin-pie without plenty of ginger, and a chowder without plenty of salt-pork, is denounced as having "no character." And they justly make the same objection to cling-stone peaches.

But let us proceed with our promised sketch, comprising a small portion of this evening's talk. We may as well begin with Mrs. Pelby; after her reception was over, and she had settled down to knitting a *rachel*. Lest future ages should wonder what that is, and call it a Rachel, we will kindly explain, that at this present writing it means a convenient sort of head-gear made of soft yarn; very elastic, and partaking of the various natures of cap, bonnet and hood. And it is certainly much better to devote worsted to this purpose than to waste it in working those horrible pictures which grieve the hearts of all people that ever handled a pencil; and are more painful to the eyes of artists than sparks from a locomotive.

Now ladies, attend. Raise the wicks of your lamps a little higher, or snuff shorter those of your candles; assist the subject with all the light in your power—and then you shall read what you shall read.

Mrs. Pelby.—That is a very beautiful mousseline de laine in your dress, Mrs. Wayland. Excuse me for making the remark.

Mrs. Wayland.—I excuse you with all my heart. It is easy to pardon any thing that gives us pleasure, and it is certainly pleasant to know when our own taste is sanctioned by that of our friends; so I give all mine free permission to express their approbation of any article, belonging to me: provided it is done in truth and kindness, as I am sure is always the case with Mrs. Pelby.

Miss Brookley.—I am glad to hear this; for I have admired in *silence* a great many pretty things since I came to Philadelphia, supposing it was rude to make a remark on them.

Mrs. Wayland.—By no means, dear Louisa; provided that the remark is favourable and sincere.

Mrs. Pelby.—Now, Mrs. Wayland, I am going to flatter. You always wear pretty things, and every thing about your house is pretty.

Miss Olivant.—This is truth, and therefore no flattery.

Miss Brookley.—Must not I say whenever I receive a compliment—"Oh! you flatter me!" I always have said so.

Miss Olivant.—No—instead of disclaiming the compliment, you should acknowledge it silently and gaily, by a smile and an inclination of the head. Or you may say—"I thank you"—or—"I am highly obliged to you." Ladies of ready wit can sometimes reply to a compliment in such a way as to turn it gracefully back upon the person that offered it.

Miss Brookley.—Oh! I never *could* do that; so I need not venture to try. Now you, Miss Olivant—you are the very lady to say pretty things back again, in a smart, proper manner.

(Miss Olivant bows her head with a smile.)

Mrs. Wayland.—There is one species of compliment which the customs of society have interdicted to a gentleman in talking to a lady. For instance, if he alludes to her personal beauty, he takes an unwarrantable liberty, which she should discourage immediately, by looking coldly and making no reply either in gesture or otherwise.

Miss Brookley.—Dear me, that seems hard.

Mrs. Wayland.—It is always considered that if a gentleman talks to a lady about her bright eyes, her rosy cheeks, her glossy ringlets, or her fine form, he treats her with a freedom which he would not presume to indulge in if he felt any real respect for her. Moreover, it is as great an affront to her understanding to commend her for advantages that are purely accidental, as it would be to her feelings, if, on the other hand, he was cruelly to talk to her about certain defects in her face and figure.

Mrs. Pelby.—Well—Mr. Pelby always praised my nose and chin. That is, before we were married. When young ladies are being courted, they must expect to hear all sorts of foolish talk.

Miss Brookley.—To be sure they must.

Mrs. Cottinger.—Let me add, that when females have it in their power to praise with sincerity, we should never refrain from doing so. Above all, let us never omit an opportunity of gratifying our friends and acquaintances by informing them of whatever we may have heard from others in their commendation.

Mrs. Wayland.—If the rule was constantly observed of telling every one all the good we hear about them, (instead of the reverse, which is so frequently and mischievously practised by ill-natured and vulgar-minded people,) how much more of kind feeling, kind offices, and true friendship, would exist every where throughout the world.

Miss Brookley.—You are right, Mrs. Wayland. I never had the least liking for Harriet Roseley till I was told by Maria Scattergood that Harriet said to her she had never seen any young lady jump a fence or climb a cherry-tree in so handsome a manner as Louisa Brookley. The next time I met Harriet Roseley, you cannot think how sociable I was with her; and from that hour we have been

quite intimate, and I find she improves greatly on acquaintance.

Mrs. Pelby.—I can tell you something exactly the reverse. Mrs. Stinger told me, as a friend, of her overhearing Mrs. Witmore remark that I had the silliest laugh she ever heard in her life. Now I had always liked Mrs. Witmore very well; but after this I never spoke to her again, and did not invite her to my last party.

Mrs. Cottinger.—Your false and malignant friend Mrs. Stinger, was the person you should never have spoken to again, and not invited to your party. Any one who is bad enough to convey to another such a piece of intelligence, is also bad enough to exaggerate it greatly—if not to invent it entirely. And the sooner you throw off such people the better. Also, whenever a lady begins by saying she begs leave to tell me something *as a friend*, I always find she has some very unfriendly communication to make. Again, when any one desires me not to be offended at what she is going to say, I am very sure she designs saying something that she knows will and ought to give offence.

Mrs. Wayland.—Yes, these prefaces are generally prompted by *malice prepense*; and under any circumstances, are always "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

Miss Olivant.—You are perfectly right. And there is another introductory expression (and a very ungenteel one it is), that is also extremely impertinent. When any one says to me (as no person of polish or refinement ever *does* say)—"How much did that cost you,—if it is a fair question?" I always feel inclined to answer—"No; it is a very unfair one." And so it usually is.

Miss Brookley.—Is it rude to inquire the price of an article that a lady is wearing? I have often done so.

Miss Olivant.—If the owner of the article wishes to designate the price, with a view of inducing you to purchase a thing of the same sort, of course she will voluntarily inform you. If she does not, you may take for granted that she would rather avoid mentioning it; and therefore it is rude to compel her to do so, merely for the gratification of your own curiosity.

Miss Brookley.—But, dear Miss Olivant, suppose I really wish to buy the same sort of thing exactly.

Miss Olivant.—If you truly and positively have that desire, it is sufficient to inquire at what place it was purchased, and if there was any of it left, or if there were other articles like it. You can then go to the store and bargain for yourself. And when you go, if you *have* learnt what your friend gave for it, and the store-keeper asks you something more, do not say that Miss or Mrs. Such-a-one bought it there at a lower price. There may be particular reasons for its having been sold so to that lady.

Mrs. Cottinger.—Also, my dear Louisa, when you have seen more of the world, you will find many people who approve or despise things merely

with reference to their cost; and without the slightest admiration of their beauty, or regard for their utility.

Miss Olivant.—As a case in point, I will relate a circumstance that happened to myself, and which might be converted into a magazine story and called—

THE GREEN VELVET MANTILLA.

Several years since, I chanced one morning to visit a certain emporium devoted chiefly to foreign articles of female dress, and to millinery from foreign patterns, over which presided a French lady who afterwards removed to another city. I believe I bought some gloves. It was near three o'clock, and it happened that no other customers were present. The high-priestess of this temple of fashion was very assiduous in showing me a variety of pretty things, which she recommended with true Gallic eloquence, and seemed unusually importunate (even for Madame Ladouce) in earnestly urging me to buy something more. She tried to tempt me with a beautiful green velvet mantilla scarf, which (as it was the last of the lot) she offered me at twenty-five dollars; assuring me that mantillas of exactly the same description, were selling at Vanharlingen's and Levy's for *thirty* dollars. "But"—said she—"I do want some money very particular to day, this morning; and as I know which are the ladies that pay good and quick, I will let *you* have it for twenty-five. So I will do one kindness to you, and you will do one kindness to me."

I was not the least in want of the mantilla; therefore, though I admired it much, I declined taking it. But Madame Ladouce persisted, saying—"Now, I shall whisper in your ear one thing. As the season for rushing at mantillas is a little small morsel passing over, I will lower down the cost to twenty dollar."

Still I refused; for, beautiful as the mantilla was, I was perfectly contented with the articles of outdoor-costume which I already possessed. Madame Ladouce continued her persuasions, and abated the price to eighteen dollars. But, even at eighteen, I declined the purchase; knowing how well I could do without it. With no better success, she then fell to fifteen dollars; and I began to feel some pride in the steadiness with which I withstood the temptation. Next she offered it for twelve, and still I held out against her importunities. Finally, with a deep sigh, she said to me—"Well, my dear miss, money does press me so to-day, and ladies have been so few this morning, that if you have ten dollar in your pousse, and will give it me here on the spot, at this instant moment, you shall have this beautiful elegant mantilla at that melancholy price."

There was no resisting this. So I took from my pocket-book a ten-dollar note, the sight of which made her eyes sparkle. Highly pleased with my new purchase, I left my velvet cloak to be sent home after me, and I put on the mantilla, which Madame Ladouce assured me was "very much

the most warm of the two." And when I seemed rather to doubt this fact, she convinced me that the weather was so mild "it was just like one day of May, and that my cloak, though it was short and open, must have been quite one suffocation to me; also, green velvet looked cooler much than purple."

As I was proceeding up Chestnut Street in my new mantilla, I was joined by a young lady, (merely a common acquaintance,) whose real name I shall conceal, according to the most approved fashion of story-tellers. I will call her—let me see—I will call her Miss Teazel. Part of our way lying in the same direction, she walked beside me a square or two. Miss Teazel had a velvet mantilla herself, and looking curiously at mine, she said to me—

"Excuse my frankness; but allow me, as a friend, to ask if you are not a little extravagant. Notwithstanding your velvet cloak, (which I have so often admired,) I see you have been indulging yourself with a new mantilla. It is certainly a very elegant one. May I be permitted to ask what you gave for it?"

"Ten dollars!"—was my reply, looking steadfastly in her face to see the effect.

At this information she opened her eyes widely, nearly screaming with amazement.

"Ten dollars!—only ten dollars! It cannot be possible. I gave thirty for mine. You are surely jesting."

"It is a serious fact," replied I.

"Where did you get it?" cried the young lady.

I mentioned the place; adding that circumstances had occasioned Madame Ladouce to offer me the mantilla at far less than the usual price.

"Dear me!"—exclaimed Miss Teazel—"how very astonishing! But it must certainly be damaged, or in some way defective."

"Indeed, it is not. I never buy any thing without a careful examination."

"Are you sure it is quite new? Ladouce must have obtained it in some underhand way."

"I am very certain she did not. It was the only one remaining; and she urged me to buy it, because to-day she chanced to be especially in want of money."

"She will make it up to-morrow by laying an extravagant price upon some other articles. I will not go to Ladouce's for a month or two, lest I should have to assist in paying for *your* mantilla."

Here she laughed a sort of laugh, and I was saved from making an indignant reply by our arriving at the corner of her own street, and taking leave of each other.

I had always suspected that Miss Teazel did not like me, and I knew that I did not like *her*; so that, though we met frequently in company, there had never been any intimacy between us.

On the following day, I was making a visit at a house where I found Miss Teazel and several other ladies. As soon as she saw me, she exclaimed—

"Oh! you are wearing that ten dollar mantilla again! I think I shall lay mine aside. Now they

have got down to that price, they cannot continue genteel."

"I thought"—said I, trying to speak very calmly—"you understood, yesterday, that my purchasing this mantilla at so small a cost was owing to peculiar circumstances. Perhaps I did not express myself clearly."

"I don't know—perhaps you did. I may have comprehended the story at the time you told it me; but I have such a bad memory. All I recollect is, you bought that mantilla for ten dollars."

The other ladies now expressed their curiosity to know how such an event could have happened; and I gratified them with an outline of the narrative, related in as few words as possible. There were various conjectures as to Madame Ladouce's reasons for offering such a mantilla at such a price. The conversation became rather unpleasant to me, and I was glad to change it by talking of an approaching marriage in fashionable society—a topic which generally seems to interest all the females of our community, whether fashionable themselves or not.

The report of my having bought the mantilla for ten dollars soon spread widely around; and my acquaintances (I do not include my *friends*) continually annoyed me on the subject—for it really became an annoyance. One would say to me—"Is that your ten-dollar mantilla? Well, it is certainly a wonderful bargain. I did not know you were one of those fortunate people that can always get things cheap."

Another would take it up and feel it, saying—"Are you quite sure the velvet is all silk? To me it has rather a cottony feel. I hardly think it can be real French. For my part, I always mistrust a bargain."

A third young lady told me she had mentioned the circumstance to her brother; and he said that in all probability Madame Ladouce wanted money to take up a note before three o'clock.

A fourth informed me that her father thought Madame Ladouce had just had a bill sent to her, accompanied by threats, and that she had no other means of paying it immediately than by sacrificing the mantilla.

A fifth acquainted me that it was her mother's conjecture Ladouce's girls had struck for wages.

A sixth confided to me her aunt's opinion, that poor Ladouce had really not money enough in the house, on that day, to purchase a dinner for her family; many of her fashionable customers being such very bad pay.

In short, my cheap mantilla (as they called it) was fairly driven out of the field. I became quite nervous about it, and gave up wearing it in Philadelphia; only enjoying its delights while on a visit with my father to New York and Boston. I thought, at one time, of laying it aside to convert into trimming for a future pelisse, and of having a bonnet made of the remainder. But I gave up the design, on recollecting that years hence it would be recognized by the same pertinacious people, and

that I should hear of it again as the identical green velvet of the identical cheap mantilla. And this would be worse than ever. So finally I bestowed it on a young friend whom I valued highly, who could not afford to buy such a thing, and who was on the eve of marriage to a denizen of Arkansaw.

I rejoiced in the thought of never again seeing that unhappy mantilla, now that it was gone beyond the Mississippi. But worse than all—Madame Ladouce received a few more of those articles, which, not being again so pressed for ready money, she offered for sale at the usual price. Yet they all remained on her hands; for when she showed them to her Philadelphia customers, she was generally answered to this effect—"Dear Madame Ladouce! how can you think of asking so extravagantly high for these mantillas, when I know Miss Sophy Olivant only gave you ten dollars for hers. You cannot think how she has boasted of her bargain, all over the city."

I need not describe my compunction and sorrow, when Madame Ladouce, one day that I chanced to find her again alone, reproached me with having betrayed what she termed "a secret honourable between us two selves. And now"—said the Frenchwoman—"I will tell you why I did want that money so very urge. I was going the same evening to have one chris for my dear little baby, and, out of the greatness of one mother's love, to consecrate the chris of his name by one beautiful supper. So I did invite one large party of French friends. But I say with grief, and very proper indignation, that the cruel and barbarous confectioners refused to furnish the delicacies of the table till I had paid some bills they said I had owed them long. And to do this purpose, I am frank to confess I possessed not money *suffish* just at that time. So I set hard to work the day before the chris, and made all my young girls go fast and sew up every cap and bonnet that was bespeaked, and more besides. And I was trimmings, trimmings all day long. And every thing was sended home with bills; but not one of the ladies paid any bills at all. So what could I do when come the day of my dear little baby's chris. The party of company had all been ask; and the hard-heart confectioners would give nothing without money; and there was not money enough in my house to have tall ornaments of sugar, and pretty vases of bonbons. So, in my despair, I sacrificed to maternal tenderness the last of my mantillas, and sold it you for near nothing. And, through this means, my dear little baby had his chris *comme il faut*."

Madame Ladouce had now talked herself into a good humour; and I increased it by purchasing one of her bonnets, for which she made me pay far more than the usual price. I was glad, however, to know that in the autumn she finally disposed of her velvet mantillas by very profitable sales, to some of those western ladies who think nothing of coming a thousand miles for a new supply of finery.

"AULD REEKIE."

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

"Edina! Scotland's darling seat,
All hail thy palaces and towers!"

EDINBURGH is probably the most picturesque city in Europe. London is more vast and imposing. Paris, with its flash of courts and fountains, and boulevards, is infinitely more brilliant. St. Petersburg has more overgrown magnificence; but for commanding prospect, architectural beauty contrasted with primitive rudeness, and for an astonishing variety of new and beautiful views arising before you at every turn, Edinburgh is unrivalled. Take your seat on a bright summer eve upon Calton Hill, and as you look down upon the New town with its broad streets, stately buildings all of fresh cream-coloured stone, and its princely terraces making in very deed a "city of palaces," you no longer wonder at the idolatrous admiration into which a Scotchman "goes off" at the very sight of Auld Reekie. On the south side of this new town you have a deep valley filled with markets, and with the dwellings of the poor. Over this valley are thrown a number of broad stone bridges, carrying the passengers above the tops of the houses below, and revealing in the darkness of the night a shining firmament of lights *beneath*, as well as above him. Crossing these bridges, you are carried back at once five hundred years. All around you are the lofty, gloomy structures of the olden time, six, eight, and even ten stories in height, with their prison-like windows, bewildering flights of stairs, and frightful "closets" underneath, which in the slashing days of chivalry gleamed with armour and resounded with the clashing of spears. These were the garrisoned abodes of the Douglasses, the Randolphs, and the Murrays. Here dwelt the *Scottish Chiefs* of our childish reading, at the recital of whose bloody deeds we used to quake at noonday, and steal our eyes cautiously around in momentary expectation of some huge iron arm to be laid on our shoulder, or some trap door to open under our feet, and send forth its mailed warriors—

"All booted and spurred, and fit for a fight."

The romance of these grim old castles has all faded now. They are only nestling places for whole swarms of hucksters, law students, barbers, bootmakers, and small tradesmen in all sorts of wares. Each of them now accommodates a colony; so that one of the dwellers near the house-top might, in the course of his daily visit to the street below, "call in" at the rooms of his different fellow lodgers, and get his hair dressed, his boots mended, his gloves stitched, besides "laying in" a considerable library, a box of pills, and getting in addition a bit of *legal advice* in regard to the suit

for trespass between the flighty gentleman in the garret, and the lodger in the "*eleventh* pair back." There is no doubt a great saving of ground rent by this tower-of-Babel process, and blue sky "comes cheap;" but this is more than counterbalanced by the grievous uncomfortableness and inconvenience of such an elevated position.

From Calton Hill the great object of view in the direction of the old town is the world-known *Edinburgh Castle*, so famous in the annals of Scottish wars.

"There watching high the least alarms
The rough rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold veteran gray in arms,
And marked with many a seamy scar.

"The ponderous walls and massy bar
Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war
And oft repelled the invader's shock."

It consists of a series of irregular fortifications, and although before the invention of gunpowder it might be considered impregnable, it is now a place of more apparent than real strength. It can be approached only on the eastern side. The other three sides are very precipitous, some parts being *more than perpendicular*. It is three hundred and eighty-three feet in height, contains accommodation for 2,000 soldiers, and its armory affords space for 30,000 stand of arms. Facing the northeast is the Half Moon Battery, mounted with twelve, eighteen and twenty-four pounders, the only use of which, in these days of the "pruning hook" and the "ploughshare," is to fire salutes on occasions of public rejoicing. Upon this battery is the celebrated piece of artillery called *Mons Meg*, from being cast at Mons, in Flanders. It is large enough for a clever-sized lad to creep into, and carries a ball about the size of the ill-fated "peace maker's." It was employed at the siege of Norham, and afterwards burst in firing a salute to the Duke of York in 1682, since which time it has been bound together with iron hoops.

In 1296 the castle was taken by the English, and an attempt was made by Randolph, Earl of Moray, and thirty chosen men, to regain it. According to the interesting account in Heath's Annual, the enterprise was undertaken at midnight. By catching at crag after crag, and digging into the interstices of the rocks, they succeeded in mounting to a shelving table of the cliff, above which the ascent for ten or twelve feet was perpendicular. Here they lay down to recover breath, and could distinctly hear the tread of the sentinels

above. While in this state of painful suspense, a loud shout was heard, and a fragment of the rock was hurled down at the same instant; and as rushing from crag to crag it bounded over their heads, Randolph and his brave followers in their perilous, helpless situation, felt the damp of mortal terror gathering on their brows, and clung with a death gripe to the precipice. The adventurers paused, listening breathless;—no sound was heard but the sighing of the wind, and the measured tread of the sentinel who had resumed his walk. The incident proved to be but a singular coincidence; the shout of the sentinel and the missile he had rolled down were merely a boyish freak to amuse himself during his wearisome walk, and the party after recovering from their fatigue and sudden fright, laboured upwards towards the castle wall. It was at length reached;—they scaled it by means of their ladder, and leaping down among the astonished guards sounded the war-cry, and after a desperate struggle, captured the castle. The morning sun dawned upon them, and beheld the thistle flag of Scotland waving from the battlements.

The Scottish *regalia* are exhibited every day in the crown-room by a ticket from the Lord Provost. They consist of a crown of red velvet covered with jewels, a sceptre about eighteen inches in length, and a long two-edged sword used at the coronations. That crown once pressed the fair temples of poor Mary, and that sceptre was wielded by "the Bruce." For a great many years these valuable and cherished relics of Scottish independence were lost, and the national joy knew no bounds when they were discovered in an old oaken chest which was opened first by Sir Walter Scott and the officers of the city. Every day the little room is thronged. No nation is more purely *national* than the Scotch. To them there is no hero like their Bruce, no song writer like their Rabie Burns, and no romancer like the "Shirra" of Abbotsford. (And I don't know but they are more than half right.) A Scotchman loves his country without any reservation, any "saving clauses," and without the slightest conviction that any other land can produce such lofty hills, and such lovely lakes, such "honest men and bonnie lasses" as his own. This is an amusing trait, but a noble one. I love the man the more who loves his country more than all others. I would not endure the man even from the sea-beaten rocks of Shetland who did not love his own home more than the vales of Tuscany.

Turning backward, and carrying your eye along the old town, you come to the *Canongate* celebrated in the Waverley romances. Beyond this in the outskirts of the city stands the ancient Palace of Holyrood. This time-honoured abode of Scotch royalty is a fine building of quadrangular form, with a central court about one hundred feet square. Its front is flanked by double-pointed towers, which impart to it a quaint appearance when contrasted with the gaudy, upstart structures of modern growth, which seem to stare at it out of all their—windows, and wonder how it came there. This old palace was

fast going to decay, but in 1822 some improvements were made in the internal accommodations, and since that time it has undergone a thorough repair at the expense of the crown. It is full of relics, the most interesting of which is the bed of Mary, Queen of Scots, which that unfortunate princess occupied during her residence in the palace. It stands against the wall of a dark, gloomy apartment, whose oaken floors, rude stone walls and ragged tapestries, are enough to chill one's blood. The bed *was* of crimson velvet, but it is now ready to crumble into black dust. Near it is a double chair, embroidered by Queen Mary, and used by Darnley and herself on their marriage occasion. Adjoining this room is a still more crazy-looking one, which the queen occupied as a dressing-room. Her dressing-box is hardly fit to keep the roughest tools in, and the reflection of the steel mirror on the wall would not equal that of a *still pool*, such as our Indian belles once made their toilets over. In fact, the accommodations of the most humble servant girl of the nineteenth century are superior to those of the most elegant queen of the sixteenth! In a small closet adjoining the bed-room, the armour of Darnley is exhibited—a huge helmet which I could not stand under, broad iron plates for his breast half an inch in thickness, and finishing off with boots whose soles were two inches high. His spear was "like a weaver's beam." Such an immense weight would crush a modern soldier to the earth.

The little room in which Rizzio, the Italian favourite of the queen, was murdered, is an object of interest to visitors. A bit of ragged tapestry dangled against the wall, and swung back and forth as the wind drew up the winding stairs from the dungeons below. I pulled it aside, and thrusting my head into the dark passage, almost fancied that I could hear the tramp of Darnley and his ruffian accomplices coming up to do the bloody deed. A dark stain is on the floor, which the lassie who exhibits the apartment roundly asserts is the blood of the murdered man. It is a pleasant delusion, and a true antiquarian always believes the fictions of guides and cicerones—Shakspeare's chair, the wood of the true cross and all.

The largest apartment in the palace is the picture gallery, which extends one hundred and fifty feet. Upon the walls of this room are suspended the pictures of one hundred Scotch kings in a style of art truly barbarous. They appear to be mostly by the same hand, "painted either from imagination, or porters hired to sit for the purpose!" In the olden time many a scene of courtly gaiety has enlivened this gloomy hall. Here the manly form of Darnley led down the dance; here the dashing young Pretender received the loyal caresses of the flax-haired daughters of "auld Scotland," and here poor Mary lived her short, bright day of unrivalled beauty. Farewell to thee, old Holyrood!—the asylum of many a royal outcast who had not elsewhere a place to lay his head!

NEW RECEIPTS FOR PASTE OR CEMENT.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Perpetual Paste.—Buy at a druggist's half an ounce of the best gum tragacanth, and a small portion of corrosive sublimate, scarcely the size of a grain of Indian corn. They will cost but a few cents. Pick out carefully all the impurities of the gum, and make it as clean as you can not to waste too much of it. Pulverize the bit of corrosive sublimate, by pressing hard on the paper that contains it. Put both articles into a wide-mouthed glass, or white ware vessel, that has a close fitting cover, and will hold somewhat more than a pint. A small sweet-meat jar (made perfectly clean) will do very well. Pour on the gum and the sublimate, a pint (not more) of clear cold soft water. Cover the jar closely, and let it rest two or three days, till the gum has entirely dissolved and looks like thick-boiled starch. Take care never to stir it, lest you should disturb what sediment there is about it, and which, if let alone, will sink to the bottom and always remain there. The corrosive sublimate will prevent this paste from spoiling; and, if kept covered and in a cool dark place, it will continue good for many months, or even for two or three years; and will be found always convenient for use whenever a cement is wanted for paper, pasteboard, or things of that description—precluding the necessity of boiling fresh flour paste every time.

By putting some of it into a small tin box with a tight cover, and tying the box up closely in strong paper, you may carry it with you when travelling, to be ready in case you should chance to require paste for any unexpected purpose.

Spread it smoothly and thinly on the paper with a brush, (which must afterwards be washed directly,

or with your finger, if the space is very small. We know, *by experience*, that for common use there is no paste better or more convenient than this.

Keep it carefully out of the reach of children, as the corrosive sublimate renders it poisonous if swallowed.

Gum Arabic Paste.—Take a common sized tea-cup of cold soft water, and dissolve in it a large tea-spoonful of the best and clearest powdered gum arabic. When the gum is entirely melted, stir in, by degrees, a table-spoonful of fine wheat flour, carefully pressing out all the lumps, and making it as smooth as possible. Keep it well covered, and in a cool place. If, after a few days, it should appear spotted or mouldy on the top, remove the surface, and the paste beneath will still be fit for use. This is a good cement for artificial flowers, and ornamental paste-board work.

Cement for Jars and Bottles.—According to the quantity of cement required, take one-third bees-wax and two-thirds rosin. Pound the rosin very fine, and then put it with the bees-wax into any saucepan or skillet suited to the purpose, and set it over the fire to melt. When it becomes quite liquid, take it off the fire, and stir in some finely-powdered brick-dust, till the mixture becomes as thick as melted sealing-wax. Then plaster it warm round the covers of your preserve or pickle jars. If you use it for bottles, first cork them tightly, and then dip their tops into the cement. It will dry in a few minutes. This cement is very strong and very cheap, and particularly useful for articles that are to be carried to sea.

USEFUL HINTS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

THE odour of a cologne bottle or any other scented liquid may be prevented from escaping by keeping the cork and the neck of the bottle covered with the finger end or thumb of an old kid glove, cut off for the purpose at a suitable length and breadth, and stretched or drawn down closely and tightly. This is more convenient than the usual leather covers that must be untied and tied again whenever the bottle is opened.

When a glass stopper sticks fast, (as is frequently the case,) and is found difficult to take out, hold the bottle in your left hand, and strike the stopper sideways and hard with the edge of your open right hand. A few of these strokes will generally loosen it; but if it still continues immovable, grease it with a little sweet oil, and lay the bottle near the fire

with the stopper towards the heat.

In cutting open the leaves of a new book, keep your left hand pressed firmly on the open page while you use the paper knife with your right. This will prevent the edges of the leaves from cutting rough and jagged. Cut open the tops of the leaves before you run the knife up the side edges.

The best way of writing your name in a book is on the inside of the cover. The fly-leaves may be torn out, and if written on a corner of the title-page, that corner may be snipped off, if the book falls into the hands of a dishonest person. The neatest manner of putting your name in a book is to write it on a small square or oval of fine white paper, and then to paste it with gum tragacanth paste inside the cover.

OH! LADY, SING AGAIN THAT SONG.

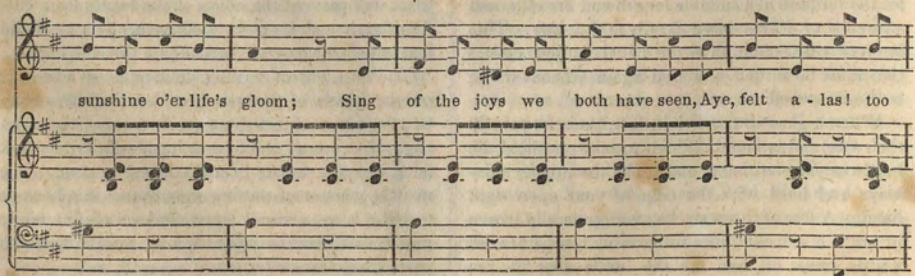
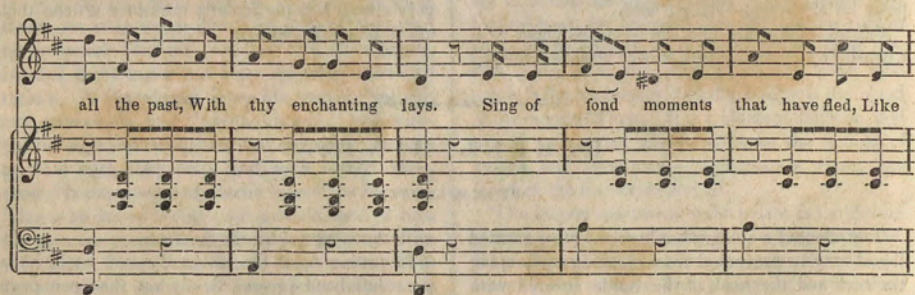
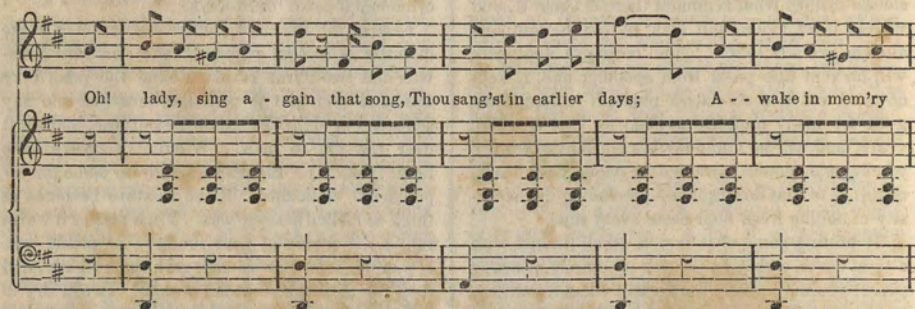
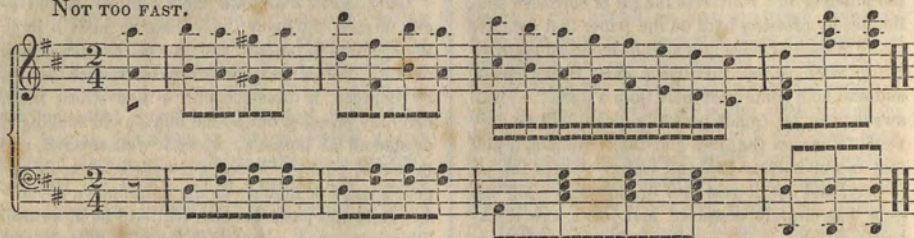
WRITTEN BY WILLIAM HARPER, JR.

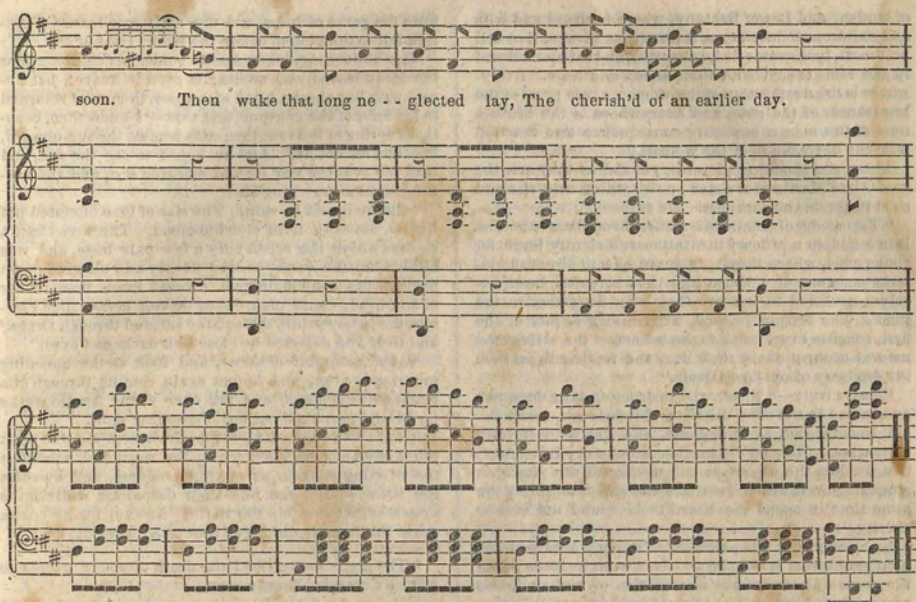
MUSIC COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HER PUPILS,

BY CORDELIA C. CROZET.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1844, by J. G. Osbourn, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

NOT TOO FAST.





I would not now recall the past,
Nor ask of thee the boon;
I would not so oppress the heart,
Could memory fade so soon.
In other lands I've wander'd far,
On me bright eyes have shone;
But distance never added aught
But lustre to thine own.
Then wake that long neglected lay,
The cherished of an earlier day.

The farther from my native land,
And thy bright smiles I've strayed,
The farther from all that was dear,
I've laid my weary head.
Nor distance nor the busy world,
With all its alluring ways,
Could chase fond memory from my sight,
Of those and other days.
Then wake that long neglected lay,
The cherished of an earlier day.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"The everlasting stars shine out when the horizon becomes dark enough," says Carlisle—thus strikingly exemplifying the hope which "springs eternal" in every "human breast."

As this beautiful month leaves little for the heart to desire,—if we only have health to enjoy the riches of nature,—in the outward world, what if, for a few moments, we look away from ourselves and devote our sympathies to those of our own sex, where the darkness seems to have extinguished even the stars.

Have you ever read a book—"The Education of Mothers?"* We are not intending to analyze or explain this work; it is within the reach of every family who reads our periodical, and we have already commended it to their notice. But as we fear that far the larger part of our "fifty thousand" friends have not yet enjoyed the instructive lessons of the French sava, we will give a

picture or two of his sketching, to take the place this month of the "obsolete fashions."

"The great misfortune of our villages," says this benevolent author, "is the degradation of the women through the labours which belong to men. You see the women bowed to the earth, as labourers, or laden with enormous weights, like beasts of burden. There are districts in France, where they are harnessed to carts with the ox and ass. From that time their skin becomes shrivelled, their complexions like coal, their features coarse and homely, and they fall into a premature decrepitude more hideous than old age.

"If asked for examples of these things, we will cite whole provinces, the richest as well as the poorest of France—Perigord, where the women live in a state of filth and abjectness which reacts on the whole family; Picardy and Limousin, where, degraded to the lowest rank, and as of an inferior race, wives serve their husbands at table without even daring to take a place at his side; Brescia, where they are mere labourers, mere beasts

* Translated from the French of L. Aimé-Martin, and published by Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

of burden; and Lower Brittany, where husband and wife and children, reduced to a state almost savage, live all, pell-mell, in the same filthy chamber, and eat black bread in the same trough with their sheep and hogs. Everywhere is the degradation of the woman a sure proof of the brutishness of the man, and everywhere is the brutishness of the man a necessary consequence and reaction from the degradation of the woman."

These are shocking pictures, yet sad as they are, the good Aimé-Martin sees a star or two which may rise and shed lustre on the darkness. He says—

"Two modes of amelioration offer themselves—the first is to establish a primary institution, sufficiently large, for young girls, where they may learn how to direct the interior economy of a house, and thus hereafter be themselves qualified to instruct their own daughters in the same. The second method, a necessary sequel of the first, consists in restoring to the women of the village the natural occupations of their sex, and freeing them from the drudgery of out-door labour."

He says truly—"Never will instruction take deep root and spread in the rural districts, if it does not reach the children through their mothers, and the men through their wives. The public teacher is but a dry instrument that teaches the alphabet; the mother of the family is a moral power, which fertilizes the mind, while at the same time it opens the heart to love and the soul to charity."

No wonder that this philanthropist, oppressed with the picture of brutal ignorance and dark wretchedness which the contemplation of the degradation of woman in his own beautiful France had brought before his mind's eye, should exclaim, while dwelling on the blessings which education, freedom, and the elevated position of woman had wrought in our United States—

"Oh! spectacle never before viewed by mortal eyes!—this young America was free at her birth! She is born with liberty, tolerance and intelligence!"

"America is the star which brightens the darkness of Europe; and the education of women the light which promises civilization to mankind."

The hope which fancy draws from the contemplation of nature is more in accordance with the German mode of philosophizing. Jean Paul Richter has breathed forth a similar strain of hope for man, belief in the amelioration of the human destiny, and faith in progressive improvement, as Aimé-Martin. The little fragment we shall give is entitled "The Changing Aurora," and has never, we believe, been before translated into English. It is a relief, after the appalling sketches of real sufferings which the practical philosopher has given, to turn to the soft, shadowy paintings of the poetical mind, seeking relief from the sad shadows resting on the human lot by delineating the beautiful changes in the morning sky. But hope is the lesson both would teach, the lesson we would inculcate.

"When man saw for the first time the glowing morning redness in the heavens, he took it for the sun, and cried out to it—'Hail to thee, Phœbus, with roses heaped on thy far shining chariot! But soon the god-like sun came

from the grove of roses, and the early rose leaves of Aurora fell to the ground before the strong light of day."

"Lo! at evening, when Apollo guides his chariot under the ocean waves, and nothing is seen in heaven but Aurora with her chariot filled with roses, then man returned to his error of the morning, and said—'I know thee, beautiful spring of heaven; thou only leadest the sun upward, but thou art not he!' And he hoped to see the sun, and took the evening star for the morning star, and the evening wind for morning air."

"But he hoped in vain. The star of love mounted not higher, but sank from cloud to cloud. The rosy chariot showed above the ocean only a few pale buds, and was led behind the earth, wading deeply and sinking down towards the cold midnight. 'Now I know thee, robber of the dead,' said man; 'thou drivest before thee Phœbus, the lovely youth, through the sea, and through Orcus!' and tired and dejected he closed his darkened eyes."

"Awake, double dreamer, and look at the blooming morning-heaven, and Aurora again coming through the broad fields of roses; and the ever young Apollo walks up behind her, his hand full of morning light."

"And awake thou also, deeper dreamer; thou who seest the Aurora of man's history in the west, and beholdst the evening redness as morning redness, and awaitest the rising of the sun, and then despairst while he is drawn veiled towards the north! Awake; for he comes again in the east, and every time to a longer day."

* The ancients ascribed the death of young people to Aurora's carrying them away.

NOTE TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have not been able to make much progress in unrolling MSS. during the past month; and many, we fear, will be disappointed, because the article which each looks to see is not mentioned here. But there is an end to all things, says the proverb, so we hope some time to find the end of our task, though the constant addition to our stock of communications is somewhat discouraging. We find the following worthy a place in the "Book"—*"Monadnock and Moonlight," "The Mother's Good-Bye," "The Night Storm," "Honours to the Dead," "Tale of the Rose Tree," "The Moon,"* (from the German of Richter,) and *"Household Gods."*

A poem entitled *"The Sea,"* we had partly in type when we found it had been published in another magazine.

We must decline *"The Banished Son," "Genius," "A Birth-Day Retrospect," "A Dream," "Names," "Lines," "Moonlight Musings," "The Æolian Harp," "Song," "The Scene,"* &c. The writer of these two last has evidently had some glimpses of the glories of "poesy divine," but he has not yet been blessed with the "open vision." We would remind him of his own interrogatory—

*"To live—what is it? It is not to spend
A life-time wooing visionary fame."*

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

ONE of the most original and amusing works of the season is *"Major Jones's Courtship."* It is a *brochure* published in the cheap form by Messrs. Carey & Hart; but it is in 12mo. form, on good paper, and richly embellished with beautiful engravings from the original drawings of Darley. Major Jones is a Georgia planter, who gives his own remarkable adventures and experiences somewhat in the style of Major Downing. He is not a whit inferior to the Major or to Sam Slick in original, quaint humour, and his dialect is the Doric of the

South, broad, racy and provincial. In the pleasing quality of *naïveté*, Major Jones surpasses all his predecessors. Darley's illustrations are full of humour, without "o'erstepping the modesty of nature."

Messrs. Carey & Hart have received Mr. Parker's new text book, called *"Aids to English Composition,"* a work which cannot fail to be useful, as it is wholly practical, and suited to all classes of learners. Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published a new and revised edition of *"Tanner's Universal Atlas,"* with seventy-two coloured

maps, on a very large scale. Mr. Tanner is one of the most learned and accomplished geographers in the world. His maps are unquestionable authority, and this new edition with the recent corrections, is of course the best general atlas extant.

Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston have sent us a copy of the "*New Spirit of the Age*," edited by R. H. Horne. It consists of cursory notices of the leading British writers of the present time, written in a vein of semi-transcendentalism. Its main object appears to be to puff some of the minnows among the London scribblers into Leviathans, because they happen to belong to the same coterie with the author. It is not by any means a new thing for the small fry of a small clique to suppose that their spirit is the spirit of the age. Such worthies meet together in their metropolitan garret, and lay out the intellectual map of the world with as much gravity as a knot of small politicians in a country town settle the affairs of the nation, while "news much older than their ale goes round."

Messrs. Harper & Brothers continue the publication of "*M'Culloch's Gazetteer*," "*Milman's Gibbon's Rome*," "*Neal's History of the Puritans*," and their splendid "*Pictorial Bible*." They have also recently published in a neat 18mo. form, "*The Young Sailor, a Narrative founded on Fact*," by Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana. This is a first rate story for young people, full of incident and strong character; and what is of more vital importance, conveying a striking moral in a forcible and impressive style.

Theological literature continues to flourish. The Harpers have gone into it with Dr. Malan's "*Inquiry*," the most remarkable book of recent times on the Roman Catholic question. It will probably become as popular as Daubigne's History of the Reformation.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have recently published "*Dr. Ogilby's Catholic Church in England and America, in three Lectures—I. The Church in England and America, Apostolic and Catholic; II. The Causes of the English Reformation; III. Its Character and Results*." This is an American work, and is dedicated to Bishop Doane. Of course its doctrine is what people call High Church Episcopalian. We can hardly be expected to comment on its character and tendency; but we cannot refrain from saying a good word for its magnificent paper and print, and the whole style of its mechanical execution.

Some time since, Mr. R. G. Berford sent us a pamphlet novel, entitled the "*Banking House*," which we have just read. It is powerfully written, and worthy the serious consideration of all business people. "*The Lady at Home*," "*Destiny; or, the Chief's Daughter*," "*The Picture Gallery*," "*The Comforter*," by Miss Bremer, "*Marion's Pilgrimage*," by Mary Howitt, (one of her most beautiful and touching poems,) and "*The Prairie Bird*," by Hon. C. A. Murray, have all been laid on our table by Mr. Berford, who appears to rejoice in a most abundant and attractive stock of the cheap literature of the day.

"*Life in the New World, or Sketches of American Society*," by Seaside. This series of pamphlets appears to us to be the result of an awkwardly contrived and clumsily executed hoax. They purport to be translations from the German, without the least approximation to the German tone of thought; and after being puffed in advance of publication in the most extravagant manner, for strength of conception and intenseness of interest, they turn out, upon reading, to be the most dull, stupid, impertinent and intolerable trash which has come before the public since the chapters of Martin Chuzzlewit which refer to America. These last must be pronounced unrivalled in these remarkable qualities.

Messrs. Harpers have published "*Observations in Europe, principally in France and Great Britain*," by John P. Durbin, D. D., President of Dickinson College. This work, which is the precursor of the Doctor's long-expected work on the East, will be received with a warm welcome by the reading world. Its animated style, fresh

feeling, accurate observation, and sturdy Americanism, form elements of extended popularity. The embellishments are on steel, numerous, and well executed.

Mr. R. G. Berford has received a supply of "*Chatsworth*," by the renowned author of "*Tremaine*." It is published by the Harpers as a part of their Library of Select Novels. He has also the last numbers of McCulloch's Gazetteer, the Book of the Navy, and the pictorial edition of Dickens's Christmas Carol, just published, with coloured plates, by Messrs. Carey & Hart.

The same publishers have issued a new edition of Miss Leslie's celebrated "*Cookery Book*," with fifty additional pages of new receipts. All the world is acquainted with the merits of this highly popular and useful book.

Messrs. Carey & Hart continue the publication of their splendid "*Family Bible, with the united commentaries of Patrick, Lowth and Whitby*." Messrs. Carey & Hart have issued a new edition of Miss Leslie's admirable "*House Book*," so much prized as being a perfect treasury of receipts for all articles and processes used in housekeeping.

"*Poems, by Caroline F. Orne*." This collection comprises three poems of considerable length—"Sweet Auburn," "Mount Auburn," and "The Lady Arabella," together with a number of miscellaneous pieces. In our opinion, these poems are far above the common standard, and "The Removal of Napoleon's Remains" is one of the finest modern pieces we have read. "Sweet Auburn" and "Mount Auburn," two beautiful poems of nearly one thousand lines each, will be read with interest by those who have planted the willow over some dear friend in this fair garden of death. Carey & Hart have the work.

"*Poems, by Frances Ann Butler*." A collection of short poems by Mrs. Butler, better known, perhaps, as Fanny Kemble. On the first page, speaking of stars, we have—

"Save yon eternal eyes that now shine forth,
Winking the slumberer's destinies."

Such an anti-poetical expression, occurring on the first page, had almost imbued us with opinions prejudicial to the pieces that follow; but our respect for the talented author induced us to examine further, and we were delighted at finding both beauty and originality. "The Red Indian" is a beautiful little poem. Its title, however, is a misnomer, and as here applied, *Red Indian*, has no meaning whatever. "The Lament for Israel" is the conception and execution of a poetical mind. In fact, all these pieces bear evidence of a rich poetical fancy. One fault we discover which Mrs. Butler possesses in common with most of our modern poets. In striving at originality, new words are coined and old ones tortured to express almost any meaning under the sun. Originality is not always poetry.

Mr. Henry G. Langley, of New York, has just published the "*Poetical Works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed*," now first collected by Rufus W. Griswold. This is a first rate book. Praed was one of the most elegant and highly imaginative poets of Britain. With talents enough to make a dozen writers of average quality, he was so careless of his literary fame as to throw off every composition in some fugitive form, leaving to the industry of a foreign critic the task of gathering up these diamonds and rubies, and other precious gems, and forming them into a crown of glory to shine in a foreign land.

Mr. James Langley, of New York, has just published "*The Irish Girl, and other Poems*," by Sarah Ellis, author of "*Women of England*," &c., with a portrait of the author. Every thing from the pen of Mrs. Ellis claims attention. These poems, without any pretension to high imaginative power or lyric fire, possess the charms of melody, fine feeling, and good taste. The poems are all short, embracing a very extensive range of subjects, and all of them which we have found time to read, of an interesting character. Some of them are very touching, while the decidedly religious cast of others will give them peculiar value in the domestic circle. The same publisher sends us a copy of "*The Brother and Sister*,"

and other Tales," by Mrs. Ellis, an excellent collection for young people, published in an elegant form, and illustrated with the author's portrait on steel. Mr. Langley has also published some half a dozen Hand Books, done up in beautiful style for popular use. We have only space for their titles. They are the "Hand Book of Etiquette," "Hand Book of Cookery," "Hand Book of Dreams," "Gentlemen's Letter-Writer," "Ladies' Letter-Writer," and "The Poetry and Sentiment of Flowers." Whoever would learn how to behave in company, cook, dream, write letters, or carry on a correspondence, Oriental fashion, with bouquets, can now do it at the least possible expense by purchasing these six hand books.

"Parley's Cabinet Library," published by John Allen, New York, promises to be a most valuable work for families. The reputation of Peter Parley is so well established, that we need only record his name connected with a publication to insure its popularity. But the plan of this Library, and the manner in which it has been got up, entitle it to particular favour. It is none of the brown paper and invisible type productions. The beauty of the whole arrangement is complete, and we can commend it as a work pleasant to read as well as useful to be read.

We have received several very excellent books for Sabbath Schools, Bible Classes, and families, prepared by the Rev. Baron Stow, namely—"The Question Book of Christian Doctrine," "Self-Examination, or Plain Questions for Professors of Religion," and "Daily Manna," all published by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston.

J. G. Osbourn, of No. 112 South Third Street, has sent us some pretty music—"Beautiful Venice," a ballad, by J. P. Knight, "The Merry Sleigh Bells," by B. S. Barclay, "Henry Clay's Grand March," by J. R. Conner, "Oh! Lady, Sing again that Song," by W. Harper, Jr., and "Dandy Jim" and "Old Dan Tucker Cottillions." All these are got up in Osbourn's superior manner. Our lady readers should give him a call. They will find every variety of music at his establishment.

Mr. Dobson has sent us No. 5 of a "Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice," with symphonies and accompaniments. This is certainly the best collection that we have ever seen, and Mr. D. deserves great credit for the style in which he has produced it.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—A dress of figured Balzarine; the body is full, fitting square across the bust; the waist is long, rounded from the side seams, and finished by a simple cording; the sleeves are straight, and wide towards the bottom; they come but a little way below the elbow, and are finished by a row of narrow work. The skirt is very long and full; it is trimmed with two very deep volants set on full, each being edged with a row of very beautiful work or lace. Chemisette of fine French cambric, made full, and rows of insertion at equal distances, finished round the throat by a ruche of net. Capote of white crape, the form rather open; the crown is large, the curtain deep; the capote is edged with a full ruche of crape; the interior is without flowers, the head being disposed in large ringlets; the exterior is ornamented with a magnificent bunch of flowers placed on the right side of the crown.

Fig. 2.—Dress of rich brocaded silk, striped, green, and violet; the body is tight; the waist without point and corded; sleeves straight and wide from the elbow; under sleeve of cambric, full and confined at equal distances by bands of very narrow work, finished at the wrist by ruffles of work or lace; the skirt is very full, and has two broad flounces. Pelerine of beautiful lace, ends pointed, trimmed with broad lace and disposed to fall over the sleeve; it is carelessly tied in the centre of the bust. Bonnet of pale pink tulle, covered with rich lace; form rather long, and rounded at the ears; the curtain deep, having in the centre a pink and white gauze ribbon; the flowers composing the trimming of the exterior are large, and intermingled by leaves of the most beautiful green;

they are placed on the left side; the interior of the brim is ornamented with corresponding flowers.

Fig. 3.—Fashion of 1774—copied from an old magazine in our possession. What a marked difference now. But query—will we not get back to these old fashions? Certainly some of our ladies appear to be aiming at that point. Not to the figure now before us, but to other monstrosities of former times.

Fig. 4.—White muslin dress; two skirts; the bodice plain; neck furnished with a cape and edging; sleeves to come to the elbow; under sleeves made with puffs and inserting; thin bonnet, very open on the face, and trimmed with flowers.

We copy the following tribute to our lamented friend Professor Sanderson, from the Inquirer and Courier of this city.

"An Admirable Sketch.—One of the best sketches that we have read for a long time is published in the Lady's Book for June. It is entitled 'The English Kitchen,' and was written by the late Professor John Sanderson. Charles Lamb never wrote any thing superior in his palmiest days. It is, indeed, admirable; and had the author never written any thing else, this single sketch would have won for him high reputation. We intend to copy it into our first page in the course of a day or two."

One of the most eloquent writers of the day, in a letter just received from him, says—

"How admirable a paper is that by Sanderson!—how teeming with genuine wit and humour! His loss to the literature of the country is indeed great."

The Saturday Museum thus notices Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book—

"Among the excellent contributions to the June number is one by the late Professor Sanderson, entitled 'The English Kitchen,' which we shall copy into the next number of the Museum. The engravings are good specimens of the art as applied to magazine illustration."

English publications—their neglect and praise.—We have of late noted several of Mr. Arthur's, one of Mrs. Embury's, and one of Miss Leslie's articles, copied from our magazine into English publications. Some little credit ought at least be given to us for these productions. Chambers' Edinburgh Journal and the Ladies' World of Fashions are among the offending parties. While we utter complaints, we must at the same time give credit. A late London paper, in noticing Godey's Magazine, says that "it is just such a work as we want for the ladies of this country. While the wants of the gentlemen are most admirably catered for, the ladies are neglected. It is conducted with admirable skill, and is most ably edited. If Mr. Godey would establish a magazine of this kind on our side of the water, we would insure him abundant success."

Exclusive Writers.—We have had several applications lately to write for us exclusively. We now say to one and all, that we do not wish to make any such arrangements; and our reason we think is a good one. Let the field be open to all. It is impossible for a writer to vary from month to month, from year to year, to please the patrons of a particular work. The better plan is to write for different publications. And again, if a writer of any celebrity should make an exclusive arrangement with us, and continue with us for a year or more, it is not in nature to suppose that he can possibly make an arrangement with another magazine, when his freshness has been exhausted upon another. Again we say, we are averse to any exclusive arrangements.

"Not Invited," by W. H. Ellis, "The Farmer's Boy," from an original picture by Chapman, engraved by Tucker, "The Surprise," a mezzotint by Gross, and a Shakespearean subject, exquisitely engraved, are now in the printer's hands. Our future numbers will contain "GEMS OF ART."



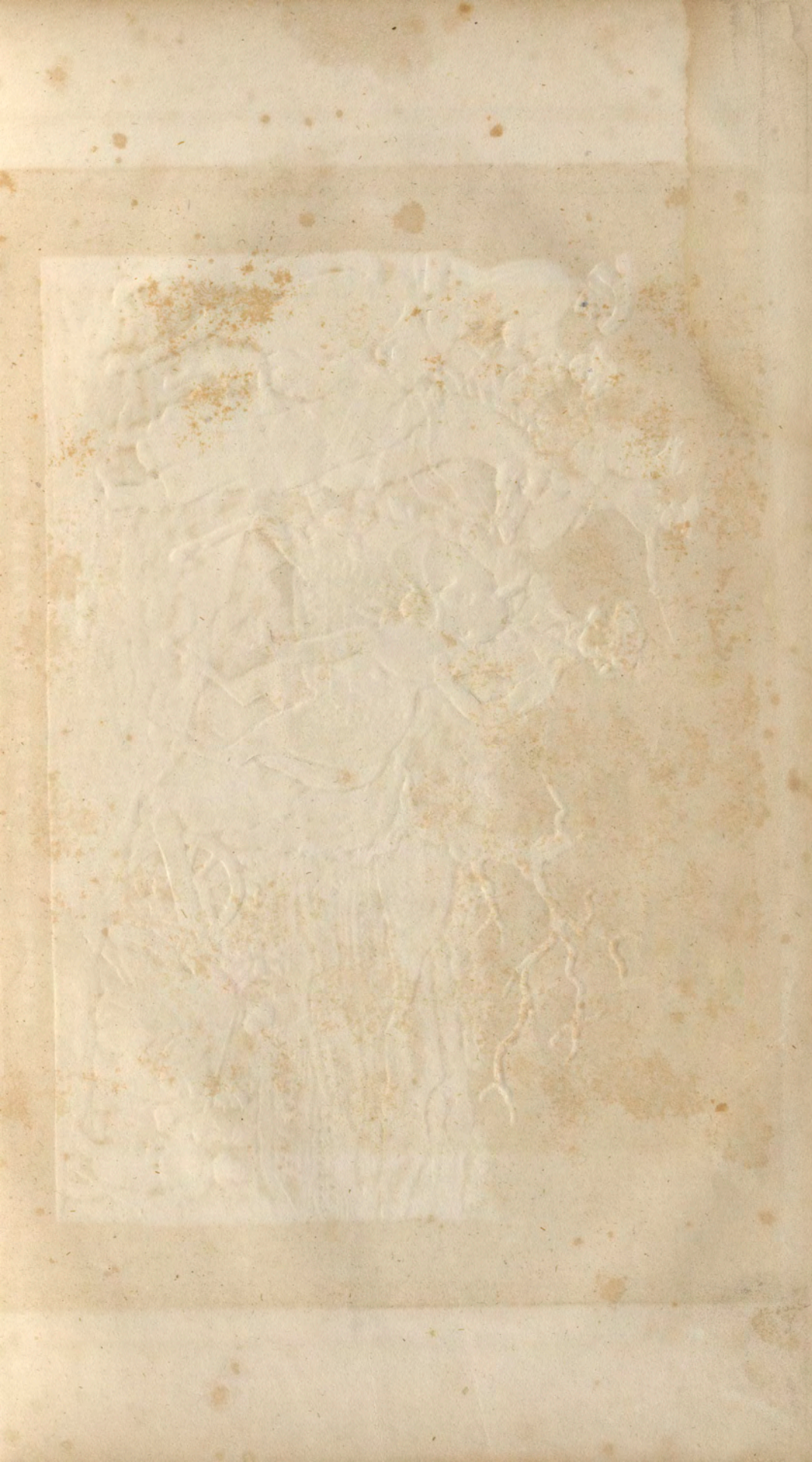
H. Liversage del.

J. Andrews, direct.

E. Hobart Sc.

Scene from Hamlet

Engraved Expressly for Godeys Lady's Book





WASHINGTON PASSING THE DELAWARE

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

AUGUST, 1844.

THE MILL BOY.

(See Plate.)

As a delineation of rural life this engraving is perfect. The brook, the bridge, the farm-house, are all so palpably identical with real scenes, that we feel sure the boy must be a portrait. And there is the old white horse, stepping so leisurely over the rude planks, as though he said to himself—"This is a nice cool place, and my young master may have time to look about him and enjoy his

fancies." And there is a deep, sweet thoughtfulness, a beauty of soul beaming forth from the face of the beautiful boy, which reminds us of what Burns might have been when he was a ploughboy. No doubt this "Mill Boy" may also become a poet, if, when he is a man, he does not devote himself to politics. In that case, will he become President of these United States? *Quien sabe?*

THE FIRE-FLIES.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

When the damp and shadowy eve
Drops her veil on bower and green,
We our secret coverts leave,
Sparkling out in all our sheen.
We, the Fire-Flies, speed us through
Silence, darkness, air and dew,
With a lamp at either wing,
Where we list the light to fling.

Plants, that when the sun was high,
Screened us from his burning powers,
We, in turn, with light supply—
Little meteoric showers!
On the tendrils, buds, and stems,
We shine forth, their living gems;
Never set, and never cold,
Like the heavy stone and gold.

Round the violet's languid eye
Do our shining winglets play;
While its tear, we may not dry,
Softly we can brush away!
We illumine the purple bell,
Rosy cup, and snow-white cell;
Countless leaves and grassy blades,
Make we brighter for the shades.

But, we crown our darling flower
In the honeysuckle-bloom,
Sweetest in the darkling hour—
Breathing spice through damps and gloom.
And, if understood by us,
Human speech, it whispered thus:
"So from one true heart will flow
Balm, when thousands shun our wo!"

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

(See Plate.)

THIS unique sketch represents a scene which must thrill every American bosom. It was the turning point of the war of our Revolution. Public distress was at its height, the people nearly discouraged, the army reduced to a few thousands, the term of whose services would soon expire; the season of the year, combined with the sufferings of the soldiers from hunger and want of necessary

clothing, seemed to forbid all aggressive operations on the part of the Americans. The British troops were numerous, strongly posted, flushed with success, revelling in abundance, and sure of ultimate victory. But Washington crossed the Delaware, followed by the soldiers of freedom, and from that hour the star of our country's glory has been in the ascendant.

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

(See Plate.)

How many tones of melody are floating on the air,
Waking the soul to thoughtfulness, to pleasure, or to
prayer!—

—The deep, low bass of thunder, and the anthem swell
of seas,

—The summer's soft-ton'd wind-harp, that woos the
sighing breeze,

—The flute-like trill of joyous birds that greet the morn-
ing sky,

And childhood's gladsome laugh and song, that breathe
of angels nigh;

—The solemn organ's heavenward swell, that shakes the
sounding aisles;

—The "Light Guitar," that cheers and melts, like lover's
tears and smiles;

But there's one melody more sweet, one music-tone more
dear,

'Tis the whisper of the lover, in the loving maiden's ear.

The summer flowers were op'ning fair, as every year they
blow,

—Oh, would that withered human hopes such blossoming
might know—

When gentle Ellen, orphan'd long, and doomed to early
care,

With her young sisters, wandered forth earth's melodies
to share;

Her sisters, ay, what wealth of love her heart had pour'd
on them,

Like early rose that drooping shields the buds beneath
its stem!

Nor though her Edward pray'd and kneel'd would she
her charge resign;

"My dying mother gave them me, her office now is
mine!"

And so the jealous lover deem'd that he could not be
dear,

And breathed "farewell for ever!" in that loving maid-
en's ear.

Seven long, long years are passed away, and he hath gold
and fame,

And she—the tranquil blessedness which duties done
may claim;

'Tis true, at times, a shade of care across her brow would
steal,

As though her heart were struggling with some grief she
must conceal,

But heaven's bright peace was in her eye, her smile so
mild and sweet,

That crowds of suitors fain would come to worship at her
feet;

Still she, with maiden dignity, repelled each forward
token.

Her kind regards were ever free, but love must not be
spoken;

And so her spring of life had passed, like morning calm
and clear,

As though the angels whispered "peace" in that pure
maiden's ear.

Seven long, long years are pass'd away, since she with
Edward strayed,

And here, beneath these very trees, the "Light Guitar"
he played!

—And now a wandering minstrel hired to teach his gen-
tle art,

Entranced her lovely sisters held, but could not move her
heart;

—He changed the air—ah! now she feels the tears, un-
bidden, spring;

What moves her thus?—It is the song that Edward lov'd
to sing!

Her cheek is pale, her bosom swells with love, and grief,
and pride;

Ha! list! a step—a voice—she turns:—"Tis Edward by
her side!—

No melody of earth or art e'er rung so sweet and clear,
As her repentant Lover's vow in that fond Maiden's ear.

THE CENTRE-TABLE.

NO. II

BY MISS LESLIE.

It was not till after the lapse of a fortnight, that the same ladies again found themselves assembled at their work, round the centre-table of Mrs. Wayland. They had soon an addition to their number in the person of Mrs. Martlet, a young new-married lady from the eastern section of the union.

Morva Linwood had been brought up (or rather permitted to bring herself up) by an over-indulgent stepmother, who having no children of her own, became extravagantly fond of the daughter and the three sons of her husband's former marriage. Mrs. Linwood concentrated all her pride and pleasure in making these children happy, comfortable, cheerful, rosy, and above all, fat. And fat they certainly were as long as their childhood continued, but like most young people, they grew slender as they got into their teens. Mr. Linwood's business compelled him to pass much of his time from home, and when he returned after a long absence, he was so delighted always to see his children in good health and spirits, and overflowing with affection for himself and their phenomenon of stepmothers, that he could not find it in his heart to check their felicity by tightening the rein which his wife permitted to lie so loosely on their necks. Moreover, though they all did as they pleased, they did nothing that indicated any incipient vice; and their follies were those of early youth and vivid imagination, as yet unsobered by experience and reason.

The chief enjoyment of Morva Linwood was in books. From her fifth year she read without any restriction as to either quantity or quality. She soon ceased to take interest in such works as are generally written for little girls and boys, particularly when the language was adapted to the low standard at which the comprehension of children is usually rated. Dr. Johnson was half right in saying that babies do not like baby stories. He would have been whole right had he averred that the waywardness of human nature soon begins to show itself in the fact that children are far better pleased with tales of bad boys and naughty girls, than with stories of good ones. We knew a little urchin (now a very excellent young man) who could only be bribed to listen to what he called a good-boy story by the promise of rewarding him afterwards with two bad-boy stories.

To return to Morva Linwood. Before she had attained her fourteenth year, she could quote from every book in her father's library, though a large portion of them belonged to the class now denominated "the old authors." Her most delightful

hours were spent in this quiet and secluded apartment—reclining in a high-backed well-padded arm-chair, near an open window in summer, and by a good fire in winter; attired in the untrammelled ease of a loose wrapper; her hair tucked behind her ears because curls might fall over her eyes and be troublesome; her feet luxuriating in those softest of all shoes, a pair of Indian moccasins, and resting on a broad well-cushioned footstool—not forgetting on the table beside her a basket of cakes or fruit to nibble at as she read, and a pitcher of water and a glass. "Dear child!"—said her paragon stepmother—"when she is happy and comfortable in the library, who could have the heart to call her off or disturb her. No, no—let her enjoy herself in her own way now she is young. Trouble and grief will come soon enough of themselves; and no doubt, like every one else, Morva will have her share. Book knowledge is a good foundation. She is smart enough, though she *does* read so much; and I am very certain when she is obliged to learn other things, she will easily succeed."

When Morva Linwood grew up she found herself, to her great surprise, a very pretty girl; and she now felt less difficulty in emerging from her retreat in the library. She actually went to several parties the season she "came out," and (independent of her beauty) her freshness, frankness, originality and *naïveté*, attracted universal attention. On one of these occasions, she excited much interest in Mr. Martlet, from Philadelphia, a gentleman of good appearance, good manners, good sense, and in a very good and well conducted business. This interest soon became mutual, and with the cordial approbation of her family it led the way to marriage. Mr. Martlet brought his wife to Philadelphia, where he had purchased a house, and furnished it handsomely for her reception. Mr. Martlet being a very popular man, his bride received many civilities from the families in which he had visited and from those that resided in her neighbourhood.

Launched into a new world, moving in a new capacity, Morva Martlet immediately began to feel that some other knowledge than book knowledge is indispensable to the mistress of a house. It is true, the substantial foundation on which she had built her literary taste, saved her from wasting her time over what are called trash novels, and namby-pamby verses. There was no danger that, like the novel-reading wife of that unhappy man who sets forth his domestic grievances in the once popular ditty of "The Tidy One," Mrs. Martlet should have

starched the cravat of her husband with camomile tea, added his shaving-brush to the usual ingredients of a beef-steak pie, mixed brimstone for mustard, and put cayenne in the custard. She was well aware of her deficiencies, spoke of them frankly, regretted them sincerely, and was earnestly desirous of improvement, and of profiting as much as possible by the advice of her new friends.

In return for the parties that had been made for her, Mrs. Martlet gave one herself; two evenings after which, her husband being on his way to attend a public meeting, left her at Mrs. Wayland's door; and she joined the ladies at the centre-table. We must premise that a pre-engagement had prevented Miss Olivant from going to Mrs. Martlet's party. Mrs. Cottinger had been out of town for near a fortnight, and Mrs. Wayland declined every invitation to a large company. Addressing herself to these ladies, Mrs. Martlet said to them—"To speak frankly, I was both glad and sorry that you were not there. Sorry that my guests could not enjoy something of your society, and glad that you were not there to witness the vexatious and *mal-apropos* things which succeeded each other all the evening. I know I showed my mortification too plainly. My dear husband tried to encourage me by saying that I considered all these *contre-temps* too deeply, and that he was sure good would come out of the evil, for they would have the salutary effect of causing me to guard against similar mischances another time. And indeed I hope it may be so. I told Mr. Martlet when we were first engaged, that he would find in his future wife,

"—— an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ——"

Mrs. Wayland.—And you might have added,

"—— happier than this,
She is not form'd so dull but she *can* learn."

Mrs. Martlet.—Perhaps I *did* say that. Oh! my dear Mrs. Cottinger; if unfortunately for me you had not been out of town, both before and at the time of the party—(my first party, you know,) I should at once have depended on your kindness, as you are so much *au-fait* of all sorts of useful knowledge, and I would have referred myself entirely to your excellent counsel on every thing relating to this ill-starred evening. I was so grieved, Mrs. Wayland, when on asking advice of you, you desired me not to rely on any suggestions of yours, because going no longer into company, you had lost the routine of party-fashions. So I was glad to get information wherever I could. Then I regretted that whenever mamma was going to have company, I had always retreated to the library, and shut myself up there the whole day that I might see or know nothing of the preparations. I never took the trouble to ascertain by what means every thing was made to come out so well, without any annoyance or discomfort either to the guests or the hostess; but certainly at mamma's parties all

seemed perfect. I wish some one would write a book on the art of giving parties.

Mrs. Pelby.—Well—I never *could* go by books—so it would be of no use to me. I find no better guide than my own sense.

Miss Brookley.—But, dear Mrs. Martlet, to me your party seemed delightful. I was introduced to more than twenty gentlemen, all so polite, and so agreeable, and so handsome.—At least, if they were not really handsome they looked so. Perhaps, it was because they were so very well dressed; their coats fitting so nicely; and such genteel waistcoats; and becoming cravats; and their hair so handsomely fixed. I heard several other young ladies say they had never spent a more pleasant evening.

Mrs. Martlet.—I am much obliged to you and the other young ladies; but I fear such was not the general opinion.

Miss Brookley.—Miss Wilgrave, and Miss Metland, and the Miss Lonsburys, (all of whom seemed experienced in parties,) remarked that the beaux were first-rate.

Mrs. Martlet.—I am very glad to hear it. And, indeed, it was fortunate for me that the excellence of the beaux should have withdrawn the attention of the young ladies from certain deficiencies in other things, which I am afraid were too palpable to those who take no note of beaux.

Miss Brookley.—Oh! is it possible there are such persons?

Miss Olivant.—But I fear, my dear Mrs. Martlet, you permitted yourself to be annoyed by mere trifles, which in all probability were imperceptible to the company. That was my own case, at the first party I gave after being intrusted by my father with the superintendence of his house. It seemed to me an awful responsibility. I recollect, for instance, having set my mind on having two large plum-cakes made in a form described to me by a friend who had seen such things in Paris. They were to represent flower-pots with camellias growing in them.

Miss Brookley.—Oh! what a pretty idea. How beautifully they must have looked?

Miss Olivant.—The design was to have them baked in moulds shaped like large, deep, wide-topped flower-pots. Then, on being taken out of the moulds, the sides of the two cakes were to be iced all over, decorated with festoons of sugar-flowers, and bordered round the edge with ornamental candy. The tops of the cakes were to remain without icing, so as to look like brown earth. A deep hole was to be left in the centre, for the insertion of the camellias. All these directions I carefully wrote down for the confectioner; and to make assurance doubly sure, I accompanied them with a drawing representing these plum-cake flower-pots just as they were to look when finished. I calculated on their being greatly admired. But (as he afterwards acknowledged) the confectioner lost the paper; and being taken ill and unable to think about them himself, the new idea of the cakes was

entrusted to his wife, who unluckily could not understand it. It was late before the cakes arrived, and my first sight of them was on the supper-table. And what a sight! The tops were iced instead of the sides, which were left exposed and bare in their natural roughness and brownness. The camellias had been forgotten, though I had put some beautiful ones in water for the purpose; and in the centre of each top was a useless, deep empty hole. There were the two uncommon-looking cakes, standing up, tall, awkward, and meaning nothing, looking unlike flower-pots or any thing else. I was far more disconcerted then than I should be now on a similar occasion. I felt as if every eye was fixed on these strange cakes; and if I observed persons speaking low, I thought they were making private comments upon them, and wondering at their peculiarities. I had not presence of mind to do the best thing that was left for me, frankly to explain the truth to one or two of the ladies near me, that they might, if they thought it worth while, circulate the explanation among the company. My mortification prevented me from observing that the guests were all so satisfactorily engaged with other articles of the supper, that few, if any, bestowed a thought upon these unfortunate attempts at flower-pots. Finally they were cut by my father and another gentleman, and on being tasted pronounced excellent.

Mrs. Martlet.—Ah! that must have been a great consolation.

Miss Olivant.—So it was. But still I thought that the absurd appearance of these cakes must have excited much surprise and many remarks; yet even had that really been the case, there was not sufficient cause for all the vexation I felt when looking at them. I took special care to apologize for my flower-pots to the ladies that made their calls after the party; and all assured me that they believed no one had uttered a single remark upon them.

Mrs. Cottinger.—I was there, and thought every thing went off, (as the phrase is,) remarkably well.

Mrs. Pelby.—So was I; and I merely supposed the confectioner's icing had given out before he carried it down the sides of the cakes. As to the shape, I imagined it to be a new fashion, but I did not think they were intended for flower-pots.

Mrs. Martlet.—Well, if the flower-pots were all Miss Olivant's vexations at her first party, they were "trifles light as air" compared to mine. Unfortunately for me, Mrs. Needham, as soon as she received her invitation, came and volunteered her advice; and in fact, she beset me all the time I was preparing, and talked me into following her suggestions against my own judgment and inclination. I see she is one of those officious, overpowering women, whose acquaintance it would be well to drop. Her chief object seemed to be that my party should cost my husband as little as possible. That would have been very well had we been poor people, which I hope and believe we are not. And if we were, I am certain we would make no attempt at giving parties.

Mrs. Cottinger.—Mrs. Needham is one of those too common characters that, not satisfied with saving all they can for themselves, are equally assiduous in saving for every one else, even when there are no circumstances to warrant the practice of undue parsimony.

Miss Brookley.—I despise all meanness, and mean people.

Mrs. Martlet.—So do I; and yet upon this occasion I have foolishly suffered myself to be influenced by Mrs. Needham. But I had my punishment, as you shall hear. *Commencer par le commencement;* I had intended that all the requisites for this entertainment should be furnished by one of the principal confectioners in this city of good things, abounding as it does in excellent artists who pursue that profession, and excellent materials for them to work with. But Mrs. Needham teased me into employing one that she had patronized for years, and who, notwithstanding, has always lived in a very remote part of the town. I did not then know he was a cheap confectioner, or I should have mistrusted him; for my husband had cautioned me, as soon as we went to housekeeping, against employing people who profess to do things considerably under the usual price; unless indeed they are just commencing business, and especially anxious to be known, and to get customers at once.

Mrs. Pelby.—I've always found that cheap shops never last long. Either they soon turn into dear ones, or else people find out that their goods are mere trash, and quit buying them. Now this same Mrs. Needham wears out her shoes and those of her children in going to a cheap shoemaker who lives almost at Kensington, and makes bad shoes at a few cents less than she could get good ones for down in the city. Nobody can say of me that I am penny wise and pound foolish. Indeed, I am celebrated for paying high prices, and certainly far from foolish in any thing.

Miss Olivant.—Mrs. Martlet, please to proceed.

Mrs. Martlet.—Well, I was persuaded by Mrs. Needham to go to Mr. Heavystreak's very distant shop to bespeak the confectionary for my party. On our way thither, she assured me that I had best have a false cake for the centre of the supper table. I think I will call my story—

THE FALSE CAKE.

Miss Brookley.—A false cake!

Mrs. Martlet.—Yes, a cake merely for show, and not fit to eat; being made somehow of the cheapest ingredients, (sour rye meal and salt, and raised with potash melted in vinegar,) but baked in a handsome fluted mould, and iced all over and beautifully ornamented. These cakes, according to Mrs. Needham, were made in perfection by Mr. Heavystreak, who was so accommodating as, for a small sum, to take them back if they were not cut; and so hire them out again, the same cake serving for the central ornament of the supper-table at several parties. "But suppose it should be cut?"—said I. "Oh!"—answered Mrs. Needham

—"that must be your business to prevent. You must give Mr. Martlet a previous hint not to meddle with it, or invite any one to take a piece." "I never can do that!"—was my reply—"for I cannot venture to tell him beforehand what it is; and my husband will most assuredly be the very man to cut that detestable cake. I think I see him at it." "Then"—returned Mrs. Needham—"you must contrive that he shall be kept very busy helping every body to every thing else. You can easily manage it. Only exert your usual cleverness."

I was glad to hear that I was clever, and found that I rather liked Mrs. Needham for telling me so. Consequently, she found it less difficult to persuade me into the false cake. But I insisted on having a large fine real lady-cake to be handed round at tea. Mrs. Needham protested that tea was quite unnecessary, and no longer expected at parties; but my husband had stipulated for the introduction of both tea and coffee to enliven the company at the commencement of the evening.

Mrs. Cottinger.—He was right.

Mrs. Martlet.—We were a long time completing our arrangements with Mr. Heavystreak, whom I did not at all like. Mrs. Needham was all the while counteracting my orders, and saying of each article that a smaller quantity would suffice, and impressing on Mr. Heavystreak that he was to make the things very plain.

Mrs. Pelby.—Meaning very poor.

Mrs. Martlet.—All this reminded me of Moliere's miser, when he is planning the amazing effort of giving a supper. *L'Avare* reminded me of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, and *Le Malade Imaginaire*, and others of Moliere's amusing comedies. I unconsciously began to think over some of the best things in all these plays, and by the time I had gotten to *Le medecin malgré lui*, Mrs. Needham startled me by touching my shoulder, and saying—"Come, it is time for us to go. I have arranged every thing with Mr. Heavystreak. He knows now exactly what to provide. And when his bill comes"—she added, in a low voice—"you will be astonished at its smallness." I felt very uneasy, and full of apprehension that all would not go well; yet somehow I could make no resistance. So we left the shop, and she began to talk to me about hiring the waiters who were to attend on my company. I told her I intended to engage coloured men for this purpose, and I mentioned some whose tact, smartness, good manners, and knowledge of their business, I had admired at the parties to which I had been invited. But Mrs. Needham had an aversion to coloured people, and she tried to persuade me that it was far better to have white waiters; that is, Irishmen. Then I began to think of Sterne, and Goldsmith, and Sheridan, and "the glory of Grattan, and genius of Moore," and my companion walked me on till we arrived at a door, over which was a small sign, inscribed—"Jeames Mecorkle attends parties." Here she informed me lived the cheapest waiter in Philadelphia, and therefore I must positively have

him, in case we should be so fortunate as to find him disengaged.

Mrs. Pelby.—Dear me, you were led like a lamb to the slaughter.

Mrs. Martlet.—This was the domicile of the cheap Irishman. And, before I could stop her, Mrs. Needham had knocked at the door, and Jeames Mecorkle was forthcoming; and she was in the full tide of bargaining with him for Wednesday evening. I did not at all like his looks. He had a dull, stupid mouth, and cunning, impudent eyes. I began to think of the science of physiognomy, and of Lavater, and Zurich, and the Swiss lakes, and William Tell, till I was interrupted by Mrs. Needham taking my arm, and telling me that Mr. Mecorkle would come, and bring his assistants with him, and that I was in luck to find him disengaged.

Mrs. Pelby.—I observed this man and his followers at your party, and wondered where you picked them up, till I saw that Mrs. Needham was acquainted with them, and was stopping them as they wandered about, and telling them not to do this and not to do that.

Mrs. Martlet.—Yes, I know she did so, making "confusion worse confounded." Well, to begin at the beginning of that eventful evening, the cakes arrived, and it must be confessed the false one looked extremely well. It was very large, spirally fluted, covered with pink icing, and handsomely ornamented. But I particularly endeavoured to impress on Mr. Jeames Mecorkle that it was to be reserved uncut for the centre of the supper-table, and that the large lady-cake was to go round with the tea. The lady-cake was quite different in its form and decorations, which were entirely white. I went up stairs to dress myself, and having a sort of misgiving, I resolved to go down as soon as I had completed my toilet, and arrange the cake-tray with my own hands. Chancing to hear the coffee-grinding, I said to myself—"The berries crackle, and the mill turns round,"—and that reminded me of Pope's Belinda, and Hampton Court, and Queen Anne; and Pope made me think of Homer. So I forgot all about the cakes, and as soon as I was drest I ran down to receive the company, hearing a carriage with the first arrivals, in the act of drawing up to the door. In a short time nearly all the guests had arrived, and tea was brought in. Imagine my dismay when I beheld the false cake going round, with a knife stuck in it, and people taking out a slice, and looking curiously at it, (for the inside had just the aspect of rye bread,) and tasting it, and trying hard to swallow a mouthful, and finally leaving the slices on their plates. Oh! how I felt my face burn. I withdrew from the vicinity of the ladies, lest I should chance to hear some ill-suppressed remarks. I approached a recess in which stood several sedate gentlemen, whose wives were in a distant part of the room. Among them I saw Mr. Starbuck, the great astronomer, who is as absent as Sir Isaac Newton, and as little familiar with the pursuits of common life.

He had taken a piece, (and profoundly ignorant of its not being a right cake,) he persevered in chewing and chewing, and swallowing and swallowing, till he had worked his way through a thick slice of it. And then he turned to Mr. Wiseman, who had given it up at sight, and said to him, solemnly—"All that is of this earth must decay. Time spares naught. I have just discovered that mastication is becoming difficult to me." Next I saw Mr. Stillwell, the great chemist, turn his face to the wall to analyze privately a bit of the unhappy cake, holding it up to the light of a bracket lamp, squeezing it between his thumb and fingers, breaking off a morsel and tasting it. At last I heard him murmur—"Farina horeoli; chloride of sodium strongly exhibited; powerful demonstration of carbonate of potassa; the whole masked by a saccharine incrustation; flavour unpalatable; deception unjustifiable."

Miss Brookley.—But was the cake really so bad?

Mrs. Martlet.—Oh! disgusting beyond description. I made a desperate effort to take a morsel myself, and it seemed fit for Macbeth's witches to sop in "the ingredients of their cauldron!" Next it came to Mr. Pottinger, the great traveller, who professes to be a perfect stoic with regard to food; and tells of having eaten raw herrings in Holland, and saw-dust biscuits in Norway, and cats in Spain, and rats and earth-worms in China, so I thought he, perhaps, might relish it. But he was worse than any one, for he pshaw'd, and pooh'd, and sputtered, and was downright disagreeable. At last it came to my husband; and as he took a slice, I watched him in agony.

Miss Brookley.—Oh! poor thing.

Miss Olivant.—And what did Mr. Martlet say or do?

Mrs. Martlet.—Why, he gave me a look of tender compassion, the dear fellow, and then an encouraging smile. And I fell to thinking of conjugal affection, and Petus and Arria, and Sabinus and Eponina, and Edward and Eleanor; and felt as if I also could sacrifice myself for my husband. And by the time I had revolved in my mind the stories of these heroic wives, the cake had gone out of the room. Then, in the midst of my joy, I began to fear that it would in all probability be brought back again with the next round of tea, and I dreaded its return. But it appeared no more—the lady-cake occupying its place, and I afterwards found that my dear considerate husband had taken an opportunity to forbid its re-entrance; seeing that I was too much disconcerted and confused to give any orders about it. Now, my dear Mrs. Cottinger, what would you have done in such a case?

Mrs. Cottinger.—If I had ventured on the risk of providing a false cake for the supper-table, and it had been produced in mistake with the tea, I believe, as soon as I perceived its entrance, I should have made a sign to the waiter to come to me, and in a low voice I would have desired him to carry it out of the room immediately, and to put the right one in its place. But where was your head waiter, and who carried the things on the trays?

Mrs. Martlet.—Oh! it was that vile Mecorkle. The fault was all his. He had been told that the pink-cake was the false one; but he could not remember; and thought the white cake was to be kept back. Yes, as I said, he brought a posse of his countrymen with him, (bargains of his own,) and they were blundering about in one way or other all the evening. One tall, awkward fellow, with a set smile on his face, stood in the vestibule to show in the company; sawing the air with the back of his hand, and pointing upwards to the stairs, and sideways to the parlours, in the most ridiculous way possible, intending all the while to be graceful. Then another stood at the top of the stair-case, showing the ladies to the door of the gentleman's room, and the gentlemen to that of the ladies. Then, in handing round tea, they began at the gentlemen first, and even after they discovered the ladies, they missed half of them. Then, as I had foolishly entrusted the trimming of the lamps to Mr. Mecorkle, some smoked and some went out.

Miss Brookley.—Yes, I noticed that.

Mrs. Martlet, smiling.—You could not do otherwise, notwithstanding the beaux. And I hope you were so agreeably entertained as not to perceive how very late it was before the supper table was set in the back parlour. I have often, since I came to Philadelphia, observed with surprise and curiosity the celerity, ease, and *savoir faire*, with which this business is accomplished by a set of smart coloured waiters; but my Hibernians were all following each other round, or standing stock still, and staring at nothing; or shuffling in and out, and carrying nothing, and all the time quarrelling with each other in an under tone. Two or three times there was a crash heard in the passage; and yet I knew I was expected to be "mistress of myself though china fell." Finally the things were all jumbled pell-mell on the table; and then we all proved the delights of Mr. Heavystreak's cheap confectionary—imagine my mortification. I did not dare to cast my eyes towards my husband, for I feared his amiability could not stand any further test. I longed to "hide my diminished head."

Miss Brookley.—But then, my dear Mrs. Martlet, there was an abundance of excellent things on the table that were not confectionary. I am sure the company feasted sumptuously, after all.

Mrs. Pelby.—Oh! yes; the terrapin, and oysters, and chicken-salad were as good as I ever tasted in my own house.

Mrs. Martlet.—Oh! but the blanc mange, like rice dough, tasting of no one thing; the pale, weak, insipid jelly! And then the ice-creams, or rather the ice-milks! that which was meant for lemon, tasting like hartshorn; the orange like turpentine; and the vanilla like creosote.

Mrs. Cottinger.—Because the flavouring ingredients had been procured from the druggists, instead of getting fresh lemons, oranges, and vanilla beans from the fruiterer. Bad essence of lemon *does* taste like hartshorn; bad extract of vanilla *has* the

taste of creosote, and old oil of orange-peel is as like turpentine as possible.

Mrs. Martlet.—And then to see the waiters! Mr. Mecorkle looking fiercely at them all, and being himself in reality no better than the rest. They were actually ignorant of the names of the things that were asked for.

Miss Olivant.—Undoubtedly. What chance could they have had of learning them in their native cabins.

Mrs. Martlet.—They must all have come over in the very last ship. There was one, an elderly gray haired man, that had been transplanted quite too late. I really pitied the poor fellow; his was such a hopeless case, he was so incapable, and so much alarmed, and so utterly bewildered.

Miss Brookley.—Oh! yes, I observed him. He seemed as if the little sense he had was fast deserting him. He knew nothing about any thing, and, when spoken to, answered at random. I asked him for a glass of lemonade—and he started, and stared, and looked wild and said—“Oh! yes, madam—yes, sure—what is it—how do ye do?”

Mrs. Martlet.—And now for the last act of the unhappy farce. While I was thinking of Castle Rackrent, and the O'Hara family, and orange and green, and harps, and shamrocks, one of these sons of the Emerald isle, in trying to make a short cut across the room, thought it best to stoop down and creep under the table, selecting the very centre for his transit. But finding some embarrassment in the enterprise, he suddenly gave his head a bob upwards, raised his

shoulders against the extension leaf, loosened the support, and down it came with all its contents, including candle-branches, flower vases, ice-milks, terrapin, &c. &c. And, as I was thinking at that moment of the song—I involuntarily exclaimed—“Erin go bragh.” I am really ashamed to say so, but I fear I have taken as great an aversion to Irishmen as Mr. Kilpatrick.

Mrs. Wayland.—And yet I have met with Irish waiters who were intelligent, alert, capable, and always performed their duties understandingly.

Mrs. Pelby.—But then, you know, yours were cheap waiters, recommended by Mrs. Needham. I wonder she could sit and see all their proceedings, and not be ashamed of herself. I suppose, Mrs. Martlet, you have now had a surfeit of cheapness.

Mrs. Martlet.—Indeed I have. And to retrieve my character as a party-giver, my dear husband insists on my having another in about a fortnight; the ostensible occasion being the arrival of my brother Oswald, who has recently returned from Europe, and will make us a visit just at that time. So, ladies, keep yourselves disengaged for the important evening, in which I am to show you that I *can* have things in a proper way, by taking measures accordingly; depending, this time, if she will permit me, on the judicious advice of Mrs. Cottinger. You will find the very pinks of coloured waiters, such as never creep under tables; well trimmed lamps; well-flavoured ice-cream; and no false cakes.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY S. CAMERON.

Long years have fled, dear mother,
Since lowly o'er thy grave,
I've heard the night-wind's requiem,
And the willow's pensive wave,
Where twines the tender cyprus vine,
And blooms the violet fair,
And sweetest odour breathes around,
Affection planted there.

I'll know thy love, dear mother,
No more whilst time moves round,
Within thy shroud thou sleepest now,
Beneath the cold, cold ground:
A solitary branch I droop,
Above life's lessening stream,
And all the past but seems to me,
A strange and mystic dream.

Oft I'll return, dear mother,
To that endearing spot,
So sad and yet so soothing,
So far yet unforget;
And fancy thine is mingling,
With the voices of the wind,
A prayer for the lonely one,
Left weepingly behind.

And oh! how blest, when life is o'er,
This life which is but breath,
To sleep near thee, the tranquil sleep,—
Dreamless, but not of death;
With the sustained and sacred hope,
That we shall meet once more,
Amid the bowers, and by the streams,
On heaven's unclouded shore.

THE BROKEN VOW.

BY MISS ELIZA A. DUPUY, AUTHORESS OF "THE CONSPIRATOR," "WILFUL ONE," ETC.

'Twas murmured not in festive halls,
Where mirth is light around;
It echoed not from stately walls
Blent with the music's sound.
'Twas sighed not forth in bower or dell
Amid the op'ning flowers.
The woodland hath no tale to tell
Of these long vanished hours.

'Twas uttered o'er a dying bed,
Asked by a dying prayer—
The voice of the departing shed
A ghastly blessing there.
An earnest soul was flitting fast
When those deep words were said—
The ling'ring tones her lips that passed
Thrilled hollow o'er the dead.

TWILIGHT was darkening into night, the first faint star of evening gleamed from the far blue heavens, and the hush and repose of nature seemed too holy to be broken by the strife of human passions;—yet how painfully did the quiet of that evening scene contrast with the passionate grief of a young heart, mourning over its first sorrow.

Ellen Sinclair was a newly wedded bride. She was but seventeen; the youngest daughter of her father's house, and the spoiled pet of the whole family, her life had passed as one long bright day of sunshine and flowers. She had been wooed by one she had known from childhood, and with the consent of their mutual friends they were united.

The day after their marriage the bridal pair left her father's house for the residence of Mr. Sinclair in one of the interior counties of Virginia. A few happy weeks passed, when Sinclair proposed to his bride to visit a gorge in the neighbouring mountains, from which the rising sun frequently presents the singular spectacle of the looming of the mountain—the same phenomenon which is witnessed in the Straits of Messina, and known by the more poetic name of Fata Morgana, or the castles of the fairy Morgana. Ellen was delighted with the proposed excursion, and searched every book in the house which afforded any information on the subject.

This excursion, which promised so much pleasure, ended in despair and death. They reached the desired spot in safety. The morning was favourable to their wishes; the ascending vapours caught the rays of the rising sun, and formed themselves into the most gorgeous and fantastic scenes. Ellen was so much absorbed in this wonderful and magnificent spectacle, that she forgot the caution Sinclair had given her at the moment of mounting her spirited steed. He turned from her side an instant to speak to the servant who followed them; the movement startled her horse;—the rein was

lying loose on his neck, and feeling himself free from a guiding hand, he dashed off at full speed. Sinclair and the servant both followed, but were unable to overtake her. Fortunately she met a gentleman who succeeded in stopping her perilous career. Sinclair checked his horse too suddenly, that he might express his thanks to her preserver. The animal reared, and threw him with great violence. He was conveyed home in a senseless state, and surgical assistance hastily summoned, but the force of the fall had inflicted some internal injury which baffled the skill of the physician.

It was beside his bed in that calm twilight, that the young wife knelt with scarce a hue of life upon her features.

"Oh Ellen, my beloved, calm yourself—this sorrow unmans me," murmured the dying man, passing his hands caressingly over the head which was bowed upon his pillow.

A deep suffocated sob was the only reply to his words.

"It is hard to die," he continued, "when I was looking forward to years of such tranquil happiness with you, my sweet Ellen; but 'tis the will of Heaven, my best beloved, and we must submit."

"Oh Henry, my own Henry, you must go down to the cold, cold grave, where I can see you no more—never more hear the tones of your dear voice. Oh, it will break my heart!" was the almost inarticulate reply.

"My poor Ellen, this is a hard trial for you, but you are too young to grieve always. The thought is torture to me, but—even you may love again—may wed another!" and his voice was nearly stifled with painful emotions.

"Never, never! Oh, Henry, how can you harrow my soul at this awful moment with such a supposition! Wed another! Give the wreck of my

buried affections to another! Oh no, no!—the thought would kill me.”

“I doubt not you think so now, love; but time works strange changes in this world of ours. We know not what we may do. I wish to exact no promise from you. The thought is bitterly painful to me, but should your present views change, I do not wish that the reproach of a broken promise should mar your peace of mind.”

“Henry, hear me,” said Ellen, in a solemn tone. “Should I ever so far forget my faith to your ashes as to lend my ear to the language of love, my heart to the voice of affection for another, may your form on my bridal evening come to me and reproach me for my faithlessness.”

A bright smile passed over the face of the dying man. He murmured—

“Repeat those words again, my Ellen;—they take from death its sting—in heaven you will be all my own. Forgive my selfishness, dearest; but I have so loved you, I cannot think that another shall win—”

His voice ceased to articulate, and again the deep tones of the young mourner thrilled the air with the repetition of those awful words. As they passed her lips, she felt the hand that clasped hers relax its grasp—a faint fluttering consciousness seemed to hover a moment on his features, and in another instant they wore the calm and passionless repose of death.

Ellen Sinclair buried herself in the seclusion of her own abode. A calm and gentle melancholy succeeded the first violence of her grief, but she betrayed no desire to mingle with the world. Clad in the deepest mourning, she was seen nowhere but at church; and those who looked on her felt deep sympathy for one so young and so bitterly bereaved. Vainly had her own parents sought to draw her from her solitude. Two years passed, and after many fruitless efforts they at length succeeded in obtaining a promise of a visit from her at the annual reunion of their family at Christmas, for that season is still held as a festival in many parts of Virginia.

Ellen was once more beneath the roof of her father, and many and painful were the emotions which struggled in her bosom when she looked around and remembered that the last time she stood beside her native hearth, she was a gay and happy bride.

Those who looked on her could not avoid remarking the change which two years had wrought in her appearance. The girl just budding into maturity had expanded into the beautiful and self-possessed woman, with a quiet grace of manner, and an air of pensive reserve which was extremely captivating.

Her parents were worldly-minded people, who could not bear that their fair daughter should pass her life in the solitude to which she had doomed herself. They surrounded her with agreeable company, sought to amuse her mind and draw it from

the contemplation of the terrible calamity which had destroyed her dawning hopes of happiness, and they succeeded sufficiently to implant in her mind a distaste to the idea of returning to her late abode.

Week after week passed until months were numbered, and she began to think it her duty to remain with her parents. She was their youngest child, and the only one without ties which severed them in a measure from the paternal roof.

“Ellen, my darling,” said her father, when she spoke of returning home, “you will not again forsake us? We are old, and you are the only child who is free to remain with us. You must live here—I cannot think of permitting you to return to that lonely home of yours.”

“It is lonely,” replied Ellen; “and I fear that after breaking through my usual habits, I shall find it difficult and wearisome to resume them. Yet, my dear father, if I consent to remain, there is one request I must make.”

“What is it, my daughter? Are we not ever mindful of your wishes?”

“Ah yes, dear father, more mindful than I deserve. But”—and her voice sank to a low agitated whisper—“there must be no looking forward to a second marriage for me—no attempt to alter my views on that subject. I have made a vow to the dead, and it must be held sacred.”

“What!” exclaimed her father, “was Sinclair ungenerous enough to exact from you a promise not to marry again?—young and inexperienced as you were, too!”

“Ah no, father—wrong him not. He was too kind, too noble. He asked no promise—I made it voluntarily; and as the words left my lips his spirit departed. Oh no, my father, never ask me to break that vow—it is a hallowed one.”

“Well, my darling, let it be as you wish. I shall prefer keeping you with us; but at the same time, if you should ever meet with one you can love, and who is worthy of you, it will be very silly to suffer a few words uttered when you were scarcely conscious of their meaning, to prevent you from making the home of an honourable man happy. Why, child, you are only nineteen. Do you suppose that the death of one person, however dear, can chill your feelings into ice at that age?”

“I must then in sincerity of soul pray to be delivered from temptation,” said the young widow, with a faint smile, “for I shall never marry again.”

As time passed on, Mrs. Sinclair could not help acknowledging that she was far happier than in her mountain solitude. Her spirits were no longer wearied; she no longer felt that life was a burthen she would gladly lay down. She needed the excitement of society, and the social and highly cultivated neighbourhood in which her father’s residence was situated, afforded every facility for its enjoyment.

The third year of her widowhood was drawing to a close, when she received an invitation to the marriage of a favourite cousin, who would take no refusal. Ellen replied that if the bride would ex-

cuse her sombre dress and pensive face she would attend, and the concession was hailed as an omen of future success in drawing her into that world she was so peculiarly fitted to adorn.

There was a motive for these efforts of which Ellen little dreamed. She regularly attended the church near her father's residence, and her mother had several times called her attention to a remarkably handsome man who sat in a pew nearly opposite to them; but she had not remarked that his eyes frequently wandered from his prayer book to her own fair face. His height, and the turn of his head had reminded her of Sinclair, but there the resemblance ceased. The broad brow, finely chiselled features, and clear dark eye of the stranger, were all unlike the youthful bloom of him who had won her young affections. She frequently heard Mr. Peyton spoken of as a man of distinguished endowments, who had spent several years in the south of Europe with an only and beloved sister, for the benefit of whose health the journey had been vainly undertaken. These circumstances had nearly passed from her mind when she was introduced to him at the wedding as the intimate friend of the groom.

Peyton had fallen in love with her from his casual view of her at church, and the eulogiums of his friend's affianced bride, who looked on Mrs. Sinclair as a "bright particular star," had deepened the impression. The circumstances of her marriage threw a romantic interest around her history, and when he looked on the youthful brow with a shade of placid pensiveness that seemed to breathe a hallowed charm over her beauty, he felt that she was the only woman he had ever known before whom his heart could bow with the homage of affection.

Yet how speak of love to one who still wore the deepest mourning—who never joined in the mirth of the light-hearted? It would seem almost like sacrilege to breathe into her ear the wild passion that filled his heart, yet its very hopelessness appeared to add to its fervour.

But ere long a new hope dawned on him. Ellen was surrounded by the gay and the joyous of her own age. Her disposition was naturally buoyant; her spirits rose; the chord she had believed forever snapped again thrilled to the touch of joy. When the bonds of grief were once severed, the reaction was complete. She still revered the memory of her first love, and if her heart had whispered that she could ever be faithless to his ashes, she would have shuddered with superstitious horror at the thought. The possibility of breaking that solemn promise had never occurred to her—but time teaches many strange lessons.

Peyton lingered in the neighbourhood, a constant visitor at Wycombe, but his attentions were not sufficiently marked to attract the observation of others. Her own family were too desirous of the match to hazard the final success of the lover by alluding in any manner to his passion for her.

Peyton won his own way slowly but surely. The fair widow began unconsciously to regret the

vow which had ascended to Heaven with the spirit of her dead husband. At length he spoke of love, and she listened with trembling awe to the outpouring of a spirit which was too noble to be trifled with, and too highly appreciated to be given up without a pang.

He drew from her quivering lips the history of her vow, and divested of every feeling of superstition himself, he could not conceive that a few words uttered in a moment of excited and agonized feeling should stand between him and his hopes of happiness. He did not understand the impressible and imaginative temperament of the being who listened to his reasoning, willing, nay, anxious to be convinced against the evidence of her own feelings.

Her parents agreed with the lover in his views of the case—and urged on all sides, her own heart a traitor, Ellen yielded to their wishes and betrothed herself to Peyton.

As the day appointed for her marriage drew near, the words of her vow appeared to be ever ringing in her ears. With a restless and fearful spirit she saw the hour approach which was to witness her second espousals.

Preparations were made for a splendid bridal. All the members of her family assembled beneath the paternal roof, and every effort was made to divert her mind from dwelling on the fantasy that possessed it.

The appointed evening arrived, and the ceremony which made her the bride of another was performed. Several hours passed in dance and song. It was near midnight when Ellen found herself standing on the portico in the bright moonlight with Peyton beside her. The gay throng within were still dancing, and the sound of merry voices mingled with the bursts of music that swept by on the dewy and fragrant air. Ellen started as Peyton spoke beside her, and for the first time for several hours the recollection of her fatal vow intruded on her mind.

"What a glorious night," she remarked. "I never saw the moon shine with greater splendour."

"May it be a happy omen to us, my fair Ellen," replied Peyton—and as he spoke he turned to a white rose bush which had wreathed itself around one of the pillars of the portico, and culled several of its half-blown flowers.

While he was thus employed, Ellen was gazing abstractedly on the fantastic shadows made by the trees in the yard. Suddenly she grasped the railing for support, and looked with eyes fascinated with terror on a white shade which seemed to rise from an open space on which the moon's radiance was poured without obstruction from the surrounding shrubbery. The shadow arose slowly, and gradually assumed the waving outline of a human form wrapped in the garments of the tomb. It approached the spot on which she stood, and the features of Henry Sinclair, wearing a look of sad reproach, were distinctly visible to her as the shade glided between herself and her newly-wedded lord.

With a faint cry she would have fallen had not Peyton turned and sprang forward in time to receive her senseless form in his arms.

Long, long was it before she recovered from her deathlike swoon. She then related what she had seen, and clung to the belief in the reality of the spectral visitation with such tenacity, that reasoning and soothing failed to calm her mind. Before another day had dawned she was raving in the delirium of a brain fever, and in one week from her ill-omened marriage she was laid beside him

whose spirit she believed had summoned her to join him.

The incidents on which the foregoing pages are founded are literally true. That the supernatural visitation was the offspring of an overwrought imagination and superstitious mind, a real case of monomania, there can be little doubt. The vagaries of an excited imagination are producing results on Mormons and Millerites quite as inexplicable to sober reason as the catastrophe of *The Broken Vow*.

I KNOW THAT OTHER SKIES.

BY HARRIET E. SPENCER.

I know that other skies

In beauty will bend o'er me;

I know that other eyes

Will brightly beam before me:

Perchance low tones be breathing,

Sweet words with passion fraught,

And many spells be wreathing

Their chains around my heart.

At times light songs of gladness

May joyously ring out,

But I shall have hours of sadness,

Of deep and burthen'd thought,

When old memories will cast

Their offerings at my feet,

And the bright visions of the past

My saddened spirit greet.

And memory then will bring,

From out her treasure cells,

Long hoarded stores, and fling

Upon my soul her spells—

Wakening within, like flowers,

Rich feelings,—longings vain—

Hopes that in happier hours

Passed by like summer rain.

Then, dearest, o'er my heart

When their strange power is stealing,

And thoughts of home will start

Stirring deep founts of feeling,

Thine accents low will steal,

Sweet on mine ear, as now,

And I again shall gently feel

Thy hand upon my brow.

And 'twill have power to still

The heart's wild throbbing pain,

Giving its chords the thrill

Of other days again.

Those days when thy dear smile,

Could like some magic spell,

All care and grief beguile

Where'er its sunlight fell.

O! then thy lightest word

Will come like music's tone,

Till the heart's fount is stirred

With dreams of thee alone;

And each impassioned thought,

That throgs that silent hour,

With thine image will be fraught

By memory's magic power.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, old trees! whose branches wreath

The green roof of our favourite grove:

O, friends have twined their arms beneath

Closely as yours are twined above.

Though strong, ye props of forest shade!

Friendship will live when you're decayed.

Sweet stream! your breast will soon forget

Our forms that o'er its mirror creep:

But in our bosoms imaged yet

Your course will recollection keep;

And oft when cares and troubles throng

Will memory walk your banks along,

No longer back these vales will give

The answers by our voices woken;

Yet in our breasts the echoes live

Of kind words here by friendship spoken;

These from the depths within the heart

At memory's call will often start.

The names we here on beech trees place—

Those albums of the forest—lose

The characters our hands may trace:

But memory on her tablet shows

What time and change cannot impair—

Dear names by friendship graven there.—A. L.

TWO WAYS WITH DOMESTICS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Ah, good morning, dear! I'm really glad to see you," said Helen Armitage to her young friend Fanny Milnor, as the latter came in to sit an hour with her. "I just wanted a little sunshine."

"There ought to be plenty of sunshine here," returned Fanny smiling. "You always seem happy, and so does your mother and sister Mary, whenever I meet you abroad."

"Abroad, or at home, makes quite a difference, Fanny. Precious little sunshine have we here. Not a day passes over our heads, that we are not thrown into hot water about something or other, with our abominable servants. I declare! I never saw the like, and it grows worse and worse every day."

"Indeed! That is bad, sure enough. But can't you remedy this defect in some way?"

"We try hard enough, dear knows! I believe we have had no less than six cooks, and as many chambermaids in the last three months. But change only makes the matter worse. Sometimes they are so idle and dirty that we cannot tolerate them for a week. And then again they are so ill-natured, and downright saucy, that no one can venture to speak to them."

As Helen Armitage said this, she arose from her chair, and walking deliberately across the room, rang the parlour bell, and then quietly walked back again and resumed her seat, continuing her remarks as she did so, upon the exhaustless theme she had introduced. In a little while a domestic entered.

"That door has been left open by some one," the young lady said, in a half vexed tone of authority, and with a glance of reproof, as she pointed to the door of the back parlour leading into the passage.

The servant turned quickly away, muttering as she did so, and left the parlour, slamming the door after her with a sudden, indignant jerk.

"You see that!" remarked Helen, the colour deepening on her cheeks, and her voice indicating a good deal of inward disturbance. "That's just the way we are served by nine out of ten of the people we get about us. They neglect every thing, and then, when reminded of their duty, flirt, and grumble, and fling about just as you saw that girl do this moment. I'll ring for her again, and make her shut that door as she ought to do, the insolent creature!"

Helen was rising, when Fanny laid her hand on her arm, and said, in a quiet persuasive tone,

"No—no—don't, Helen. She is out of temper, and will only retort angrily at further reproof. The better way is to pass over these things as if you did not notice them."

"And let them ride over us rough shod, as they most certainly will! The fact is, with all our efforts to make them know and keep their places, we find it impossible to gain any true subordination in the house."

"We never have any trouble of this kind," Fanny said.

"You must be very fortunate then."

"I don't know as to that. I never recollect an instance in which a domestic opposed my mother or failed to obey, cheerfully, any request. And we have had several in our house, within my recollection. At least half a dozen."

"Half a dozen! Oh, dear! We have half a dozen a month sometimes! But come, let us go up to my room; I have some new prints to show you. They are exquisite. My father bought them for me last week."

The two young ladies ascended to Helen's chamber in the third story. But the book of prints was not to be found there. "It is in the parlour, I recollect now," Helen said, ringing the bell as she spoke, with a quick, strong jerk.

In about three or four minutes, and just as the young lady's patience was exhausted and her fingers were beginning to itch for another pull at the bell rope, the tardy waiting woman appeared.

"Hannah—Go down into the parlour, and bring me off of the piano a book you will find there. It is a broad flat book, with loose sheets in it."

This was said in a tone of authority. The domestic turned away without speaking and went down stairs. In a little while she came back, and handed Helen a book, answering the description given. But it was a portfolio of music.

"O no! Not this!" she said, with a curl of the lip, and an impatient tossing of her head. "How stupid you are, Hannah! The book I want contains prints, and this is only a music book. There! Take it back, and bring me the book of prints."

Hannah took the book, and muttering as she went out, returned to the parlour, down two long flights of stairs, and laid it upon the piano.

"If you want the pictures, you may get them yourself, Miss; you've got more time to run up and down stairs than I have."

As she said this Hannah left the parlour, and the book of prints lying upon the piano, and went back to the chamber she had been engaged in cleaning up when called away by Helen's bell. It was not long after she had resumed her occupation, before the bell sounded loudly through the passages. Hannah smiled bitterly, and with an air of resolution, as she listened to the iron summons.

"Pull away to your heart's content, Miss!" she said, half audibly. "When you call me again take care and know what you want me for. I've got something else to do besides running up and down stairs to bring you pictures. Why didn't you look at them while you were in the parlour, or take them up with you, if you wanted them in your chamber?"

"Did you ever see the like!" ejaculated Helen, deeply disturbed at finding both her direction and her subsequent summons unattended to. "That's just the way we are constantly served by these abominable creatures."

Two or three heavy jerks at the bell rope followed these remarks.

"Pull away! It's good exercise for you!" muttered Hannah to herself. And this was all the notice she took of the incensed young lady, who was finally compelled to go down stairs and get the prints herself. But she was so much disturbed and caused Fanny to feel so unpleasantly that neither of them had any real enjoyment in examining the beautiful pictures. After these had been turned over and remarked upon for some time, and they had spent an hour in conversation, the bell was again rung. Hannah, who came with her usual reluctance, was directed to prepare some lemonade, and bring it up with cake. This she did, after a good deal of delay, for which she was grumbled at by Helen. After the cake had been eaten, and the lemonade drunk, Hannah was again summoned to remove the waiter. This was performed with the same ill grace that every other service had been rendered.

"I declare, these servants worry me almost to death!" Helen again broke forth. "This is just the way I am served whenever I have a visitor. It is always the time Hannah takes to be ill-natured and show off her disobliging, ugly temper."

Fanny made no reply to this. But she had her own thoughts. It was plain enough to her mind, that her friend had only herself to blame, for the annoyance she suffered. After witnessing one or two more petty contentions with the domestic, Fanny went away, her friend promising, at her particular request, to come and spend a day with her early in the ensuing week.

It can do no harm, and may do good, for us to draw aside for an instant the veil that screened from general observation the domestic economy of the Armitage family. They were well enough off in the world as regards wealth, but rather poorly off in respect to self-government and that domestic wisdom which arranges all parts of a household in just subordination, and thus prevents collisions, or encroachments of one portion upon another. With them, a servant was looked upon as a machine who had nothing to do but to obey all commands. As to the rights of servants in a household, that was something of which they had never dreamed. Of course, constant rebellion, or the most unwillingly performed duties, was the undeviating attendant upon their domestic economy. It was a maxim, with Mrs. Armitage, never to indulge or favour one

of her people in the smallest matter. She had never done so in her life, she said, that she had got any thanks for it. It always made them presumptuous and dissatisfied. The more you did for them, the more they expected, and soon came to demand as a right what had been at first granted as a favour. Mrs. Armitage was, in a word, one of those petty domestic tyrants, who rule with the rod of apparent authority. Perfect submission she deemed the only true order in a household. Of course, true order she never could gain, for such a thing as perfect submission to arbitrary rule among domestics in this country never has and never will be yielded. The law of kindness and consideration is the only true law, and where this is not efficient, none other will or can be.

As for Mrs. Armitage and her daughters, each one of whom bore herself towards the domestics with an air of imperiousness and dictation, they never reflected before requiring any service whether such a service would not be felt as burdensome in the extreme, and therefore, whether it might not be dispensed with at the time. Without regard to what might be going on in the kitchen, the parlour or chamber, bells were rung, and servants required to leave their half finished meals, or to break away in the midst of important duties that had to be done by a certain time, to attend to some trifling matter that, in fact, should never have been assigned to a domestic at all. Under this system, it was no wonder that a constant succession of complaints against servants should be made by the Armitages. How could it be otherwise? Flesh and blood could not patiently bear the trials to which these people were subjected. Nor was it any wonder, that frequent changes took place, and that they were only able to retain the most inferior class of servants, and then only for short periods.

There are few, perhaps, who cannot refer, among their acquaintances, to a family like the Armitages. They may ordinarily be known by their constant complaints about servants, and their dictatorial way of speaking whenever they happen to call upon them for the performance of any duty.

In pleasing contrast to them were the Milnors. Let us go with Helen in her visit to Fanny. When the day came which she had promised to spend with her young friend, Helen, after getting out of patience with the chambermaid for her tardy attendance upon her, and indulging her daily murmurs against servants, at last emerged into the street, and took her way towards the dwelling of Mr. Milnor. It was a bright day, and her spirits soon rose superior to the little annoyances that had fretted her for the past hour. When she met Fanny she was in the best possible humour; and so seemed the tidy domestic who had admitted her, for she looked very cheerful, and smiled as she opened the door.

"How different from our grumbling, slovenly set!" Helen could not help remarking to herself, as she passed in. Fanny welcomed her with genuine cordiality, and the two young ladies were soon engaged in pleasant conversation. After exhausting

various themes, they turned to music, and played, and sang together for half an hour.

"I believe I have some new prints that you have never seen," Fanny said on their leaving the piano, and she looked around for the port-folio of engravings, but could not find it.

"Oh! now I remember—it is up stairs. Excuse me for a minute and I will run and get it." As Fanny said this, she glided from the room. In a few moments she returned with the book of prints.

"Pardon me, Fanny—but why didn't you call a servant to get the port-folio for you? You have them in the house to wait upon you."

"Oh, as to that," returned Fanny, "I always prefer to wait upon myself when I can, and so remain independent. And besides, the girls are all busy ironing, and I would not call them off from their work for any thing that I could do myself. Ironing day is a pretty hard day for all of them, for our own family is large, and mother always likes her work done well."

"But, if you adopt that system, you'll soon have them grumbling at the merest trifle you may be compelled to ask them to do."

"So far from that, Helen, I never make a request of any domestic in the house, that is not instantly and cheerfully met. To make you sensible of the good effects of the system I pursue of not asking to be waited on when I can help myself, I will mention that as I came down just now with these engravings in my hand, I met our chambermaid on the stairs, with a basket of clothes in her hands—"There now, Miss Fanny," she said half reprovingly, "why didn't you call me to get that for you, and not leave your company in the parlour?" There is no reluctance about her, you see. She knows that I spare her whenever I can, and she is willing to oblige me, whenever she can do so."

"Truly, she must be the eighth wonder of the world!" Helen said, in laughing surprise. "Who ever heard of a servant that asked as a favour to be permitted to serve you? All of which I ever saw, or heard, cared only to get out of doing every thing and strove to be as disobliging as possible."

"It is related of the good Oberlin," replied Fanny, "that he was asked one day by an old female servant who had been in his house for many years, whether there were servants in heaven. On his inquiring the reason for so singular a question, he received, in substance, this reply—"Heaven will be no heaven to me, unless I have the privilege of ministering to your wants and comfort there as I have the privilege of doing here. I want to be your servant even in heaven." Now why, Helen, do you suppose that faithful old servant was so strongly attached to Oberlin?"

"Because, I presume, he had been uniformly kind to her."

"No doubt that was the principal reason. And that I presume is the reason why there is no domestic in our house who will not, at any time, do for me cheerfully, and with a seeming pleasure, any thing I ask of her. I am sure I never spoke cross to one

of them in my life—and I make it a point never to ask them to do for me what I can readily do for myself."

"Your mother must be very fortunate in her selection of servants! There, I presume, lies the secret. We never had one who would bear the least consideration. Indeed, ma makes it a rule on no account to grant a servant any indulgences whatever; it only spoils them, she says. You must keep them right down to it, or they soon get good for nothing."

"My mother's system is very different," Fanny said—"and we have no trouble."

The young ladies then commenced examining the prints, after which, Fanny asked to be excused a moment. In a little while she returned with a small waiter of refreshments. Helen did not remark upon this, and Fanny made no allusion to the fact of not having called a servant from the kitchen to do what she could so easily do herself. A book next engaged their attention, and occupied them until dinner time. At the table, a tidy domestic waited with cheerful alacrity, so different from the sulky, slow attendance at home.

"Some water, Rachael, if you please." Or, "Rachael, step down and bring up some hot potatoes." Or—"Here, Rachael," with a pleasant smile, "you have forgotten the salt spoons," were forms of addressing a waiter upon the table so different from what Helen had ever heard, that she listened to them with utter amazement. And she was no less surprised to see with what cheerful alacrity every direction, or rather request, was obeyed.

After they all rose from the table, and had retired to the parlour, a pleasant conversation took place, in which no allusions whatever were made to the dreadful annoyance of servants, an almost unvarying subject of discourse at Mr. Armitage's, after the conclusion of nearly every badly cooked, ill served meal. A discourse too often overheard by some one of the domestics and retailed in the kitchen to breed confirmed ill-will, and a spirit of opposition towards the principal members of the family.

Nearly half an hour had passed from the time they had risen from the table, when a younger sister of Fanny's, who was going out to a little afternoon party, asked if Rachael might not be called up from the kitchen to get something for her.

"No, my dear, not until she has finished her dinner," was the mild reply of Mrs. Milnor.

"But it won't take her over a minute, mother, and I am in a hurry."

"I can't help it, my dear. You will have to wait. Rachael must not be disturbed at her meals. You should have thought of this before dinner. You know I have always tried to impress upon your mind, that there are certain hours in which domestics must not be called upon to do any thing, unless of serious importance. They have their rights, as well as we have, and it is just as wrong for us to encroach upon their rights, as it is for them to encroach upon ours."

"Never mind, mother, I will wait," the little girl said, cheerfully. "I know it's my own fault. But I thought it was such a trifle, and would have taken her only a minute."

"It is true, my dear, that it is but a trifle. Still, even trifles of this kind we should form the habit of avoiding; for they may seriously annoy at a time when we dream not that they are thought of for a moment. Think how, just as you had seated yourself at the table, tired and hungry, you would like to be called away, your food scarcely tasted, to perform some task, the urgency of which to you, at least, was very questionable?"

"I was wrong I know, mother," the child replied, "and you are right."

All this was new and strange doctrine to Helen Armitage, but she was enabled to see, from the manner in which Mrs. Milnor presented the subject, that it was true doctrine. As this became clear to her mind, she saw with painful distinctness the error that had thrown disorder into every part of her mother's household; and more than this, she inwardly resolved, that, so far as her action was concerned, a new order of things should take place. In this she was in earnest—so much so, that she made some allusion to the difference of things at home, to what they were at Mrs. Milnor's, and frankly confessed that she had not acted upon the kind and considerate principles that seemed to govern all in this well-ordered family.

"My dear child!" Mrs. Milnor said to her, with affectionate earnestness, in reply to this allusion—"depend upon it, four-fifths of the bad domestics are made so by injudicious treatment. They are, for the most part, ignorant of almost every thing, and too often, particularly of their duties in a family. Instead of being borne with, instructed, and treated with consideration, they are scolded, driven, and found fault with. Kind words they too rarely receive; and no one can well and cheerfully perform all that is required of her as a domestic, if she is never spoken to kindly, never considered—never

borne with, patiently. It is in our power to make a great deal of work for our servants that is altogether unnecessary—and of course, in our power to save them many steps, and many moments of time. If we are in the chambers, and wish a servant for any thing, and she is down in the kitchen engaged, it is always well to think twice before we ring for her once. It may be, that we do not really want the attendance of any one, or can just as well wait until some errand has brought her up stairs. Then, there are various little things in which we can help ourselves and ought to do it. It is unpardonable, I think, for a lady to ring for a servant to come up one or two pairs of stairs merely to hand her a drink, when all she has to do is to cross the room, and get it for herself. Or for a young lady to require a servant to attend to all her little wants, when she can and ought to help herself, even if it takes her from the third story to the kitchen, half a dozen times a day. Above all, domestics should never be scolded. If reproof is necessary, let it be administered in a calm mild voice, and the reasons shown why the act complained of is wrong. This is the only way in which any good is done."

"I wish my mother could only learn that," Helen said, mentally, as Mrs. Milnor ceased speaking. When she returned home, it was with a deeply formed resolution never again to speak reprovingly to any of her mother's domestics—never to *order* them to do any thing for her,—and never to require them to wait upon her when she could just as well help herself. In this she proved firm. The consequence was, an entire change in Hannah's deportment towards her, and a cheerful performance by her of every thing she asked her to do. This could not but be observed by her mother, and induced her to modify, to some extent, her way of treating her servants. The result was salutary, and now she has far less trouble with them than she ever had in her life. All, she finds, are not so worthless as she had deemed them.

WE MAY NOT MEET AGAIN.

BY D. PIATT.

We may not meet again,
For earth has many ways,
And, lips in other lands
Are ringing in thy praise:
But, memory o'er me lies
As a mantle in my sleep,
And, olden hopes will rise
Like spirits from the deep.

We may not meet again
As once we fondly met,
All hope of that were vain,
But, vainer to forget:

For not a flower that flings
Its fragrance on the lea;
Or, not a bird that sings
But breathes, lost one, of thee.

We may not meet again,
But, from around my heart
The light of other days
Alas! will not depart:
But like some lonely star
That lights the deep blue sea,
Thy beauty shines upon
The wave of memory.

THE TWO PATHS.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

CHAPTER I.

"FOLLOW your own path, Rose, and leave me to mine. I have had it long marked out in my secret thoughts, and your remonstrances will hardly turn me from it."

"But when I know it to be one which leads to destruction, morally and spiritually, I must remonstrate as long as I can be heard. Oh, Maud! Maud! it is a grievous thing to hear you reason thus; you, to whom the precepts and denunciations of that holy volume, beside which you so carelessly lean, our mother's last legacy, have been as household words from your very infancy; to hear you admit your willingness to purchase at the price of Christian integrity and reliance upon a wise Providence, the perishing triumphs and exemptions of this world's prosperity! you, whom our mother so delighted to call her child of many prayers. Oh, Maud! if she were still with us, you would not dare speak as you do!"

"But I should think as I do, Rose. Am I to blame that I retain the human imperfections of an unchanged nature? I *did* think as I do before she was taken from us, notwithstanding all her eloquent persuasions to soften the spirit which *would* sometimes show its strength; all her practical examples of humility and resignation, beautiful and touching as I confess them to be, considering her afflictions and privations. But it would then have been of no avail for me to express my exceeding scorn of our position, and of the weak scruples which reduced us to it, while I beheld no means of relief from its trials. Now I am at liberty to speak, for I see a better prospect before me."

"But how visionary is your project, how indelicate, how unmaidenly! I do not say unprincipled; for, with your present perverted feelings, that word would have little weight. And you seem to forget that, apart from the influences of your education, which, whatever you may think, you could not easily shake off, there would be a wearisome task, to one of your impetuous temper, in a course of duplicity and deceit."

"Duplicity and deceit are nothing new to me; for, doubtless, by those terms you would stigmatize my long concealment of my repinings and aspirations, and to continue to practise them in toadying that supereminent absurdity, Mrs. Wigglesworth, so as to enter the world under her brilliant auspices, and, while there, in inveigling some golden gudgeon into the matrimonial net, would be a labour which would have its own reward, and no danger that I shall be unable to endure it."

"Maud Evelyn!"

"You may be assured, Rose, that I would prefer a means of accomplishing my purpose more open, and, if you please, more honourable; but I have no alternative, and success would well repay me for the sacrifice. Do not think I am so selfish as to desire it for my own gratification alone. Your benefit is considered in all my plans. If you could lay aside your prejudices, you would see the propriety of prompt action. Our father is failing rapidly through his toils and sorrows; and supposing he should soon follow our other parent to yonder miserable church-yard, what would then be our condition? Could even you submit to being a farmer's maid servant—for what else would be in store for either of us?"

"I would submit to the will of my Father in Heaven," said the younger speaker, fervently.

Her sister paused for a moment, and then resumed, with greater seriousness—

"You have naturally, Rose, more of the disposition of our parents than I, yet you would not only understand, but share my feelings, if you could remember our former mode of life distinctly enough to contrast it with the present. I am three years the elder, and can recall three years more of our better days, while you, but little beyond infancy when they changed, were in consequence easily moulded into conformity with our cheerless fortunes. I have the most vivid recollection of our English home, and I never think of our beautiful parsonage, obscure as it was there regarded, with its shrubbery and trees, nestled in the shadow of the venerable and picturesque church, and then, in comparison, upon our present abode, this wretched cabin, with its rude logs little concealed by your industrious whitewashing, its cabbage and potato ground, with your paltry morning-glory and bean vines, to which the name of garden is given by courtesy, and those two stony and barren fields,—this wilderness, or rather this desert, to which we have been consigned by what we have been taught to deem our father's martyr spirit,—without a loathing for which heart-sickness is a feeble name."

"I have not forgotten those happier times, Maud; yet when I found that recurring to them tended to no good, I struggled against it."

"That was exemplary," returned the other, impatiently. "And do you also remember those eras of our childhood, our visits to the patrimonial seat of our eldest uncle?—its lawns, with their shaven turf and arbours and fountains; the park, with its treasured woods and gravelled roads; the magnificent apartments, with their successive throngs of

titled and well-born guests; and the trains of servants, who looked so stately that we almost shrank before them? How brilliant were the pastimes we witnessed!—how luxurious was the idleness! I was not too young to reflect upon what passed before me, and is it strange that I can now feel so intensely the burthen of our isolated poverty?—the accumulation of petty, but mind-destroying cares and calculations that weigh upon us every hour; and the bodily toils, with all their coarse details, which, day after day, through heat and cold, we have endured for years, and which must, at last, assimilate us with the boorish herd around us?

“Well, Rose, even at that early time, I had imbibed the knowledge that if our father had exercised a little of this world’s prudence,—a goodly thing, however you may esteem it,—such sights and enjoyments might have been more familiar to his children than as a mere holiday show; that our lordly uncle, to whose blood we were so proud to belong, but tolerated us in his sight at the intercession of his gentle wife,—us, the children of his own brother; that because our father was poor and had incurred the frown of the head of the house, we were repulsed and chidden by the swarm of minor relations that basked in his favour;—and our little cousin Lucy and her half brother, Julian Ormesby, do you recollect them, Rose? How gay and bright they looked in their rich attire, and with their joyous impulses, which had never known depression or restraint, while we, trained to humble ourselves and to control our natures, received as undeserved graciousness their childish favours and evidences of affection.”

“I do remember them well and fondly, Maud,—those pure and noble-hearted children, so like their mother in sweetness of deportment and loveliness of person. I remember little Lucy so winningly begging to share equally with me in your love, and Julian, though so much the elder, and in every way your superior, submitting to your caprices, and waiting on you as if you had been a princess. Surely, none but pleasant associations should be connected in your memory with them!”

“After all, perhaps not; but of course they are by this time properly imbued with the elements to which they were born. But, as I was going to say, it was there I learned the power of wealth and station; and, child as I was, the determination possessed me that when my turn came to act, I would pursue a different course to that of those whose duty it was to provide for our temporal as well as spiritual welfare.”

The conversation of the two girls, who were leaning beside the narrow window of a small and scantily furnished sitting-room, was interrupted by the entrance of their father, a pale, gray-haired man, whose coarse clothing and whose hands, embrowned and roughened by labour, bore little congruity with the intellectual cast of his face, and the placid dignity of his bearing.

“The post has brought us sad intelligence,” he remarked, pointing to a paragraph scored with ink in a paper which he held in his hand.

Maud hastily snatched it, and unconnectedly ran over one of the singular obituary notices common to English newspapers—

“Died, suddenly, on Thursday last, at Winstoun, his family seat, Marmaduke Evelyn, Esq., M. P.,—commanding talents,—force of character,—public spirit,—county influence.”

“Nothing of his fraternal affection,” interposed the reader.

A glance of regretful reproof from her father restrained her, and she resumed—

“His extensive landed estates devolve upon his son, a promising youth of fifteen, now at Eton, and the residue of his fortune amply endows his widow, once the admired and respected relict of the gallant Colonel Ormesby, and Miss Lucy Evelyn, his beautiful and accomplished daughter, who, but for this melancholy event, would have been led in a few weeks to the hymeneal altar, by a young baronet of large property in the vicinity of Winstoun.”

Mr. Evelyn retired to an adjoining apartment, and Rose remained silently looking from the window.

“Don’t look so solemn, Rose,” said her sister. “*You* have no reason to deplore him; *I* have, on the contrary, for I did hope he might relent and do us some service yet. This unexpected announcement gives me a final disappointment, and now there is nothing left for me but carrying out my scheme with regard to Mrs. Wigglesworth. Once provided with a scene for operations, I have no fears of success. I have education, an advantage which, as they could do it without money, our parents have supplied to us in abundance;—I have beauty,—people daily mistake us one for the other, and you, Rose, are rarely beautiful;—and I have tact and confidence to use them for any purpose, with a determined will, which shall yield to no common obstacles. Don’t threaten me with my father, for I perceive you are about to do so. I can easily satisfy him. It will be but necessary to convince him that the old lady will require some one to watch her dyspeptic and rheumatic symptoms whilst she is absent for their cure; and as she has no child of her own, he will think it the duty of one of us to attend her.”

“I shall use no farther arguments with you now, Maud, for I feel almost certain that your conscience will check you before you go too far.”

Maud shook her head, and continued carelessly—

“I am going now to sound Mrs. Wigglesworth. If I come back successful, you will help to prepare me for the expedition, will you not? Oh, yes, you will surely give me your share of the unappropriated finery in these old chests, the kind, though not very judicious supplies of our compassionate aunt. How we used to sigh that they were not calicoes and linsey-wolseys instead of silks and cambrics, as the shipwrecked mariner did, that his mass of gold was not a handful of nails. At last, however, they may be available; for if you consent, out of two of the garments I certainly can make

one. So give me yours, like a good girl, and I may some time be able to pay you in the latest Paris fashions. Throw me my bonnet, and now good-bye."

The father of Maud and Rose Evelyn was an emigrant clergyman, labouring among a poor and scattered flock in one of the most secluded valleys of the ——— river. His family, one of wealth and consideration, had destined him for an important civil station in India, but after marrying the penniless daughter of an humble curate, he had lost their countenance by entering the church, in which they had neither inclination nor influence to procure his preferment. The death of his father-in-law, however, had occurred previous to the birth of Rose, and by succeeding to his vacant place, he had secured for nine or ten years a decent competence for his little family. But at that time he was deprived of it by a change in the living to which it was appended, and uncertain of a similar dependence, as well as actuated by a missionary zeal, he had come to seek a field for his labours in the New World. He had attempted at first to establish himself in Canada, but the rigours of the climate threatened the health of his delicate wife, and having little choice, he had then accepted his present location. Here he had remained until death bereaved him of the patient sharer of his cares, and his two girls had attained to womanhood without a single prospect that his conscientious sacrifices and unobtrusive usefulness would have the earthly reward of a more comfortable home for his declining years.

It seemed a marvel that two creatures, so beautiful and graceful as those young girls, should have grown up amidst the drudgery and privations of their inauspicious solitude; but their mother had been marked by an almost fastidious refinement of thought, word and demeanour, and she had guarded their person and fashioned their manners with scrupulous care. Their minds had not lacked means of cultivation; for with the luxury of books they had been liberally supplied. The wife of their father's eldest brother, a pious and tender-hearted woman, had been their unchanging friend through all their fortunes, and had annually sent them such presents as were not prohibited by her husband's vindictive authority. Among these were books which afforded them a wealth of amusement and intellectual profit.

Closely resembling each other in appearance, in their healthful and perfect growth, in purity and rich bloom of complexion, in symmetry of features, and in the fulness and lustre of their dark blue eyes, Maud and Rose were markedly dissimilar in character. Though naturally not the superior in mental gifts, the elder added to hers an energy and a firmness of purpose which must have made her a more powerful agent for good or ill; and these, enforcing a spirit of worldly ambition, of self-confidence, and impatience of control, might well have suggested a portent of evil. But Rose, meek, truthful and disinterested—Rose abounded in the graces of the heart which were lacking in her sister, and almost from childhood had been a de-

voted member of her father's pastoral charge, as well as the most cheerful and efficient support of his household comfort.

CHAPTER II.

The influx of visitors at the ——— Springs had nearly attained its height, when there appeared one day at the dinner table a person who attracted a degree of observation which would hardly have been accorded to an ex-president. This was an elderly woman, whose tall, square and flat figure, and whose face, sallow, bony and freckled, with a single crooked tooth projecting in front, would have required the nicest arts of the toilette, and the highest polish of deportment to secure her from invidious comment. In lieu of these, her dress manifested the most remote provincialism, and her conversation an ignorance, ludicrous as profound, that society might have usages that could be violated. She wore short and narrow skirts, garnished with scant flounces, when every one else floated in redundant robes of classical length and plainness; a cap, distended by a comb of the size and shape of a palm leaf fan, and surrounded, above the bands of her rough red hair, with dangling frills of wide thread lace and bows of stiff green ribbon, instead of the slight and tasteful fabrics of tulle and lisse and flowers, which alone were the order of the day; and on her feet, scorning the Cinderella slippers around them, were capacious shoes of prunella, through the yielding texture of which freely were exhibited joints and sinews in all their undulations and proportions. Yet there were no evidences of a want of money about her. Her silk was the thickest and her lace the finest, and over a tawdry worked collar was a chain of halter dimensions, which would have brought its weight in eagles at the mint, securing a watch that a banker might have made an heir-loom. She addressed herself indiscriminately to any one within talking distance, gave succinct histories of her own ailments, and inquired as to theirs, presuming that no one could be wicked enough to go to places intended to cure the sick without being in need of such service. She wondered if "that wheezing old lady in the false curls hadn't the phthisick," and if "that thin young man with his face all grown to hair wasn't consumed." She also criticised the fashions, and pronounced the heads without combs "no better looking than turnips,"—combs being, to her taste, a "sign that people were somebody; the larger they could be got the richer they looked, provided they were rale turtle-shell—her own was turtle and no mistake." The next time she presented herself she was warded off as if she had been a personification of the black tongue or the milk sickness. This personage was no other than Mrs. Wigglesworth, the wife of Mr. Evelyn's only rich parishioner.

It was not until the old lady had ceased to be a

novelty that she was known to have brought a companion to the watering place. At that time a young girl attended her in the saloon and dining-room, who, from her uncommon beauty and propriety of manners, became in turn an object of curiosity and remark. Our readers will anticipate that it was Maud Evelyn. Instinctively aware of the ridicule which her chaperon would excite, her pride revolted at the thought of witnessing it, and with the ostensible purpose of completing the arrangements of her wardrobe, she had spent the interval of a few days in her room.

The unsophisticated stage of society in which, through beauty and grace alone, a young stranger would be admitted unquestioned to favour, is pretty well past, at least with those who frequent fashionable watering-places; yet Maud, by the tact with which she adapted herself to those around her, and by a certain elevation of manner, the result of her intenceness of purpose and of her consciousness of superiority in all but the adventitious attractions of fortune, commanded at once the courtesy of many, notwithstanding their want of information as to her family and position. That secured, a freer exercise of her powers of pleasing, and a few bold assertions, added to her passive falsehood, and her apparently casual references to her English birth and connections, and the daughter of the unknown and impoverished clergyman would have been constituted a belle among the prosperous and the proud. But that was not the policy of the young adventuress. Her address soon enabled her to ascertain the characters and expectations of the miscellaneous assemblage with whom she was placed in contact, and she avoided all flirtations with the young men, the stock performers at such places, who had yet to pass the ordeals of fathers' wills and prospective professions to make them eligible for matrimonial speculation. As carefully she forbore any attempt to attract that smaller class, the men of fashion and knowledge of the world, with whom romance is at an end, and to whom personal loveliness is a useless consideration, unless invested with some substantial extrinsic interest. At the end of a fortnight she had not encountered a single object of attack to meet her views, but fortunately for her projects, Mrs. Wigglesworth was satisfied with her new mode of existence, as well as willing to show her pecuniary ability to remain as long as she pleased, and their departure was deferred for an indefinite period.

At length Maud was sitting on a piazza one evening, with a young lady whose acquaintance she had formed, when a handsome carriage stopped before them, and a gentleman dropping behind him a cloak richly lined with velvet, carefully descended the steps.

"A windfall!" exclaimed the young lady, in a suppressed tone. "The very last person I should have expected to be blown to a place like this."

"Who is he?" asked Maud.

"Simeon Albany, of our city."

"Some of the gentlemen spoke to-day at the

table of a Mr. Albany, a millionaire?" said Maud, interrogatively.

"This is the same. In these times, however, the title of millionaire is often founded upon a smaller capital than a million of dollars. I do not insinuate, though, that Mr. Albany does not bear it justly, for he is always named as one of our wealthiest citizens."

The gentleman now approached. He was a tall, fleshless man, with a jaundiced complexion, a sour and unhappy expression of countenance, ordinary features, and stiff, coarse hair, of mixed black and gray, brushed downward upon his low and narrow forehead. As he passed them, he compressed his thin lips over a set of short, yellow teeth, and looked straight forward from under his lowering eyebrows as if he had determined that there was no one worthy of notice in his way.

"He has no family with him," remarked Maud, too cautious to hazard the question so common among marrying young ladies—"Is he a single man?"

"He is an old bachelor," was the answer. "He is said to be looking for a wife who will be nothing less than perfection, and to expect that his money will not fail to purchase such a one. But as perfect women are not to be bought with that alone, he will be likely to remain in the enjoyment of his single blessedness. With all my imperfections, he is one of the last men I would choose, even if he were twice as rich and twenty years younger,—though if he were less repulsive in character, there might be something of a temptation. He has a noble house; rather old-fashioned in style, indeed, but very aristocratic looking, and you have noticed how fine his equipage is. With his income, I have no doubt he could support a wife in the foremost rank of elegance and fashion."

The auditors pondered this information well.

In order that she might maintain a toilette of sufficient variety, Maud found it necessary that she should spend the early hours of the morning at her needle. Accordingly, before sunrise of the day following the new arrival, she had taken her accustomed place at the window, when in arranging the curtain she caught a glimpse of Mr. Albany, wrapped in his cloak, entering the enclosure of the spring. Quick as thought, she turned to Mrs. Wigglesworth and asked—

"Do you not think, ma'am, it might be of more service to you to try the water on first rising than immediately before breakfast? The dyspeptic-looking gentleman who arrived last evening is on his way to the spring; and as he, a man of fortune, coming from the city, has no doubt had the best medical advice to direct him, would it not be prudent for you to take advantage of his example?"

The Leghorn bonnet of Mrs. Wigglesworth, and its black lace veil, from which it never on any occasion parted company, were brought forth; and Maud, throwing a scarf over her own head and shoulders, hurried from the room. The servants were sweeping the parlours and piazzas, and, a

shower having fallen the night before, the gravelled walks were cold and damp; but, though intercepted first by clouds of dust and then by fleeces of mist, Maud dragged her valetudinarian along. They reached the spring, and found the millionaire looking gloomily into it, as if afraid to trust himself with his soft buckskin moccasins upon the wet and slippery steps which led down to it. The approach of his pursuers, however, conquered his irresolution, and he was about to descend, when Maud started forward, with a smile expressive of kindness mingled with a touch of timidity, and said, in her clear, girlish tones—

"It would be dangerous, sir, for an invalid to venture upon that chilling marble, and the attendant has not yet come out. Allow me to supply you."

His ideas seemed to flow tardily, for before he could answer she had taken his tumbler from him, filled it at the fountain, with the air of "the good girl" in the fairy tale, and returned it to his hand. With a stiff nod, and an equally stiff "much obliged to you," and without any apparent thought of proffering it to the old lady beside him, he swallowed its contents.

"Three glasses, I believe, are generally prescribed for new-comers," resumed Maud. "You have not yet, sir, had your portion."

And again she tripped gracefully down the steps. The same mode of acknowledgment followed as at first, and was again repeated; and then begging permission to use the tumbler, as she had not been provident enough to bring one along, she watched, with a tender solicitude, while Mrs. Wigglesworth, with indescribable contortions of face and body, gulped potion after potion of the nauseous beverage. She had thrown back her scarf, and with her beautiful complexion, freshened and glowing with the morning air and her rapid walk, and with her bright brown hair shining in the first beams of the sun, she looked exceedingly lovely. She was conscious that the eyes of the stranger were on her, and she was too prudent to break the effect by a single glance in return. Anxiously cautioning her companion to fold her shawl around her lest the damp air should counteract the efficacy of her morning draught, she modestly curtsied to Mr. Albany and returned to the house.

Maud was nervously impatient to learn the success of her morning's stratagem, and to her relief a nod of recognition from the millionaire was directed towards her as they passed from the breakfast table toward the saloon. She listened with avidity to every remark she could elicit during the day about Mr. Albany, and invariably heard that in character he was dull, selfish and morose—exactly what was most distasteful to the talented, spirited and, with all her faults, really generous girl; but she had resolved to acknowledge few obstacles in the way of her ambition. The next morning she again visited the spring at sunrise, and though Mr. Albany had mailed himself with caoutchouc overshoes, yet sufficient communication

passed between them to apprise her that early rising was one of his hobbies. She would have been glad to discover twenty other hobbies that she could have gratified as easily. They now considered themselves on the footing of acquaintances, though the little observances of politeness which were to have been expected from the gentleman were entirely dispensed with. Mr. Albany made it a point never by such to honour any lady. If an old gentleman introduced his wife to him, he lost no time in escaping from her lest a presentation to her daughter should follow. He was always on the look out for conspiracies. But in the gentle, smiling, frank simplicity of Maud, he saw nothing to alarm him, particularly as her early rising confirmed her hints of a rustic education; and sometimes, during a rencontre in the saloon, he favoured her with a few precious words, which in her possession became important investments.

"I am glad to perceive you do not join in the dance," remarked he, one evening.

"I have no taste for such amusements," she returned, wisely shaking her head.

On another occasion he observed—

"Those young men seemed very desirous of introducing their friend to you."

"I generally refuse such applications;—I do not approve of young ladies forming many acquaintances among gentlemen."

Again—"You appear to be very industrious,—something unusual here."

She was labouring diligently upon an apron for a little child, whom she sometimes drilled in its A B C's with the most graceful patience and assiduity.

"It is difficult to abandon old habits. I am so accustomed to employment that I always feel more comfortable when allowed by etiquette to engage in it."

"How would the old lady you have in charge get along without you?" he asked, after witnessing some of her dutiful offices towards Mrs. Wigglesworth.

"I am so experienced in nursing that it would be strange if I were not able to discharge some of its duties to her satisfaction," was her answer, as if seeking to evade an implied compliment.

Such usually was the extent and nature of their colloquies.

At length Maud observed that her quarry seemed inclined to direct himself towards Mrs. Wigglesworth, and the old lady, having had her instructions on their first arrival as to the amount of information proper to be given concerning her charge, she was now begged not to exceed them if Mr. Albany should make her the subject of any questions. She narrowly watched his advances; and one day after dinner, while the company were mostly enjoying their siesta, an indulgence which she did not allow herself, he approached her and her chaperon, who were sitting in a shaded corner of a piazza. Making an excuse to withdraw, she cautiously slipped into a vacant parlour, from which any conversation between the remaining couple

could be overheard. She was not disappointed in her expectations. The first sentence she caught from the millionaire was—

"Is she of good family?"

"They're the salt of the earth, all that's of them," replied Mrs. Wigglesworth; "and her mother, who has gone to a better world, was a true mother in Israel."

"Um, um, um. I mean, are they persons of respectability?"

"Her father is a minister," she returned, in a tone implying that consideration to be a sufficient assurance.

"Can you tell me the amount of his fortune?"

"Mr. Evelyn is the last man to be raking and scraping a fortune together. He thinks of other things than laying up treasures on earth. The children, though, may be born to something past common, as many people are that have relations in the old countries. You often read in the papers of persons having to go over for something of advantage to them."

"Have you any knowledge of their connections, ma'am?"

"From what I can understand, they are considerable of big bugs,—rather ahead of any here."

"There are several children of them, I presume, as mostly happens when there is not much to keep them on?"

On hearing, with evident satisfaction, that there were but Maud and a sister, Mr. Albany resumed—

"To be plain with you, ma'am, I desire to have all the information that I can obtain concerning this young girl, and as you appear to be the only person here able to give any, I have decided to refer to you. I am not unwilling to marry, if I can find an individual to suit me; but I shall be very particular in my choice, as you will admit a man of large property has a right to be. I have too much judgment and experience to be willing to take one of your gadding, chattering, dancing, dressing fine ladies. What I require is a modest, submissive woman, who is fond of home, and has habits of industry and economy; and I wish to know if Miss Evelyn answers that description."

Mrs. Wigglesworth, after wondering that a person old enough to be Maud's father should have been casting sheep's eyes at her, and laughing at the idea so immodestly that the listener trembled for the result with the consequential applicant, then asked him to excuse her impudence, and assured him that there was not a smarter, handier, more biddable girl in the land; that she could get along on almost no money at all, for she made all her new things, with her own hands, out of old ones, and that even here, when she might take play time, she worked two or three hours before the lazy high-flyers were out of bed. As to her staying at home, she had never been out of sight of it before, and wouldn't have been then, only that her father had taught her it was a Christian duty to attend the sick.

"So I understood from a hint of her own," re-

turned Mr. Albany; "otherwise I could not have reconciled myself to a female, that is, of her age, whom I happened to meet at a watering-place. Your account of her I find tolerably satisfactory. My theory is that if I get a modest, submissive wife, she will be the more easily governed, and the more ready to show me the deference to which I shall think myself entitled. If economical and industrious, she will be able the better to manage my domestic concerns on the system which I have already established. If fond of home, she will be satisfied to stay there, without making my house public property by encouraging a constant run of visitors, a thing I could never tolerate. If Miss Evelyn is, as you assert, really such a person, I should be disposed to offer her my hand. I find nothing particular to object to in the situation of her family, as you describe it. Her connections being good, the fact of her having no fortune may be overlooked, on consideration that she is the less likely to have formed habits of expense, and that she will require fewer indulgences. There being so few children, is also in her favour, for there is no greater imposition on a man than being obliged, because he has been successful in the world, to assist a host of needy relations-in-law. Then as to her being so much younger than myself, that is one of her principal recommendations, for I shall have the less trouble to regulate her habits according to my own, and her health and activity will make her more useful than a person farther advanced in years."

All this was delivered in a dry, harsh, sententious and pompous manner, and Maud felt her eyes flash and her cheeks burn, and then a violent inclination to laugh; but, suppressing her emotion, she listened on.

"By repeating my sentiments to her, ma'am," he continued, "you will probably be able to confer a great favour on your young friend. I wish to avoid offering any proposal to her personally, because on such occasions one is obliged to show a degree of solicitude and obsequiousness, which, with some inexperienced females, become afterwards grounds to presume upon. I think I may rely on her prompt acceptance of my offer, which an indifferent party, yourself for instance, must perceive to be peculiarly advantageous; but if she should show the slightest disapprobation of any of the remarks I have entrusted to your memory, I hold you bound in honour to drop the subject without further communication. We had better have it settled at once. I will wait in the right-hand parlour until you shall have executed your commission. If she receive it favourably, request her to come down, and I shall then ascertain how I am to proceed with regard to her family."

As he entered one door of the parlour, Maud noiselessly escaped through another, and hastened to her chamber. There she was found by Mrs. Wigglesworth, who executed her embassy with "says hes" too numerous to mention, and argued with equal prolixity the pros and cons of accept-

ance or rejection. Maud did not answer nor hear a word. Her time of trial had come. She felt that it was *not* easy to shake off the influences of her education, and the perils of wilfully persisting in a course of wrong arose startlingly before her. Then, with a strong effort, she recalled her life-long dreams of ambition. She fancied herself as having conquered, by the ascendancy of her intellect, the narrow-minded selfishness of which she had just received such undoubted evidence, and enjoying a home abounding in the luxury which wealth only can bestow; as moving in the world attended by all the honours and immunities which wealth only can command; even as returning to the scenes of her early years, and casting from her with scorn the adulations of those whose unkindness had embittered her childhood; even that juvenile vision of revenge was recalled to strengthen her indecision. But the incitements had lost their power. Then she thought of Rose and her father placed in circumstances of comfort through her means, and not trusting herself to reflect further, she started towards the door.

"But you have not told me whether you intend to take the old skinflint or not?" called Mrs. Wigglesworth after her.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; certainly," she replied, attempting to force a smile upon her bloodless lips; and she hastened down stairs to the parlour.

Mr. Albany, who was pacing the floor, advanced slowly to meet her, and as slowly enunciated—

"I may conclude that all is arranged to my satisfaction?"

Whatever she may have felt before, it was not until the cadaverous face of her suitor was bent over her, and his cold, skinny fingers were wrapped round her hand, that she could realize the turpitude of her present course, and the importance of the step she had resolved to take. Yet again she tried to force a smile, and to murmur a maidenly answer.

"In what way shall I communicate our intentions to your father? You, I suppose, will wish to conform to the common custom, and I am willing to oblige you."

For this contingency Maud was prepared. She knew that if she allowed him to accompany her to the dwelling of her father, one glimpse of its unconcealable poverty would turn him away in disgust, and render all her moral sacrifices fruitless. In answer to his question, she returned—

"I know not how to direct you, for from him they will certainly meet with disapproval."

"Um, um, um,—why so, may I ask?"

"On account of the shortness of my acquaintance with you."

"I flatter myself my character is too well known to make *that* objection reasonable," said the gentleman.

"Besides," continued Maud, "the disparity of our ages is a point on which he could not be easily reconciled; and in addition," observing that this latter suggestion was too personal not to be offen-

sive, "he would think it his duty to withhold his consent to my union with a person not attached to the church in whose service he has spent his life. Should he refuse to sanction it, it would grieve me to act contrary to his decision."

"I can't say that I would ask you to do it. A disobedient daughter would hardly make an obedient wife; but the matter could be settled without that difficulty. The ceremony can be performed without consulting him, and when he hears of your advantageous alliance, for such he will certainly regard it, if he is at all a judicious man, he will think you in luck for having accomplished it, and himself equally so for having been spared any show of opposition. To be candid, I should feel myself stooping considerably to have to ask the consent of any one."

The next morning before the other lodgers were astir, Maud was handed into the elegant carriage of the millionaire, and became his wife in the nearest village. Without returning to the springs, they immediately proceeded on their journey to the city.

A portion of the night intervening between her betrothal and marriage had been spent by Maud in writing to her father, and extenuating, by every plausible argument, her conduct. "He is not young," she said, referring to her intended bridegroom, "nor endowed with the graces of person upon which you have so often warned me against setting too high a value; but in the eyes of the world, which narrowly watches those who hold a conspicuous place, his character is without a trait which virtue would condemn, and his superiority in years will constitute him a better guard and guide for my inexperience. And without there being any valid reason to resist it, the temptation of such a fortune and position would not have been easily overcome;—the powerful incentive of the means of doing good which they must afford, and the ability to supply to my beloved father the ease and comfort required by his declining years, and the place in society which she would so worthily fill, to our worthy and excellent Rose."

The letter, accompanied by one to her sister, in which she wrote without levity, though with exultation, of the success of her aims, and of the prospect before her, was borne to its destination by the deserted Mrs. Wigglesworth, who set off homeward without delay. It was long before it met the eyes for which it was intended. A week before, Mr. Evelyn had been stricken with palsy while in the discharge of a private pastoral duty, and now lay sightless, speechless, and prostrated in mind as well as body, while to poor Rose, the tidings it brought were but a new weight added to her burden of cares and afflictions.

CHAPTER III.

Less than a year had elapsed after these changes. The fashionable world had not yet dispersed to

their summer haunts, when, doing the honours of a crowded promenade to a stranger, was a gentleman who had witnessed the sensation created at the — Springs, by the matrimonial adventure, as it was called, of the rich Simeon Albany with the apparently artless and uncalculating Miss Evelyn.

His companion was a young Englishman of elegant person and manners, and of moral and mental qualities consistent with his noble exterior, who had failed of being the lion of the hour only through his own modest and reserved dignity.

"My eyes are absolutely aching," remarked the latter, "with the constant succession of pretty faces and brilliant costumes they have encountered. Shall we turn aside here for a little repose?"

They accordingly passed into a lateral street which was finely built with the mansions of the wealthy and fashionable, when a lady, who had overtaken them, turned to a crossing-place before them.

"There," pursued the stranger, "is the same pensive, intellectual countenance which I remarked to you half an hour ago. It has an unusual interest for me; perhaps because of its resemblance to that of a dear sister of my own. Did you now observe it?"

"No; but the lady is stopping to ring at the house opposite. There, I recognize her now; she is a married woman—the wife of one of our millionaires, Simeon Albany."

"What! that cold, harsh, forbidding old money-changer, to whom I this morning presented my draft, in — Street? That girlish, sensitive, refined looking creature, his wife? I pity her!"

"Your sympathy is thrown away. She has obtained all that she required in a husband, namely, money. I was at a watering-place last summer, where the match was made, and as I go to such places merely as a looker-on, I had an opportunity to watch how it was effected. She was, as I have since understood, a friendless country girl, quite unpractised in society; yet I have never seen in the most experienced coquette as great a degree of skilful finesse as she exhibited in entrapping that same repulsive money-changer, whose true character, with her tact and intelligence, she could not have failed to discover."

"And so ambition and avarice find their way into matrimonial transactions here, as well as on our side of the Atlantic? I am sorry to hear it acknowledged. I should never have expected a manifestation of those passions in that lovely faced woman."

"Now that I can see her more distinctly, she looks as if she had found some reason for repentance. Her appearance has much changed. She was of much fuller proportions, and glowing with health and spirits. Now she is pale and slender, and evidently dejected; and how dowdyish is her dress!"

"It is only very plain," remarked the compassionate Englishman.

"Well," said his companion, as she disappeared in the house, "I can hardly pity her for a punishment which she has taken such pains to deserve."

It was, indeed, Maud; and the dwelling at which she stopped was the one of which she was the nominal mistress. It was of spacious dimensions, and though the panels of sculptured marble which embellished its embrowned exterior, indicated a style of finish long displaced in favour, the whole structure bore evidences of opulence, and of careful preservation. But within all was cheerless and unhomelike. The parlours were abundantly and expensively furnished. The carpets were of the softest and finest texture, but their colours were sombre, and their patterns mystical looking Arabesques, embarrassing to the eye, and painful to the imagination. The marble tables were of the most skilful polish, and of valuable material, but there were neither books nor ornaments to relieve their gloomy richness. The curtains were ample and costly, but their hue, also, was dull, and the folds in which they hung seemed moulded never to change. The ponderous and softly cushioned chairs appeared nailed to the walls in the very places where no one would have wished to occupy them. There were no pictures, excepting in one room, the portrait of its master, and, in the other, one of an aged female, of which the face gave sufficient assurance of the maternal relation which the original had borne to him. Though the season was the latter end of May, the atmosphere was damp and chill, the air and sunshine having been equally excluded, and there was no fire to enliven the winter arrangements which seemed to demand it. And with a countenance still more inhospitable than his domicile, Mr. Albany looked up from a sofa on the entrance of his young wife.

"So you have been out again," he remarked, querulously. "Among prudent people it is considered any thing but creditable for a married woman to be showing herself in the streets day after day, according to the custom you persist in."

"I have been all my life accustomed to the free enjoyment of the air, as I have often said before," returned Maud, quietly, "and to be deprived of such as I can have here, would entirely destroy the measure of health left to me. But as you object so strongly to my walking, I would be very willing to ride, and would gladly drive through the most retired ways to get into the country."

"No doubt, ma'am, you would be willing to ride; but I should be very unwilling to have my carriage jolted to pieces over the unbroken country roads at this season of the year. I should think you might find sufficient exercise in the house to keep your blood in circulation. My mother lived to be eighty-three, and hardly ever left the house excepting sometimes to do a little marketing; but then she was an industrious woman, and could find plenty of domestic matters to look after."

"I do attend to all that is necessary, Mr. Albany; but as you yourself often complain, you are obliged, for the sake of appearances, to keep a certain num-

ber of efficient servants, and you surely do not require that I should assume a share of their labours which they have both time and ability to perform."

He threw himself back on the sofa, and remained silent a few minutes, as if to conjure up some new cause of dissatisfaction, and then asked—

"Did you put the additional wadding into the back of my dressing-gown, as I desired you?"

"I did not. My head has ached so badly all day, that I have been quite unable to do any sewing."

"Um,—um. One of your chief boasts when I first knew you was of your skill with the needle; but you appear to make very little use of it now. I dare say that if you had some new finery of your own to work at, you would do it in spite of your headache."

"Perhaps I might," returned Maud, in the tone of a school-girl provoked to retort, yet trembling at her own words. "It is so seldom I get any finery that the novelty might incite me to overtask myself."

The face of Mr. Albany grew livid, but his reply was checked by a servant handing to Maud a letter which he had brought from the post-office. She was about to hurry with it to her room, when the voice of her husband stopped her at the door.

"You must be prepared for some very important communication," said he, "that you are afraid to trust yourself with it before a witness."

"It is a letter from home," she replied, with quivering lips.

Closing the door, she returned, and after concealing herself as much as possible in the recess of a window, she broke the seal. It was from Rose, and every sentence was so imbued with her own affectionate, patient, pious spirit, that in vain the reader attempted to repress her sobs, and to control the agitation which shook the curtains around her.

"Will you not come to see us now?" she read. "In your last letter, written so long ago, Maud, you said you could not promise, and then I did not ask it; for through the sad, dreary winter, I felt as if I would rather have performed my melancholy duties alone than that you should be depressed by sharing them; but now I beg that you will make a little sacrifice of your grandeur and luxury to us, if it be but for a few days. Our father pines to have you near him;—one of the first evidences of his returning faculties was the expression of your name. Often and often, before his mind was right clear, in whispering to me his good night blessing, he extended his hand as if feeling for you by my side. His utterance has become intelligible, at least to me, and his eyes have partially regained their vision. He says he longs the more for your return, now that he would be able to recognize your face. Oh, Maud! my heart swells with thankfulness for this blessed restoration!

"Do not expect to find us without external comforts,—excepting your presence. We have all around us to make us happy. We are not, indeed, so well off in this world's goods since our poor

father can no longer earn his little salary. You know I always thought we were 'passing rich on forty pounds a year,' though you did not; but we have sufficient for our actual wants. His former parishioners show us many kind offices, and, for several years past, they have sustained me in a little school. Our good neighbour, Mr. Wigglesworth, allows us a cottage to live in for almost nothing. It is not so large as the parsonage,—for so I will persist in calling our old home, humble as it was,—but now our father does not require a study, and in addition to his chamber, there is a small one for me, and another which, according to our established custom, we can still keep in readiness for any friend or way-farer who might call upon our hospitality. And I have so pretty a garden! We found abundance of lilacs already blooming, with several rose bushes of much choicer varieties than those we left behind. I have no fear but that we shall prosper. You cannot imagine, Maud, the exalted, the thrilling happiness of having one so beloved and venerated looking up to your exertions for support! Ever since the charge has rested upon me, I have felt as if I could turn night into day to fulfil it, only reserving time enough to pour out my gratitude to the Almighty for the unchanging health and strength He has given to sustain me."

Maud placed the letter in her bosom, and, leaning her face between her hands, wept long and bitterly, regardless of observation. Then, making a strong effort to recover some of her natural decision, she composed herself to address her husband.

"I have never," said she, at length, "expressed a strong desire to you, Mr. Albany, to revisit my home; but this letter so brings the ties I have broken before me, that I would make any sacrifice you could require to be united with my family again, if only for a few days."

"I have reason to be surprised at your sudden inclination, ma'am;—you have never before shown any great attachment to your family ties."

"I feel your reproach," said Maud, submissively.

"I have acted a most unnatural part, though for a long time it has been through want of resolution to speak, and not want of feeling on the subject. I have known that ever since my marriage, my father has been in a state of extreme suffering and helplessness, and that my young sister has been toiling alone, not only as his nurse, but to secure his subsistence, while I, though surrounded by affluence, and nominally its possessor, have never afforded them the most trifling assistance."

"You have done as much as was in your power," returned Mr. Albany, drily.

The blood rushed into Maud's face, but she continued, calmly—

"I could have represented their situation to you; I could have conquered my dread of a refusal, and solicited of you a pittance which would have ameliorated their condition, and yet would have been as dust in the balance of your means."

"You acted with more than your usual prudence

in refraining from it. If there is any thing I am determined against, it is being the tool of poor relations. I supposed when I married you that your father was a clergyman of some standing, who could, besides maintaining his family respectably, lay by something for such an emergency. But I have been deceived in that as well as other things."

Again Maud smothered her feelings, and resumed—

"I might at least yet afford them the comfort of my presence, and my personal assurance that I have sympathized with them in their afflictions. You will not, surely, deny me the privilege of visiting them for a short, a very short time."

"And so they have written you a begging letter?" he said, as if musing upon her implied proposition, without having heard the one she had expressed.

The eyes of Maud flashed with indignation, and she started from her seat.

"There, read it!" she exclaimed, "and see if they have debased themselves to a level with your suspicions! Would that I had possessed one spark of their generous independence and self-respect!"

The letter was turned contemptuously aside; and flying from the room, she shut herself in her chamber, and reiterated, amidst a passionate fit of weeping—"I have earned it!—madly earned it all!"

Watched as a prisoner, tasked as a menial, trampled on as a worm, by the unhappy being to whom she had unrighteously sacrificed her youth, the ambitious, the arrogant, the impetuous Maud was humbled in the dust. In the contests which she had unguardedly waged, during the first days of their union, she had betrayed her own motives and expectations, and had learned, in return, that there are none so impracticable as the self-important; none so perverse and vindictive as the feeble-minded.

CHAPTER IV.

The quiet and romantic valleys of the ——— river were looking their loveliest in the chequered verdure of June, when the young foreigner, whom we introduced in our last chapter, might have been seen tracing their primitive roads on horseback and alone. Presuming himself to be near the point of his destination, at the close of a delicious day of breeze and sunshine, he approached, with the object of inquiring his way, a small edifice, from which, while at a distance, he had seen emerge the white heads and spherical dinner baskets of a little troop of school-children. It was a very humble tenement; the whitewashing could not conceal the roughness of the logs of which its walls were constructed, nor the drapery of summer vines the clumsy slabs that formed its roof; yet, in its tidiness and the rustic taste of its decorations, he saw so much that reminded him of the peasant homes of his own country, that, after he had dismounted, he walked slowly to be the better able to enjoy the

resemblance. The side of the dwelling was towards him, and the ground, which sloped from it to the road, with its carefully swept and weeded sod, was shaded with oaks and maples, interspersed with a few venerable apple-trees, luxuriant in glossy leaves and downy fruit. Enclosing it, otherwise, was a garden, the skilful management of which was proven by the variety and fine growth of its culinary store, and the number and beauty of its flower borders. Geraniums and other common house plants were ranged outside of the open windows, and within fluttered little curtains, coarse, indeed, but of snowy whiteness. The door fronting him stood open, and belonged to an apartment which, from its furniture, some table and cooking utensils, disposed over the fire-place and upon a dresser, and a few little benches against the walls, scattered with primers and spelling-books, appeared to serve the double duty of kitchen and school-room. An opposite door was also open, and a different scene was revealed. It was a better room, with the declining sun lighting up the clear glass of a large book-case, and gleaming upon the gilded leaves of a volume which could not have been mistaken for any thing else than a family Bible, and which lay upon a table in the middle of the floor. A venerable looking man, whose figure was shrunken either through age or illness, and with a few soft gray locks lying upon his pale and furrowed face, reclined with closed eyelids in a wide deep chair, and near him quietly knitting sat a young girl, in a dress of Quaker-like neatness and simplicity, which revealed a form of the most critically faultless outlines.

The stranger had rapped before he was perceived, and the girl—it was Rose Evelyn—arose, and blushing received the profound bow which her appearance had inspired.

"I am seeking," said he, "the residence of the Reverend Mr. Evelyn;—can you direct me to it?"

"It is here," answered Rose, turning quite pale with indefinable apprehension; for never since her childhood had she seen a person whose air spoke so much of refined life, and her first thoughts were that his visit was connected with her sister.

"And you are Maud!" said the stranger, extending his hand and looking earnestly in her face.

"No, I am Rose; and you are," she added, joyfully, "you must be Julian Ormesby!" and the next moment the young man was receiving a parental welcome from the countenance and gestures, if not from the voice of Mr. Evelyn.

"My aunt and cousins—what tidings do you bring us of them?" asked Rose, observing that the visitor failed to distinguish the questions of the invalid.

"That they are well and happy, and full of affectionate remembrance toward you all. I am here as their commissioner, and too much interested in the success of my instructions not to deliver them at once. They are to bring you home to England. My sister—your playmate, Rose, little Lucy—has been recently married, and to her husband has de-

volved a church living, which he wishes to see worthily occupied. From my mother's representation of you, my dear sir, he and Lucy think that no one could so religiously fulfil its duties, and they urgently offer it to your acceptance."

Mr. Evelyn stretched out his trembling and powerless hands, and with heavy moisture standing in his eyes, whispered emphatically—"It is too late!"

Rose turned to the window to conceal her emotion, and then remarked, in faltering tones—

"My father has suffered with much bodily infirmity. For nearly a year he has not been able to engage in any pastoral duty."

The young man regarded them anxiously for a moment, and then wishing to relieve the feelings which he had excited, he asked—

"But where is Maud?"

"Married and gone," replied Rose, attempting faintly to smile, and then looking more sad than before; for a letter from her sister, freshly written, had disclosed all her trials and disappointments.

"Maud married!" he exclaimed, and his countenance changed in both expression and colour; but resuming, with an effort, his cheerful and cordial manner, he repeated—"Maud married!—then is my charming romance destroyed forever! Do you remember, Rose,—but no, you were too young to know it then; but Maud was the passion of my boyhood. What a bewitching little creature she was!—so beautiful and spirited and clever. I used to make a confidante of my mother, and assure her that if ever I got a wife it must be Maud Evelyn; and that early dream I never abandoned. Married and gone, without even giving me the honourable despair of a refusal, after all my hopes and fears, and plans and resolutions!"

There was a genuine sensibility in his voice and countenance, which he could not disguise by an affectation of gaiety; and Rose, who stood beside him with her full, serious eyes fixed on his, looked as if she was sorry also.

"But I forgot to ask," he resumed, "to whom she is married, and whither she has gone?"

"She lives in ———, where her worldly estate is very different from ours. Her husband's name is Simeon Albany."

"Is it, indeed, so?" said the young man, after a thoughtful pause. "I saw her there, and little dreamed that it was Maud Evelyn."

The first autumn month set in, and Julian Ormesby had not accomplished his mission. He had made excursions to various parts of the country, but the close of almost every fortnight had found him returning to the cottage of Mr. Evelyn. At length, after having received letters from home, during one of his visits he sought an interview with Rose.

"You are trimming your shrubs very carefully, Rose," said he, gravely, "so much so as to make me fear that you have resolved not to leave them."

She was busy in her garden, but stopped her work at his approach, and answered—

"You are not mistaken in your inference, Julian."

"Then I have your decisive answer? I may tell our friends that you refuse to make them happy by influencing your father to yield to their solicitations?"

"Tell them I am grateful for their kindness, with my whole heart, but that my father, who is now unfitted for the station they offer him, declines to become an unprofitable tax upon their generosity; and that for myself, I feel my duty to lie even here. I am young and strong, endowed with ability of mind and body to maintain us both; and my sister, though not, indeed, present with us, is a constant weight upon my thoughts. You must have conjectured, Julian, from my manner, that she is not happy; and I could not bear, even though I might not express it to her in person once in years, that she should be separated by the broad ocean from those who by nature owe her comfort and sympathy. Oh, no!—by preserving to me so uninterruptedly my vigour, and a real enjoyment in my labours, Providence seems to point out to me the path I should pursue."

"Then you will allow me to remain with you, Rose? In my youthful fancies of coming to win your sister, I often dwelt upon the idea of creating a home worthy of her in the New World. My fortune, as you know, is not large, yet in this country it might soon be increased to a sufficiency for any moderate desires. The professions from which I have been expected to choose my future career, the army and the sea, are both incongenial to my taste. I wish to live a quiet, domestic life; to erect my family altar in some pleasant spot, and never to depart from its hallowed influence. Will you help me to build it, here in this country of your choice? Let me relieve you of your toils. My will to serve your father is scarcely less strong than your own; let him rest on me. Will you be mine, Rose?"

"Not for that consideration, Julian."

"No, dear Rose, I do not mean for that, but for the certainty I know you already feel of the deep affection I bear you. All that my imagination painted of Maud, the results I expected from your father's wise instructions, from your mother's lofty and beautiful example, I find realized in you. In consideration of my love, I ask you to listen to me."

"In my knowledge of your worth, I do, Julian," she answered, raising her eyes in modest confidence to his face; "in the feeling that I can yield to your care my precious burthen, and devote my life equally between you."

Ormesby became the purchaser of an extensive and profitable manufactory in a beautiful section of the country, and thither immediately on his marriage conveyed his bride and her father. Maud had been earnestly solicited by the happy Rose to meet her there; and Mr. Albany having, through some business transaction, discovered that his new connection was undoubtedly a man of consequence,

thought it prudent to allow her to comply. Wrecked in health, without protection, and half broken-hearted, she came in a public conveyance, and was received in tearful silence by her father and sister.

"Let me stay with you, Rose," she sobbed, convulsively. "I have come to beg a shelter from the miseries I have endured. Do with me what I deserve; let me obey you as a child incapable of governing itself, but do not send me from you. Plead with me, father, that I may stay!"

To her father she described all her trials and confessed all her errors, and many a long hour she spent in his closet, listening to his admonitions and joining in his prayers. The few days to which she was restricted for her visit expired, and she prepared to return to her cheerless home.

"I am going, dear Rose," said she to her sister before they parted, "to commence, with God's blessing, the course which would have saved me from all my sorrow had I followed it sooner."

Years have passed since then; and though Maud has but attained those of mature womanhood, her once bright looks are blanched, and her graceful form bent as with age. Her bonds have neither been loosed nor lightened. A life of jealous exacting has too much hardened her husband to enable him to appreciate her sacrifices, yet she still offers them with the uncomplaining humility of a changed heart; and regarding the self-inflicted evils of her present life as lessons to prepare her for one to come, she awaits patiently and prayerfully the time when her probation shall be ended.

TO HELEN.

BY E. G. SQUIER.

FAREWELL, sweet one! the dream at last is o'er!

A dream too bright to last, of one unknown,

Unknown to thee, to see thee now no more!

Perchance, one day, when years of toil have flown,

And on thy brow the hand of time is laid,

And o'er thy cheek's warm glow hath passed a shade,

Perchance, sweet one, though dark forebodings chill,

The heart's aspiring, and the fairy glass,

Which Hope holds up to Youth, is oftentimes made

To shadow forth a darkling Future, still

We yet may meet again, and I may tell,

When brighter visions for the future pass,

How I have loved thee, Helen, and how well.—

Till then I may not know thee, and till then farewell!

And yet 'tis sorrowful to leave thee now,

Without one word in joy or sorrow spoken,

Without one pledge, a last and parting token!

For though I've gazed full oft upon thy brow,

And drank deep draughts of love from thy dark eyes,

Whose soul-full glance the proudest prince might prize,

Still, from thy lips, I've longed in vain to hear,

When some more favoured lingered at thy side,

One tone of thy loved voice, to raise, to cheer—

Yet in thy flashing eye, and step of pride,

Spoke out a soul to which a king might kneel—

But Hope points onward, and her star will guide—

With will of iron and with nerve of steel,

I yet may win Renown, and claim thee for my bride!

LIFE'S CURFEW BELL.

BY WILLIAM H. CRANSTON.

I saw an aged man go by,

Just bending o'er the grave,

He had been young and beautiful,

Kind-hearted, bold and brave.

His eye was brilliant once, but now

His vision had decayed,

And manly strength had left that form,

In mournfulness to fade.

His setting sun shone gently round,

On earth's deceptive face,

And lit the silent chambers of

His body's resting place.

I love to hear the solemn sound

Of life's sad curfew bell;

It tolls its eighty dismal strokes

To bid the world farewell.

And when its solemn sound ascends,

Beside some stately tomb,

Its sweet, but plaintive melody,

Disrobes death of its gloom.

It points us to the spirit-land,

Where all the sainted dead

Are gathered in the semblance of

Their everlasting head.

THE ARTIST'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

It was rather late in the evening of a day in autumn, 182—, that two well-dressed persons were seen standing before a small house in one of the principal streets of Milan. They leaned against the railing at the foot of the steps, and were listening with such apparent attention, that their attitude and employment might have excited observation, but that a certain high-bred air indicated them to be above suspicion, and the delicious music heard from the house fully justified them in pausing to listen.

The music was low, plaintive and touching, and accompanied by a clear and melodious male voice. Now and then it swelled into deeper pathos, the voice being evidently interrupted by sobs; and one of the listeners, deeply moved, turned aside to brush a tear from his eyes. After it had continued some time with these alternations of harmonious complaint, it was suddenly broken off, and a dead silence succeeded.

"Poor Antonio!" said one of the gentlemen, with a deep sigh; "this affliction will kill him."

"Nay," answered his companion, "I have no fear. He has youth, health, ambition, to sustain him; and though I know he feels——"

"But you know not Antonio as I do, Ronza," rejoined the other. "It is the exquisite sensibility of his nature, the deep and passionate feeling hid under his graceful and composed exterior, that, even more than qualities merely professional, has contributed to his fame as the first of modern singers. And this exquisitely toned instrument, that yields such melody to the lightest touch, may be as easily shattered."

"He loved his mother devotedly; but—*cielo*—did he expect to survive her?"

"Ah! she was more than mother to him; he owed her his intellectual, his spiritual being. She directed his pure soul to the enjoyments alone fitted for him; she led him to the shrine of Art. No, Ronza, do not blame his grief."

"I do not blame it. I only say that the deepest wound even in natures like his, may the sooner be healed. But let us go in."

The two friends ascended the steps, and knocked. They were admitted, and as they anticipated, found the person they had come to seek, plunged in a grief that defied all consolation—the more to be dreaded, as his outward manner was cold and calm. It was the snow upon the mountain, whose breast was consuming in volcanic fires.

"And yet I am grateful for your coming," he said, after every commonplace source of consolation had been exhausted in their kind efforts to

divert his mind from the contemplation of the calamity that had crushed him. "I cannot now say how grateful, but you will forgive my lack of words. Will you pardon, also, Count Albert, my entreating you to take charge of these papers?"

And opening a drawer, he took out several letters and handed them to the count.

"How—you do not now think of leaving Milan?"

"No—but I retire from the world. To-morrow I enter the Convent di ——."

Count Albert di Gaëta and the Marchese di Ronza exchanged looks of dismay.

"So sudden a project ——"

"It is not sudden. My resolution has been formed since the day of my mother's death, and my application was forwarded immediately. I expect a reply to it every hour."

"You have been imprudent, my friend," said the Marchese. "You will regret the precipitation of this step."

"And what have I now to live for?" asked the mourner, bitterly.

"For fame," replied di Ronza.

"For art," said Count Albert.

The bereaved artist shook his head.

"When, at eighteen years of age," he said, "I met with my first triumph at Bologna; when the public far and near were pleased to applaud me, what, think you, was my joy in the enthusiasm I awakened? That *she* rejoiced in my success; that *she* encouraged me to persevering effort; that I was earning honour and competence for her enjoyment in old age. Now I have lost my only stimulus to exertion; I have lost my love of art; my faculties are paralyzed."

"This is not natural," observed the Marchese, gravely.

"But it is truth. The world is a desert to me; I leave it. The church offers me an asylum. I accept it as a refuge where I can bear with me her memory—for whom alone I wished to live!"

"Your friends," said di Ronza, somewhat haughtily, "may not thank you for your exclusion of them. You have many to whom your success is a part of their daily joy. And yet, gifted with health, beauty, genius, not yet twenty-five, you would hide yourself in the cowl and scapulary from the admiration of men—the love of woman ——."

The mourner gave an involuntary and impatient gesture. The Marchese saw that his brow was crimson, and a new light seemed to break on Ronza's mind, for a meaning smile played for an instant on his lip. It was gone before either of his companions perceived it.

"Before we part," asked he, "will you sing us this air from the *Cenerentola*?" and he took up a leaf of music.

"Nay," interposed Count Albert, "it is wrong to ask this. How unsuitable this song to the gloom of his feelings!"

"The better, that the power of music may for an instant dispel his melancholy thoughts. Come, Antonio, I will join you."

Antonio complied, and seated himself at the piano to sing. Ronza accompanied him, watching him closely all the while, and nodded his head with an expression of satisfaction when the air was concluded.

There was a knock at the door; Antonio arose from the instrument. The *portiere* entered, and handed him a letter. He begged pardon of his friends, and broke the seal; glanced over the contents, and buried his face in his hands.

The friends sat in silent sympathy. At length, in obedience to a sign from the mourner, Count Albert took the letter up and read it. It was an answer from the superiors of the Convent di ——. His application was rejected; their doors were closed against "an actor."

Courteously as the denial was expressed, it was evident that Antonio felt the implied insult to his profession; and indignation for the moment rose above his grief.

"The creed is indeed exclusive," he said, bitterly, "that refuses an actor space for repentance and preparation for death."

"They are right," said the Marchese, somewhat abruptly. "What sort of a monk would you make, Antonio mio? Your sorrow is profound, but it must in time abate; your heart will rise from its depression; you will feel once again the impulse of genius and ambition."

"Never!" interrupted the artist.

"I tell you, you will. I am old in the world, and, therefore, a true prophet. You will, and the time is not far distant. In the convent, your eyes would be opened, only that you might see the gloom surrounding you; your wings would expand, only that you might feel the weight that chained them to earth—forever! For I know you well enough to know that once fettered by the vows, you would die ere fling them off! They are right; they foresee the result. Be warned in time!"

"My resolution is unalterable," said Antonio. "Milan is not the world. In four days I shall leave it, and seek elsewhere the asylum I cannot obtain here. I am heart-broken and wretched; I cannot live among the scenes and associations of my past life. Better for me the grave of the suicide!"

"This must be remedied, and speedily," said Count Albert to his companion, after they had quitted their friend, whose sufferings seemed in no degree alleviated by their sympathy, "or nature will give way. That wild look of anguish; that fevered flush; the hurried and abrupt movement; the visible emaciation of his whole frame; all these

make me shudder. An organization so susceptible, so delicate, cannot withstand so mighty a shock. Suffer this grief to prey upon him, and in three months he will fall its victim."

"You are right," replied di Ronza. "There is danger, and it must be averted. The world has no overplus of genius and worth, that we can afford to lose a Tamburini."

"But the means——"

"I have thought, and still think of them. Join me at my lodgings at ten. For the present I have an engagement. *A rivederci*."

And the friends separated.

The scene was a handsomely furnished drawing-room in the house of Madame Gioja. This lady,—French by birth, celebrated for her many graces and accomplishments,—was the daughter of the Count Gaëtani, and wedded in early youth to the Marquis de Miriallia. His jealous love for the beautiful creature he had espoused prompted his last will, which made the forfeiture of his fortune the penalty of her second marriage. Surrounded by luxury and admiration, moving in the most exalted circles, the lovely widow cast her eyes upon a young artist, dependent on his profession for support. Love proved stronger than ambition, and she gave up splendour to share the lot of the poor man whom her heart had chosen. Her friends were indignant; she was deprived of her liberty; but being afterwards released from imprisonment, she left her native country to lead a wandering life, consoled for all her sacrifices by the love of her husband and children.

Madame Gioja was reading by a small table in the centre of the room. A young girl of exquisite beauty was playing at the piano, sometimes accompanying the music with her voice; and ever and anon the elderly lady would look up from her book with a glance so full of tenderness and pride, that the spectator needed not to have observed the striking resemblance between the two to be certain of their relationship. The looks were such as only beam from a mother's eyes upon a beloved and only daughter.

"The Marchese di Ronza," said the *portiere*, throwing open the door.

Madame Gioja rose to receive her guest. The visit was unusual from one of rank so high; for the lady, be it remembered, had descended in marrying to the condition of her husband, and he was no associate of nobles. But she had in youth been familiar with courts and princes, and in grace and dignity she was not changed, so that though surprised at the visit, no princess could have received it with greater self-possession and composure.

The Marchese paid his respects to the lady, then turned to her daughter, who had risen from the piano, and fixed on her so prolonged a gaze, that the mother was startled and somewhat offended. She replied very gravely to some casual remark of her guest, and the young girl, who seemed aware that there was an embarrassment, blushed deeply.

Ronza saw he had committed an error, and said with a serious air to Madame Gioja—

"May I crave the favour, madame, of a few moments' conversation with you on business?"

"Certainly," answered the lady; and turning to her daughter, "You may retire, my dear Marietta."

The young lady left the room. The Marchese remained a few moments silent, as if considering how he should introduce what he had to say. At length he said, abruptly—

"My business concerns the Signorina, as well as yourself. It is for your permission for her to sing in part of a new piece by Mercadante, to be immediately produced."

Madame Gioja hesitated.

"I have cultivated my daughter's talent for music to the utmost," said she, "and yet I tremble to decide on her choice of the art as a profession. She is so young, so sensitive, so ill able to sustain herself against the many trials of an artiste——"

"And is it you who talks thus?" asked the Marchese, surprised. "You, who sacrificed opulence, rank, friends, for the love of art—to share the fortunes of a votary of music!"

"I am the better able," said the lady, smiling, "to judge of its consolations. Of its triumphs I say nothing; for I would not have Marietta influenced by the least whisper of vanity in her choice for life!"

"You are then undetermined as to your daughter's embracing the profession of music?" cried Ronza, astonished. "You have, perhaps, other views—other designs for her?"

"Signore?" said the mother, evidently not understanding the drift of the question.

"Nay," said the Marchese, recovering himself, "it is not right to ask such questions, at least, without confiding our whole project to you, madame. And first, have no fears as to granting my request. It is only before a select audience that I wish your daughter to sing."

"Then my permission is freely granted," replied the lady.

"A word more. You are aware, madame, of the recent misfortune of our friend Tamburini?"

"The death of his mother? Ah! it was a terrible blow. I am told he bears it not with resignation."

"Alas! madame, the blow may cost him his life. Driven by grief to despair, he has already applied for admission into the Convent ——"

"This is dreadful!" exclaimed the lady; and Ronza saw that her cheek grew pale.

"His application," he continued, "has been refused, as it ought to be, and he is now resolved on quitting Milan. You know Antonio; you know him to be one of those fiery spirits, impatient of suffering, ready to plunge into imprudence, and obstinate against opposition. The only hope of saving him is to reawaken his ambition—his impulse for art."

"And how can that be done?"

"By a master stroke, if at all; and in this I crave your aid. Your daughter—I have seen it—has

much influence over our spoiled artist. I have seen his emotion when she sang, at your private concerts."

"You overrate her powers," said the mother, reservedly. "But her aid and mine shall be cheerfully given to any enterprise that promises to divert the grief of our valued friend. Your wish is——"

"Simply, that she will take a part in the *Posto Abbandonato*, in an act of which he will appear. A few select friends are to be the audience. I will have the piece sent her immediately."

"I promise for her."

"I thank you, madame, and the world will thank you," cried the Marchese, as he paid his parting salutations and hastened to his rendezvous with the count.

But the mother found opposition where she had not counted upon it—from the young lady herself. Marietta seemed the more averse to the proposition, the more she was reasoned with about it; and her own reasons for her reluctance were, as a petted young girl's are sometimes apt to be, so frivolous, that they vexed Madame Gioja. Was it obstinacy or coquetry, thought she; but her daughter was ever wont to be complying, and above all artifice. She told Marietta there was no receding from her word pledged for her compliance; and then, though with not a little pouting, the young lady set about learning the part assigned to her.

The preparations of Tamburini for leaving Milan were complete. The amateurs of the city were in despair; but no entreaties could move his determination. Count Albert passed with him the afternoon of his last day, to be crowned, according to the earnest solicitation of numerous friends, by a private concert, in which the already famous singer was to gratify them for the last time. It was to be his adieu to them, to music and the world.

"You will have the goodness also, dear Count, to have this package delivered after my departure. It is a selection of the best pieces of opera music in my collection, with the great works of Gluck. Ah! he was once my favourite master."

"Have you lost your taste for his compositions?"

"No; but I can no longer do them justice. I am an ingrate, for if I ever had aught of energy, fire or force, I owe it to him. What strength, what soul there is in his creations! How they task the noblest faculties! Passion they have, but more than passion; it is the very mind, the genius of tragedy."

The count read the direction on the package—it was addressed "To Mademoiselle Marietta Gioja."

"There is another of my lost divinities," said Antonio, with a melancholy smile. "I might"—and his face flushed deeply as he spoke—"had I risen to the summit I once hoped to attain, to an eminence that would have conferred distinction on those I loved, I might have dared to offer her the homage of my heart. Beautiful as she is, the perfections of her person are surpassed by her mental

loveliness; and oh, what angelic goodness! But I must not speak of her; it makes me bitter to think in what a delusion I have indulged."

"Believe it, believe it yet!" cried Albert, grasping his friend's hand.

"No; I am now fully awakened. What a mockery to think of one elevated so far above me! Her aristocratic descent, the pride of her mother's family,—the claims of these might have been satisfied, had I lived to realize my lofty visions! But they are dispelled, and I have resigned this sweetest hope of all; cherishing only the thought that she will not perhaps disdain my last gift; that these noble and glorious works may sometimes recall to her mind the memory of one who, had he proved worthy, would have dared to love her."

"This is folly!" exclaimed the count. "You are depressed, and the world seems dark to you. With time, the soother of sorrow——"

"You mistake, my dear friend. It is not the pressure of grief alone that weighs me down, and has crushed my energies. I were not a man had I not within me a principle that could bear up against the heaviest calamity. But," and he laid his hand impressively on Albert's arm, "heard you never of the *death of enthusiasm*?"

His friend sighed deeply.

"It is thus with me. I have nothing now to offer at the shrine of art. Shall I present her with a cold and soulless votary, rifled of his treasure of youth, and faith, and hope? Shall I, whose spirit has flagged in the race, long ere the goal was won, pluck at inferior honours? Shall I cumber the arena to dishearten others, when I can obtain no prize? How am I to inspire the public with confidence when I have lost it in myself? How can I kindle passion in others, who am dead to its fires? No, Count Albert, I have become insensible to the deepest, the highest wonders of music. I will not insult her by a dragging, desperate mediocrity. I will not impede the advance of better spirits. I have fallen in the battle—the honours of victory are not for me."

It was melancholy to see this paralysis, this prostration of a noble spirit! And yet, how to combat it? Argument was in vain, and he rejoiced when this painful interview was at an end. It was already evening, and time to go to the concert; the carriage was at the door. The count took his friend's arm and led him down. Not a word was exchanged as they drove on, till they drew up and alighted at their place of destination.

It was at the house of a distinguished amateur that this final concert was to take place, and the saloon had been fitted up as a small theatre. A select number of auditors—many more, however, than the performers had expected—were seated at the upper end of the room. The stage was brilliantly lighted, and the scenery so well painted and so admirably arranged as almost to bewilder the senses with illusion. All that taste and poetry could devise, lent their enchantment to the scene.

Those who have observed the effect of sudden

excitement on minds long and deeply depressed,—that is, on temperaments highly susceptible,—may conceive the conflict of emotion in the breast of Antonio, as he found himself thus unexpectedly surrounded by the external splendour and beauty of scenic art. He had anticipated meeting with a few friends, to sing with them a farewell song. What meant these flowery wreaths, this blaze of light, this luxury of painting? The orchestra struck up; their music seemed to penetrate his inmost soul; the revulsion of feeling kindled a wild energy within him. He felt, and at once, almost the inspiration of early youth. Though convinced it was but momentary, he yielded to the impulse and advanced upon the stage.

His symmetrical and noble figure, the grace and expression of his movements, the mind beaming from his features, would at any time have prepossessed an audience in his favour. Under the present affecting circumstances, appealing to every heart, the welcome was tumultuous and long. Tamburini, as he acknowledged it, recovered his melancholy composure. It was destined soon to be overthrown.

At a little distance from him stood the heroine of the piece; like him, bewildered at the novelty of her position and the splendour of her reception, and blushing in much confusion. Could Antonio believe his eyes? It was Marietta Gioja!

With an involuntary exclamation of surprise, he hastened towards her. He did not perceive either pride or coquetry in her evident avoidance of him. But there was no time for explanations. The music played on, and both performed their parts to the rapturous delight of all who listened.

At last the curtain fell. The young debutante was standing upon the stage; she turned to go, but at the instant her hand was clasped by Antonio and covered with burning kisses.

"Marietta, dear Marietta, how can I thank you for this?"

She struggled to withdraw her hand; she repelled him haughtily. He saw that her face was bathed in tears.

"For pity's sake, Marietta, tell me how I have offended you!"

"Let me go, sir; it is all I ask!"

But love was stronger than reason or reserve. The torrent had burst its bounds, and it must overflow. In language impassioned as his own heart, irrepresible as the burning lava of a volcano, he poured forth the love so long nourished in secret. He told her of his hopes and fears—all, all swallowed up in earnest, ardent devotion! The tide of feeling had swept down at once both memory and resolution.

The hues of the rose and lily chased each other rapidly across the cheek of the beautiful girl. Suddenly, at a rustling in the silken folds that veiled them from a view of the audience, she snatched her hands from her lover and rushed off the stage.

Antonio was about to follow her, when Madame Gioja appeared. She led by the hand her trembling and blushing daughter.

"My daughter came hither in obedience to my commands," said she; "and now Marietta, that your bashful scruples are satisfied, and there is no danger that our friend can charge you with any unmaidenly project for storming his heart, you may as well tell him that you love him in sincerity, though in truth this scene is not the fittest for a real declaration. Since it must be, however, take my blessing, dear children!"

There was a continued clamour without, and frequent cries of "Tamburini." Presently a corner of the curtain was raised, and the Marchese di Ronza appeared, his face radiant with benevolent joy.

"I have the happiness to announce to you, my friends, that our distinguished and well beloved Antonio has concluded to defer, indefinitely, his departure from Milan. You will dispense, therefore, with his farewell at present. I have reason to hope that he will ere long favour us with his performance through the whole piece of the *Posto Abbandonato*, and congratulate you, as well as myself, upon the certainty that he has no idea of *abandoning his post*!"

Loud, heartfelt and rapturous was the cheering that greeted this announcement. Tamburini heard and wondered in his new born happiness how he could ever have yielded to despair.

Thus was a great artist rescued from self-despondency and restored to the world. The disappointment of his first project of turning recluse, was made to bring forth wholesome fruit. But the Marchese, whose plan of a surprise had so admirably succeeded, was never willing to give love all the credit he deserved. As to Madame Gioja, she knew the human heart, and wondered not at the result.

A short time after, the nuptials of Marietta and Antonio were celebrated. Though he cherished with veneration to the end of his life the memory of his mother, yet never again did he yield to that self-distrust and despair, which in the true artist is burying the talent committed to him.

It was near sunset on a bright and warm day in September, 182-, that a gentleman and lady, dressed in travelling attire, might have been seen descending the steps of a palazzo fronting on one of the principal canals of Venice. They were followed by an attendant, another having gone before with their luggage, and deposited it in a plain looking gondola fastened at the foot of the steps. The travellers took their seats in this gondola, and as they pushed off, observed two gentlemen ascend the steps of the house they had just quitted, and ring at the door. While they were talking with the porter, a turn in the canal carried the gondola out of sight.

"Who knows what we have escaped, Marietta, *cara*?" said the male passenger. "If my eyes inform me rightly, one of yon cavaliers is Signor Bordini, a friend of the *Impressario* here, come doubtless to tempt me with some new piece, and urge me to stay."

"I should not regret an accident that kept us longer in Venice," observed the lady. "You are, I know, well appreciated."

"We will return; oh, yes! We are not bidding a long adieu to the sea-born city. But I must not disappoint our friends at Trieste."

"How lovely a scene!" exclaimed the lady, after a pause of some length.

And in truth it was beautiful. The sun had set, but his beams yet lingered on the towers and cupolas of the palaces of Venice, and on the light clouds that overhung them like a canopy of gold. They had passed from the canal, where light boats were shooting to and fro in every direction, and the sound of footsteps and lively voices filled the air, into one of the lagunes, where a complete stillness prevailed, broken only by the plash of the water as the oars dipped, and the gentle ripple as the boat swept on, and the softened, distant murmur of human life and motion in a great city. The moon rose large, and round, and bright, in the east. There was a delicious mistiness in the atmosphere that mellowed every object; a dreamy and luxurious softening, like the languor that enhances the charms of an oriental beauty. At no great distance lay the vessel that was to convey the passengers to Trieste, waiting for them and the hour appointed to set sail.

"See that large gondola yonder!" said the lady, laying her hand suddenly on her husband's arm. "How gracefully it glides over the waters; and it seems to follow straight on our course."

It came onward, indeed, with almost incredible velocity; and was now near enough for them to observe that it was painted black, and moreover of a somewhat peculiar construction.

"It is a government boat," said the man.

"She has armed men on board," remarked their attendant. "She bears directly upon us."

"Antonio!" exclaimed the lady, pressing close to her husband with an expression of apprehension.

"Be not alarmed, Marietta mia; they mean us no harm—though sooth to say, it is somewhat discourteous to follow us so closely. Hold there," he cried to the gondolier; "let us rest a moment and see what they want with us."

The gondolier backed water with his oars so dexterously, that the course of the light vessel was checked in an instant, and she quivered on the water without making a foot's progress. At the same moment the other boat came along side, and also stopped. An officer wearing the imperial uniform stood up and signed to the gondolier as if forbidding him to proceed.

"May I ask, signore, what this means?" demanded the gentleman passenger. "We are in haste."

"And we also," replied the officer. "I am in search of a person called Antonio Tamburini."

"I am he."

"It is well. You will please accompany me."

"That is impossible. I am about to sail for Trieste. We are on our way to the vessel."

"You must return. I have an order for your arrest." And he exhibited an order, signed by the proper authorities, and made out in due form, for the arrest of Antonio Tamburini.

The lady uttered a half shriek, and clung to her husband.

"Here is some mistake, signor. I am the *singer* Tamburini. I have never interfered in politics; I have nothing to do with the government. I am but a chance passenger through Venice."

"My orders are positive," said the officer, with some appearance of impatience. "Make way there;" and while his armed attendants moved so as to allow seats for the prisoners, he offered his hand to the lady to assist her into the other boat.

Our hero was sufficiently vexed at this unexpected delay, but saw that it was inevitable. Offering his arm to his wife, he helped her to change her place, and gave directions for the transfer of his luggage. In a few minutes they were retracing their course across the lagune.

Not a word was spoken by any of the party, except that once the officer inquired if the lady's seat was commodious. Notwithstanding the silence, however, his manner and that of his men was respectful in the highest degree; and this circumstance somewhat encouraged the hopes of his prisoners that their unpleasant detention might be followed by no serious misfortune. But who could penetrate the mysteries of governmental policy, or the involutions of its suspicion?

Thus it was not without misgivings that Tamburini entered Venice on his compulsory return; and these apprehensions were strengthened when he saw it was not the intention of his guards to conduct him to his late residence. They passed the Palazzo di —; the arcades of San Marco. They were not far from the ancient ducal palace. Thoughts of a prison, of secret denunciations, of unknown accusers, of trial and sentence, were busy in Antonio's brain, and caused him to move uneasily. As for the lady, she was pale as death, and hardly able to support herself upright. The more inexplicable seemed the danger the greater was her dread. Once she leaned towards her husband, and whispered, in a touching tone of distress—"My mother—how will she feel when she knows what has befallen us."

Gentle and generous instinct of woman! Her first thought under the severest pressure of calamity is always for the dear ones whom the blow that crushes her perchance may bruise!

At length the gondola stopped. The moon was shining so brightly, that the marble steps seemed almost to radiate light. There was a hum of voices at a distance, and tones of music at intervals floated on the air; but all was still immediately around them. Two of the guard took their places on either side of the prisoners; two followed; the officer walked before and led the way up a dark flight of steps that terminated in a wide corridor. This, too, was only lighted by a torch carried in the hand of one of the attendants.

"Antonio, whither are we going?" asked Madame Tamburini, in a feeble voice, and leaning heavily on her husband's arm, half fainting with affright.

"Courage, my beloved!" answered he, supporting her with his arm; "we shall soon know the worst."

Crossing the corridor, they entered another long gallery, and walked its whole length in silence, stopping before a massive door at the lower end. The officer directed the door to be opened. It swung on its hinges with a most dungeon-like grating, and the prisoners were ushered into the next apartment.

The sudden light, combined with the effect of overpowering surprise, had nearly completed the work of terror on the lady's trembling frame; she would have fallen to the earth had not the officer supported her. Several persons came crowding round to offer their assistance. Tamburini thought himself fallen into a trance, and rubbed his eyes. They stood in the green-room of the opera house!

This, then, was their dungeon! And what meant this bold invasion of their liberty?—this marching them back as prisoners, under guard, and in fear of their lives? Was it the work of the *Impressario*? Apparently not—for he stood with open eyes and mouth, as much astonished as the rest at the unexpected apparition of the distinguished singer. He turned an inquiring look towards the officer.

"I know what you would ask, Signor Tamburini," replied the cool official, "and will give you all the satisfaction in my power. I have the honour to announce to you the commands of His Majesty the Emperor. It is his imperial will that you perform this night in the *Marriage of Figaro*. The emperor himself, with His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, will honour the performance with his presence."

Who is there that had the happiness of being present on that memorable occasion, of witnessing the brilliant and graceful performance of Tamburini, that can forget it? The splendours of the scene, the countless number of spectators, comprising the beauty and aristocracy of the most aristocratic of Italian cities, assembled in the presence of two of the most powerful monarchs in Europe; the pomp of royalty; the enthusiasm of a people eager to do homage to genius; the gorgeous decorations of the theatre; the admirable aid of a well-chosen orchestra—all these were but accessions to the triumphs of the young and distinguished artist. It was for him this glorious pageant was devised—he was the power that set in motion this vast machinery! What wonder that human pride failed to withstand a tribute so splendid, and that Tamburini, as he trod the stage, and listened to the bursts of rapturous applause that shook the house like peals of thunder, and knew himself the cynosure of all eyes,—the idol of beauty, nobility and royalty,—felt within his breast an inspiration almost superhuman!

When the opera was over, and he was called out to receive the bravos of the audience, and the wreaths that fell in showers at his feet; when flushed with triumph, yet filled with gratitude, he returned behind the curtain, he was surprised to find himself still a prisoner. The guard was ready to conduct him accompanied by his wife to the lodging assigned them. They were treated, indeed, with courtesy and respect, like prisoners of state; but our hero felt uneasy under the restraint, of which he could obtain no explanation further than "he would know on the morrow."

The next day, a little after noon, Tamburini was conducted to the imperial presence. Surrounded by his court, by foreign nobles and visitors of distinction, the emperor entertained his illustrious guest, the Emperor of Russia, who sat at his right hand. There was silence throughout the courtly assembly when the artist was led in. He made a suitable obeisance when his name was announced, and stood with a respectful air to await the monarch's commands.

"Signor Tamburini," said the Emperor of Austria, "you stand before us a prisoner, and, we understand, plead ignorance as to the cause of your arrest."

"I am, indeed, ignorant, sire," replied the artist, "in what respect I have been so unfortunate as to transgress the laws or offend your majesty."

"We will tell you, then," said the emperor, gravely. "It was your treasonous design to pass through this noble city without stopping to perform at the opera house. Your plan was detected—you were taken in the very act of departure."

"Your majesty—," began the artist.

"Silence, sir; it is in vain to defend yourself. You are proved guilty not only of a conspiracy to defraud our good Venetians of their rights in refusing them the privilege of hearing you, but of *lese majeste* against ourself, and our illustrious

brother, the Emperor of Russia. You lie at our mercy; but you have many friends, and at their intercession we remit you other punishment than a few days' imprisonment. Meanwhile, we have ordered a sum to be paid you, in testimony of our approval of your last night's performance; and in addition, ask of us any favour you choose."

"Sire, my gratitude—your gracious condescension—"

Tamburini's voice faltered from emotion.

"Your boon, if you please!" cried the emperor, impatiently.

"Sire, it is simply this—permission to keep my word, pledged to my friends at Trieste, who are expecting me."

There was a murmur of surprise among the spectators. The monarch, after a pause, replied, with a gracious smile—

"You are a noble fellow, Tamburini, and your request shall be granted. Only to-night we must have you in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. We are told you are inimitable in that last adagio. And now, come nearer."

The artist knelt at the monarch's feet.

"Receive from our hands this medal *di nostro Salvatore*,"* and the emperor flung the chain around his neck. "Learn thus how much we love to do honour to genius."

Thus loaded with distinction, the artist was presented to the Russian emperor, and received the compliments and congratulations of the nobility present. He was destined ere long to receive in other lands honours almost equal to those bestowed in his own; and to show how boundless and how absolute is the dominion Heaven has given the true artist over the human heart.

* Wellington was the only foreigner who had received this compliment previously to Tamburini.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBBINS.

Whose soft and fragrant breath is this
In at my window stealing?
The silent bliss of some dear flower,
Thus to my heart revealing.

The loving roses are not blown—
Nor honeysuckles bladed—
The scented clover not yet mown,
And the blossoms are all faded.

I've found you out! my little flower!
Beneath this broad leaf hidden;
'Twas you poured forth the fragrant shower
So silent and unbidden.

Your little row of pearly bells,
Sweet lily waving slowly,
Your secret to the soft breeze tells,
In chimes most clear and holy.

They ring sweet music to my heart,
And pleasant echoes waken:—
Your sweetness you to me impart,
Yet nought from you is taken.

True emblem of a love-full soul,
Blest with its own out-pouring:
By giving it is made more whole—
As a wing gains strength in soaring.

LEAP YEAR; OR, WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

"AND if aunt Milly is 'courting the men,' to repeat your inelegant phrase, Miss Bella, she is but using the immunities of the season; for the present year is Leap Year, when unmarried ladies are privileged to pop the question to tardy swains and undeclared admirers."

"Leap year, mamma?" said the pretty maiden, while a conscious blush attested the interesting nature of her parent's remarks.

"Yes, miss," said Mrs. Grainger, good-humouredly; "and let me advise you and your sisters to exercise a portion of your sex's privilege sufficient to insure husbands before the year expires. Your papa finds business getting worse every day, and I am tired of having a crowd of single girls filling up the table when there are so many young bachelors looking out for eligible wives."

"Mamma, mamma, the men will not marry in these hard times. Mr. Billy Semple told me last week at the Spraggsses' party, that money was so scarce he could not afford to pay even his addresses."

"Billy Semple, indeed!—a young beginner without capital! His own family proves the falsity of his assertion, for his four ugly red-headed sisters are all settled in life, and in tolerably advantageous positions, too, considering the times."

"But, mamma, that was before the 'pressure;' and consider how industriously Billy Semple worked to get husbands for his sisters. Every available young man in the city was invited to the house to hear 'Stalia sing and play, or to read Cely's poetry,—though no one believes she wrote it,—or to examine Mary's geological specimens, and Tilly's cases of bugs and butterflies. And the old gentleman, too, brought home every single southern or western merchant that entered the store; and Billy always had play and concert tickets for the whole party;—and the young men who were seriously inclined were asked every Sunday evening to hear sacred music by the young ladies, assisted by the three blind men from the asylum. And then, how the mother talked about her darlings!—the vocabulary of goodness was daily exhausted in their praise! It was impossible to keep single in that family. All the girls married before they were eighteen; and when a squinting cousin came on a visit from Salem, the old folks, to keep their hands in, patched up a marriage between her and the doctor who operated on her for strabismus."

"Miss Bella, you give your tongue too great a license. The Semples are worldly people, and have sacrificed their children at the shrine of interest. I should be happy to have my daughters

settled in life, but would rather see them die old maids than match unhappily."

"Mamma, it is not fair to joke us girls about being single, when we have no chance given us to pick up a decent beau. We have no brother Billy to work for us. Papa invites no one to the house but forbidden clerks, quakers and gray heads. There are no balls given now-a-days; the theatre is unfashionable; and parties are so few and far between that a flirtation is frozen to death before the next meeting smiles upon us."

"Your sister Maria married a respectable man, without having recourse to any of the Semple adjuncts."

"Now, mamma, *was* poor, dear consumptive George a husband worth having? Didn't he die seven weeks after the ceremony, and his widow came back to her father's house before half her acquaintances knew that she had quitted it?"

"Take care, my pretty miss, that the widow is not married a second time before her unattractive sisters receive the first proposal," said the mother, jokingly, as she quitted the room.

"Unattractive!" murmured Bella; and the pouting beauty ran to the mirror, and arranged her glossy ringlets with her taper fingers as she gazed on the reflection of her charms. The contemplation seemed satisfactory. "Unattractive! Mamma could not mean that for me!" and the pleased maiden sat down to cogitate on the conversation with her parent.

In a few minutes, Bella had resolved upon her course; and running up stairs to her sister's room, summoned her, with the widow and a spinster aunt who resided in the family, to a council of deliberation.

Bella detailed the offensive portion of Mrs. Grainger's remarks, and enlarged with virtuous indignation on the unjust nature of the maternal sneer at their single blessedness, when nothing was done to help them to a change of condition. She repeated the arguments which she had advanced to her mamma; joined regrets with the spinster aunt at their constrained absence from Saratoga for the two last seasons; agreed with her sister Charlotte that there was positively "nobody" at the seashore last year; alluded pathetically to her papa's tyranny in snubbing off a whey-faced light-haired medical student, who carried a thick stick past the house for six weeks, staring with lack-lustre eyes at the windows, and chewing sweet cavendish with a perseverance peculiar to the contiguity of Mason and Dixon's line; and, finally, complimented the young widow on her escape from the shame of

celibacy, and her likelihood of lighting Hymen's altar with a double torch ere she, Bella, had extinguished the vestal fire.

Leap Year and its privileges were then mentioned by the young lady, who ironically declared her intention to avail herself of her sex's rights. She was not to be reproached for being "unattractive,"—she would take her mamma at the word, and pop the question to any available beau who had the hardihood to venture in her propinquity. Miss Charlotte made common cause with Bella, and joined her in her declarations. Aunt Milly, as Miss Matilda Mildred was generally termed, who owned to eight and twenty, and had done so for the last four years, applauded the girls' resolve; and, praising the usages of the Bissextile, proclaimed her readiness to aid and assist all proper plans and plots, although the ardent appeals of a certain male friend would render unnecessary her availability of the principle so necessary to the welfare of the sex. The widow promised her assistance, slyly hinting that it was worth while seeing if she could not keep her vantage in this Atalanta race. In short, the four ladies entered into a bond of alliance, with one common purpose and intent—marriage to all the parties before the expiration of the present year.

The reader must not expect a detail of the various and minute stratagems practised by the belligerents in this holy war against single blessedness. It would be placing fresh weapons in the hands of those who are already too powerful, and too well acquainted with the acts of subjugation. The ladies succeeded in their object, of course, as ladies always do when they are resolved to gain a point, and can back their resolution with the united services of youth and beauty; but Dan Cupid did not relish being dragooned into obedience—he preserved the immaculate nature of his divinity; and, despite of feminine plots and plans, he proved the potency of his sway ere he suffered his saffron-robed friend, Hymen, to control the destinies of his disciples.

The details of a confidential dish of chat at an accidental tea-drinking at Mrs. Spraggs', about three months after the formation of the conspiracy, will save the reader some considerable length of explanation.

"You must come and see us," said Mrs. Grainger to the lady of the house. "Come without ceremony or particular invitation. It is but a step, you know, and Spraggs can look in for you in the evening, and take supper with us and a glass with the gentlemen."

"You have company now nearly every evening in the week, I believe?"

"Every evening. Since Mr. Grainger found it necessary to increase the firm, in consequence of the extensive nature of his western contracts, Mr. Singleton, the new partner has been almost entirely at our house. He is a bachelor, and dislikes living at the hotels. His brother, from Kentucky, is now in this city, and spends most of his time with our

family. Mr. Grainger's uncle, Mr. Cremorne, is also with us."

"We shall have the young ladies getting married soon, I presume. I have frequently observed them attended home by two handsome young men with elegant moustaches."

"New Yorkers, but wholly ineligible. Mr. Grainger gave them their dismissal last week. Uncle Cremorne overheard them tossing up for first choice of the girls, and the winner of the largest fortune was to pay the expenses of the wedding dinner."

"The reprobates!" sighed Mrs. Spraggs. "And Count Rooster-catcher, from Molly—something,—who saw Miss Charlotte at Baltimore, and followed her home?"

"Roosti-käächer, from Moldavia. Oh, my dear madam, foreign counts are so direfully below par, now-a-days, that Mr. Grainger considered it degrading to have him seen about the premises. Uncle Cremorne thinks he recollects Roosti-käächer as a barber at New Orleans."

"Only to think," said the astounded Spraggs. "But Miss Bella seems partial to that young midshipman who—"

"My dear Mrs. Spraggs," said the mamma, who perceived that her neighbour had made good use of her parlour windows, "you must not suppose that every flirtation is bound to end in marriage, or that girls, possessing the advantages which grace the Misses Graingers, are compelled to accept every young fellow who offers them his attentions. Mr. Frederic Murray is of good family, and wears the U. S. button; but he is nobody, positively nobody at all. He has never figured in a duel; and uncle Cremorne tells us that a midshipman now-a-days is considered a mere nonentity till he has faced his man at eight paces, and shot a friend or two."

"Goodness! why, you don't?" said the simple Spraggs. "I thought the navy people were to fight the enemy, not one another. Well, I never—"

It will be perceived, that although the fair conspirators had, from fortuitous circumstances, been surrounded with beaux, not one of them had accepted an offer, a clear proof that they did not consider their spinster-doom a certainty. By the terms of their compact, they were to aid and assist each other in their designs, but the natural selfishness of love, and the cross purposes inseparable from the individuality of their schemes, rendered nugatory that part of their compact; and each lady forthwith essayed her share of the project "on her own hook,"—a trite but expressive idiom in the present case, where each fair angler believed in the potency of her bait, and congratulated herself on catching a tolerable share of dangles.

Mr. Cremorne, or uncle, as he was termed by the whole family, was related to the Graingers by some marriage connection of so remote a nature that neither party had been able to trace the propinquity. He was, therefore, perfectly "eligible" in a consanguineous degree, as a suitor, for the hand of any one of the ladies, and defied the denun-

ciations which the sectarians had recently promulgated against family unions to the extremest verge of fancied relationship. He was a starch, unbending bachelor of fifty, with a supreme contempt for the opinions of every other human being, and a veneration for the habits and manners of the days of his childhood. He cherished a semi-queue of doubtful length, half hidden by the high collar of his old-fashioned coat. He pertinaciously persisted in wearing *subligaculi* that buttoned at the knee, and allowed an exhibition of his stalwart calf in a clean white stocking. He truly believed that the worst effect of the French Revolution was the *sans culotte* invention of trousers. His point of admiration in the fine arts was Trumbull's enormous leg piece; he gloated over this pedicular portraiture with an enthusiasm "that knew no ebb, but kept due on." He valued not as he ought the patriotic devotedness of the act performed by the assembled wisdom of the land;—he pointed to the calves depicted by the painter as a proof of the manliness of the race, and sighed to think that he had been born too late to thrust his sinewy extremities amongst the seventy-two legs belonging to that august body.

Uncle Cremorne had quitted his rural solitude with a determination to end his bachelor miseries in the arms of the first "eligible" maiden he encountered among his civic acquaintances. The sparkling eyes of Bella Grainger seriously affected the old man's midriff, and he trotted after her for several days with a devotion worthy a pet spaniel. The damsel was exercising her Leap-Year prerogative, and the fascinations vainly applied to an impenetrable beau drove the "blind-bow-boy's butt shaft" deep into the affections of Uncle Cremorne. Satisfied that she was pure in spirit as she was lovely in person, he resolved to pop the question; but, following the usages of the old school, he determined to obtain the father's consent before he consulted the affections of the maid. He sought his friend Grainger in his store on the wharf, believing that a private conversation could be more readily obtained in the counting-house of the merchant than in the much frequented parlours of the private residence. He arrived in the midst of the execution of a large order at a short notice. His preludizing remarks to the father were interrupted by the details of business; the charms of Bella were mixed with neats' tongues, pigs' faces, and mess beef; encomiums on the sweets of married life were drowned in sugar-house molasses; bags of indigo clouded his prospects of happiness; and just as he was about boldly to declare that he well knew the consequences of the step he was resolved to take, he was silenced by a junior clerk "telling off" a small invoice of horns, gunpowder, brimstone, and pickles.

"Mr. Grainger," said Stapleton, the new man, leaning over the desk and whispering to his principal, "Smivers wishes us to renew his note for twelve hundred, in our favour, due 27th proximo, for twenty per cent. down, and another note at three months for the balance, with interest."

"We must not do it, sir, without another name on the new note. Mr. Smivers is bound to fail—he has just married an extravagant flirt almost young enough to be his grandchild. The note must be met. He cannot ask us to pay for her frolics or his foolery."

Uncle Cremorne put on his hat and walked home.

"What is the matter with uncle, this morning?" said Mr. Grainger to himself. "I do believe that the old gentleman has been taking a glass or two of wine. He seems mightily pleased with Bella—perhaps he means to leave her his property."

Mr. Grainger was not singular in this opinion. The ladies favoured the idea, with the exception of Miss Matilda Mildred, who, with the sagacity of experience, guessed pretty accurately the old gentleman's feelings. This ancient lady, disappointed in her designs upon the more "eligible" of the Grainger acquaintances, resolutely set her cap at Uncle Cremorne, and for a time fondly hoped to achieve her share of the joint resolution relating to Leap Year. She ransacked the stock of every tobacconist in the city, till she discovered a supply of that variety of the weed which uncle loved to smoke. She presented him with a dozen pair of super extra fine white stockings with double heels and toes, for his peculiar wear. She requested him to teach her the mysteries of double dummy, which every one else had laughed to scorn. At last she considered her position sufficiently tenable. One evening, therefore, when the family were at the theatre, she mixed the bachelor a glass of hot toddy, and placed his long Dutch pipe on the table in the back parlour. In the hope of drawing forth an explanation, she bantered him respecting his attachment to her niece; and before the old gentleman recovered from this unexpected broadside, she threw a Paixhan shot plump into his magazine by declaring that a person of his age ought to select a woman of maturity for a wife, not a chit in her teens, unable to appreciate the value of the sacrifice he made.

The shot told fearfully, but the good ship Cremorne did not immediately explode, although the volume of smoke that escaped foretold that a blow up was inevitable. After an awful pause, for Aunt Milly was afraid to continue her fire, he placed his pipe on the table, and in a deep tone of voice, said—

"I understand you, Miss Mildred, and it is time that you should understand me. I am a plain man, and must speak as I feel. I see what you are driving at, but you are too old to become my wife."

"Old!" shrieked the horrified spinster, at this extraordinary specimen of plain speaking. "Old! Become *your* wife? What is the man thinking of! Old! Why you are ancient enough to be my father! Marry you? Old! Well, I'm sure."

"You were a grown girl when Grainger married your sister, and that is twenty-three years ago."

"An infant!—a child in a frock and a pink sash!" said the indignant lady.

"A full grown girl in a short-waisted spencer

and an Angoulême straw bonnet, as big as a modern coal scuttle," said Uncle Cremorne.

"Too young to be admitted to the wedding-party!" insisted the lady.

"You acted as bridesmaid. I was there, and remember that you complimented me on my appearance in a new pair of fashionable cream-coloured leather breeches."

"Mr. Cremorne, are you mad? Do you wish to insult me?"

"If age is an unpleasant subject, why did you broach it? I repeat it, madam, that you are too old, or I should be proud to meet your views. A man is in his prime at fifty—a woman at five and twenty, or, at the most, thirty; consequently I have barely climbed to the top of the hill, while you have passed over it, and are very considerably down the wrong side."

"Oh, you wretch."

"Facts, madam, should never be disguised. I have seen many a young couple, of equal ages, boy and girl, 'made for each other,' as the wise-*acres* say, pair off in the spring of life. In twelve years or so,—and you and I, madam, both know how soon a dozen of years roll over our heads,—in twelve years or so, the boy has become a man, but the girl is an old woman—and what is the inevitable result? The husband becomes dissatisfied, curses his lot, and neglects her whom he has sworn to cherish until parted by death. Knowing all this, madam, I have refrained from marriage until I attained a sufficient age to warrant me in uniting myself to a partner who will grow old with me, and not before me. If I take up, with you, my long bachelorship has been foolishly spent, for I might as well have had you when you wore the short spencer and the big bonnet—and I must confess that you were, *then*, a very pretty looking girl; but twenty-three years work fearful changes, you know."

The gentleman's compliment was as unsatisfactory as his argument. The offended spinster retired to her room, and Uncle Cremorne finished his pipe in silence.

Mr. Frederic Murray, the young midshipman, mentioned by the chatty Mrs. Spraggs, persevered in his attentions to the lively Bella, notwithstanding the hints of the papa and the rude bluntness of the uncle, who looked at him through spectacles of green and yellow hues. Whilst his extreme youth rendered him the fittest mate for Bella, this capricious beauty slighted him, and every other unmarried lady in the house courted his society. Aunt Milly, as if in obstinate opposition to Uncle Cremorne's doctrine, pretended to believe that he was not too young to make her an excellent husband. The widow bent the whole force of her artillery against the juvenile midddy; and the sedate Charlotte did not hesitate to declare that she had no higher ambition than to be a captain's lady. But he remained true to his flag—Bella was the centre of his affections;—he dodged her steps, watched her glance, hung with rapt attention on her speech,

and exhibited such unequivocal signs of deep devotion, that Mrs. Spraggs was not the only person who supposed that the marriage of Bella and the sailor was a settled thing.

William Singleton, Mr. Grainger's new partner, was in every respect a gentleman and a ladies' man. Well made, with a pleasant, intelligent countenance, thoroughly educated, possessing a readiness and ease only to be obtained by worldly abrasion, and well versed in the accomplishments and habitudes of polite life, he commanded the good opinion of the sex, and materially added to the popularity of the Grainger parties. The Bissex-tile conclave, in accordance with a wish expressed by papa, had appropriated him to Charlotte, and the lady was not slow in hinting his attachment to the friends of the family, or in awarding encouragement to her share of his general civilities. Aunt Milly also smiled benignantly on the handsome merchant, and persisted on singing "She never blamed him, never," every musical evening, because he once praised the song in her presence. Robert Singleton, his brother, was a book-worm,—a philosopher—an unimpressible character. He was tolerably good-looking, younger than the merchant, and said to be rich; the widow essayed his heart, but study was his mistress, and the prerogative of Leap Year was felt to be a dead letter in his presence.

Matters remained in this position until the autumnal tints of the street foliage were mingled with the mud of a wintry gutter. But few weeks remained before the Christmas bells would toll the knell of the departed year, and the conspirators had not effected a single match. Bella flirted with all the beaux, yet seemed to give her energies to no decided point; the widow had her own especial views, and Charlotte stuck to her appropriation with a resolution that plainly said she meant to unite the firm of Grainger and Singleton by a nearer and a dearer tie. If a walk was proposed, she took William Singleton's arm, as if it was an understood matter; when he knocked at the door, she always anticipated the servant, and opened the portal with a gracious smile; she sat next him at dinner; sung only at his request; innocently coupled their names in conversation, and then blushed at her boldness;—in short, she proved herself an adept Bissextiler, and fervently relied on the ultimate success of her attentions.

The brothers were in conversation at the parlour window, just after breakfast, one morning, when, using a few words in a low tone of voice, William took the book from Robert's hand, for Robert was never without a volume, and glanced over its contents. Miss Charlotte glided to his side, and leaning playfully on his arm, inquired if it was the last new novel. Robert moved from the window, and William Singleton, taking Charlotte's hand, said, in an agitated voice—

"I wish to have half an hour's conversation with you to-day, on a very important subject. Oblige me by not joining your sisters in their morning's

promenade. May I look for you in the drawing-room about twelve o'clock? We shall not be interrupted then?"

Charlotte nodded assent—she was too excited to speak.

At the appointed hour, the gentleman entered the room, and found the lady reposing on a fauteuil in the most approved style of dishabille. She was pale and nervous. William Singleton, after a few prefatory and very encouraging "hems," commenced a series of murmurs in somewhat the following strain:

"—About to broach—tender nature—should I fail—poignant regret and endless misery."

A sob from Charlotte.

"Charming family—never so happy—united in trade—marry—union—bliss."

A squeeze of the hand from the gentleman, and an almost imperceptible response from the lady.

"A fortune beyond the control of trade—fiery passion—no other woman—earth made heaven—adoration—despair."

Strong symptoms of hysterics on the side of the lady. The gentleman raised his voice.

"Yes, dearest Charlotte, there is one man who loves you with a singleness of heart which must insure a life of joy. You have not been blind to his deep devotion—you have appreciated the intensity of his love, and will not suffer the weak vanity of your sex to trifle with the happiness of your adorer. Say, dearest girl, may he hope?"

The lady, with a convulsive throb, threw herself in his arms, and hid her blushing cheek amid the curling luxuriance of his sinister whisker.

"Dear, dear Charlotte! how happy this will make your almost despairing lover. Come in, Robert, come in, and receive your Charlotte from my hands."

And Robert Singleton, the pale, bashful book-worm, rushed into the apartment, and caught the wondering maiden in his arms. William silently quitted the room.

Before Charlotte could recover from her unfeigned surprise, the real lover proved how unnecessary was all intercession in his behalf. A flood of lava-like eloquence burst from his lips—he painted his adoration, his sickening despair, his never-dying hope! In a word, he awoke a lively interest in the bosom of the lady, who duly considered the advantages of the match, and the positive certainty of failure in the other quarter. Robert followed up his declaration by the tenderest assiduities; love seemed to have given him new life; the father was consulted; the lady proved willing; and in one short month from the brotherly intercession, the marriage day was duly fixed.

The morning after the announcement of the above fact, Bella was sitting in the parlour, at her piano, with the devoted midshipman at her side. He was evidently bent on some bold act, for he bit his lips, contracted his brows, and paced the room with most alarming strides. Aunt Milly was busy at an adjoining table, copying some choice culinary

precepts from an invaluable family manuscript belonging to our old friend Spraggs. Frederic had given several broad hints respecting her absence, but aunty suspected his intentions, and having experienced a slighting of her charms, now resolved upon retaliation.

Miss Bella commenced Bayley's popular ballad "Why don't the men propose?" The midshipman, at the end of the first verse, sighed forth—

"I am every day expecting an appointment to one of our frigates about to start on a three years' cruise. Could I bring my wishes to bear, I would leave the service, and devote my days to your disposal."

"My disposal, Mr. Murray?" said Bella.

"You cannot be ignorant of my love—a love which, like the ocean,—ah, Miss Grainger, how can I image its great intensity, its boundless depth?"

"Put half a pint of water in a tin pot," repeated Aunt Milly, as she wrote the extract in her recipe book.

"How can I describe the flames which have so long consumed my heart?"

"Wrap it in a sheet of paper to prevent its being scorched," continued the aggravating spinster.

The midshipman persevered.

"Think not that fortune influences my wishes. It is your love alone that I desire."

"A poor dish without plenty of rich seasoning."

"If I am fortunate enough to gain your parents' consent, may I not offer you my heart?"

"Your heart, Mr. Murray? Lud, sir, what could I do with it?" said Bella.

"Sprinkle it with sweet herbs and put it in a clean plate."

Bella caught herself tittering, but a short flirtation with the keys of her piano smothered the ominous sound.

"A sailor's heart, Miss Grainger, is generally considered tough—"

"Stew it tender with his legs and wings."

"But it is stuffed full of honour and affection," said the midshipman, with a perseverance that deserved better treatment; but he was in the hands of a coquette and a slighted woman working her revenge.

"What is it to me, Mr. Murray, what your heart is stuffed with?" said the provoking minx.

"Stuff it with sage and onion," muttered the antiquated miss.

Frederick gulped down a rising oath. He saw Bella vainly endeavouring to smother a laugh, and he regretted that Aunt Milly was not of a kickable sex.

"You do not doubt my love?" said the innamorato.

"I dare not say," replied Bella. "Cupid is a wicked youth, and how are we to prevent his rambles?"

"Run a skewer through both his wings and cut his tail off."

Bella could not restrain her cachinnations. The unlucky sailor burst open the parlour door, and without waiting for his hat, rushed into the street.

He left the city that afternoon, and in due time sailed on a three years' cruise. Aunt Milly was seriously grieved at his departure; she wished to break off his engagement with Bella, not to drive him from the house. The ancient lady knew her chance amongst the household forces to be desperate in the extreme. Uncle Cremorne had savagely repulsed her advances; the book-worm Robert was engaged to her niece Charlotte; and the pretty midshipman had left the city. The only remaining beau, William Singleton, treated her with a constrained politeness that evinced a respect for her age rather than a regard for her charms.

Uncle Cremorne had still a hankering after the pretty Bella; although, as Mr. William Lackaday says, "being in the wale o' years, winter was spreading its snow on the top of his head," still his heart was juvenile, and in the young heart's vocabulary, says another respectable but very different dramatic authority, "there's no such word as fail." The elderly bachelor observed with much pleasure that his soul's darling was yet disengaged, notwithstanding the various couplings in *esse* and *posse*, and resolved to try a little diplomacy in the settlement of his suit. Bella was evidently very partial to her sister Maria, and the lively widow seemed as devotedly attached to the giddy romp. A set of amethysts propitiated the services of the widow in Uncle Cremorne's behalf, although the bashfulness of the bachelor in the detail of his wishes almost brought about another *contré-temps*, as the widow was very willing to believe herself the object of the old gentleman's declarations of love, despite her *tendresse* towards William Singleton.

On the morning of the wedding of Charlotte and Robert, the whole family assembled in the drawing-room to an early lunch, preparatory to the marriage ceremony. As Uncle Cremorne placed his hand on the door knob, the pretty widow suddenly appeared by his side, and whispered—

"Bad news! I have sounded Bella; she can never accept your proposal!"

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense—maiden whims and virgin foolery! Try her again. I must have a wife, I tell you; and I will have a young one. There is a beautiful diamond ring at Bailey's waiting your acceptance. Try again, I say."

They entered the room. My fair readers will not expect me to describe the bridal party. That the ladies were pretty and well dressed, is certified in the knowledge that they were Philadelphians born; and the gentlemen looked as all men do at a wedding, ridiculously stiff and stupid, excepting Uncle Cremorne, who presented bouquets to the ladies in the spirit of '76, and insisted upon fitting various pairs of kid gloves on the digital extremities of the ladies with the grace of a *preux chevalier*.

"Pray, Miss Bella, do you remember our conversation at the commencement of the present year, Leap Year?" said Mrs. Grainger, to her youngest daughter, in a tone of good-humoured irony. "Was I not right, Miss, in my divinations?"

"La, mamma, what do you mean?"

"You were rather discontented in the appreciation of your position, and spoke slightly of your parent's exertions in your behalf. I was compelled to remind you of your sex's privilege; and in answer to your grumblings, supposed the chance of your widowed sister's second marriage before you had achieved your maiden offering at the shrine of Hymen. Mr. Cremorne's attentions and the suit of garnets worn by your sister Maria, can lead but to one conclusion, that she has accepted his offer, the result of their recent close conferences. Charlotte is on the point of being united to Robert Singleton, a most eligible match, but the *unattractive* Bella remains single—without even a suppository bean in her train."

"Ah, my dear mamma, how severe are your remarks! My sister Charlotte is not married yet, and Maria has not announced her acceptance of Uncle Cremorne."

"Ridiculous evasion! Confess yourself beaten, and return to your allegiance. I will lend you assistance, your sisters shall give you instruction, and by next Leap Year a husband may be secured—"

"Oh no, mamma, not so soon as that."

"So soon! What does the girl mean? Would she die an old maid?"

"There is little fear of that, my dear madam," said William Singleton, the handsome elder brother, Mr. Grainger's partner, who had listened with evident interest to the above dialogue; "I have had the happiness to call this lady my wife for the last two months."

"Dearest mamma," said Bella, throwing herself on Mrs. Grainger's neck, "forgive the only act of disobedience ever committed by your child. The man most desired by my sisters, as they owned in our private councils, neglected them and privately avowed himself my lover. You called me unattractive. I was a spoiled and petted girl. I refused William's application, unless he aided me in my revenge and promised to keep the matter secret. Papa joined our plot; he knew you had no objection to the match, and he wanted to tease you a bit in return for the scolding you gave him about the pretty housemaid you discharged so suddenly. Dear mamma, do forgive me—own I am not unattractive—and I'll never do so any more!"

Mrs. Grainger fumed, fretted and blustered; and, in strict accordance with the rules laid down by the sex on such occasions, burst into tears and left the room. Her husband followed, with Bella, and the bride and bridegroom, leaving Uncle Cremorne and the widow in proximity and in a pretty predicament.

"Thus ends your hope," said the lady; "Bella is lost to you and the diamond ring is lost to me."

"I don't know that," said uncle. "The lady is gone, beyond a doubt. You, I believe, had some designs upon the gentleman. We are both flung from our saddles, and severely kicked in the descent; but there's no use in owning ourselves beaten. You heard what Mrs. Grainger surmised about our engagement; let us declare it fact. I

want and will have a wife; you are still young and pretty enough for my purpose, and I'm not as old as I look. What say you—yes or no? Look sharp, and let us settle it before this snivelling is over."

Of course, the lady consented to the proposal; the disclosure did not much surprise the party; and, to make it look like an old affair, they were united that very day by the same functionary who officiated for Charlotte and Robert Singleton. Mr. Grainger made his peace with his wife by presenting her with a figured velvet dress of peculiar richness; and when Bella entered the drawing-room, on her wedding day, which occurred within the year, attired in a simple robe of virgin white, the little gipsy once more stood before the vast mirror

that leaned from the mantel-piece, and viewing her ripe and pouting lips, her large moist blue eyes, her arched brows, o'ershadowed by the glossy ringlets where "the blind boy-god" would not disdain to dwell, her swelling bust, with "scarce an eagle's talon in the waist," she turned archly to her mamma, and said—

"Do you really think me unattractive?"

Aunt Milly retired with her cookery books to Bucks county, and is, at this moment, desperately engaged in an attempt to subjugate a Dutch farmer, devoted to his pigs and his pipe, and who declines marriage till the stock of the United States Bank is again at par.

OLD AND YOUNG BY TURNS.

BY MISS ANNA FLEMING, AUTHORESS OF "GREEN, BLUE, RED AND YELLOW."

THE Lady Annabel sat in a small room in her father's castle, looking out of a window which overlooked a wide landscape. Her maidens were in a little group at the other end of the apartment, busily engaged at their embroidery, laughing and chatting, and whispering, just as they might were they alive now—for this was many years ago, and they are all dead and buried. The Lady Annabel took no notice of them—she was thinking——. At last she looked up, and yawned—

"Oh, I am sleepy—and thirsty. Mabel, bring me some water."

Mabel obeyed; and as she received the cup again, she said—

"Your ladyship will not be sleepy to-morrow!"

"To-morrow? What is to-morrow?"

"Does not your ladyship recollect that to-morrow is your ladyship's birthday?—and——"

"My birthday! Oh yes, so it is. I had forgotten all about it. We are to have a merry time of it, I believe; but I am sure I feel in no humour for merriment now. Indeed, I should like to be alone. Lay down your work for a little while, and take a stroll in the courtyard."

When she found herself alone, the Lady Annabel walked up and down the small apartment, then stopping before the looking-glass, she said—

"My birthday! Am I indeed twenty-nine to-morrow? Twenty-nine!—that sounds very old. It is ten years since my father came into the possession of this estate, and every one of those years has passed one just like another. I feel no older than I was then. I look no older," and she looked long into the mirror then. "I am no older in any one respect. How I wish they would let my birthday pass by in silence, and not distress me by publishing to all the assembled crowd that the Lady Annabel is now twenty-nine."

Her reverie was here disturbed by the hasty entrance of her father.

"Why, what makes you look so downcast, daughter? For shame!—go down and assist in the preparations for to-morrow's feast, instead of moping here. But I must not forget to tell you I saw my neighbour L—— this morning. We passed through his grounds, and he joined our hunting party."

At this the Lady Annabel's colour heightened visibly.

"He says he expects his son back in a few months; and he and I were settling, that as our estates touch, and as he has but one son, and I have but one daughter——; but I hear my men; they have brought home the stags—one of them has such horns! You must come down after a while and see them."

So saying, he left her.

"And Jasper is coming home," continued the Lady Annabel, to herself. "How well do I remember the first time I saw him—it was on my birthday. I was twelve years old, and although he was just my age, I was a tall girl and he a little boy, and I refused to dance with him because he was a whole head shorter than I——; but if my father and his have such plans for us——"

At this moment her companions returned, and quieting their laughing countenances, sat down again to their embroidery.

The next day was one of unusual festivity. By mid-day the hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen of high degree, from far and near. The music was loud, and dancing and feasting were the order of the day. The Lady Annabel, contrary to her expectations, was beguiled by the joy she saw on every face around her, and entered with great vivacity into every sport that was proposed. No

laugh so loud as hers—no movements so full of glee. Late at night, when the guests had departed, she threw herself flushed and excited into a large chair in her own room, and began to unfasten the roses from her hair.

"So it is all over, and I have been happy, very happy, indeed I have—only the recollection that it was my birthday would intrude itself upon me to damp my enjoyment every now and then. I heard several people ask if it were true that it was my twenty-eighth birthday!—they did not know it was the twenty-ninth. And that odious Miss What's-her-name actually said I looked very well for that, very well, indeed! I should be glad I know to see her look half as well, though she was as she says a baby when I was almost grown up. Twenty-nine, twenty-nine! Oh! I wish I were not so old!" and covering her face with her hands she burst into tears.

Let us pass over a few months. The neighbour's long expected son has come home, and Lady Annabel is in a state of anxiety, for her heart is true to her first love, despite her twenty-nine years. Her father and his neighbour are a great deal together, looking over papers and inspecting boundary lines; but, contrary to all expectation, the neighbour's son turns out perverse, as neighbour's sons are apt to do, and begins a flirtation with a little girl of sixteen, as poor as a rat. His father frowned—Annabel's father frowned, and Annabel—she remembered her twenty-nine years.

This unhappy state of things continued for some months, in spite of various remonstrances on the part of one father, and polite speeches on the part of the other. In vain title deeds were shown him—in vain the contiguous estates were talked over and walked over. Jasper remained immovable. At last, upon being formally and rigorously appealed to by his father as to his intentions concerning Lady Annabel, he obstinately refused to enter into any engagement with her whatsoever, alleging as a reason that she was too old to be his wife, and adding she might be informed of his having said so for aught he cared.

Two days after he put the finishing stroke to his disobedience by eloping with the above-mentioned little girl of sixteen.

All this was conveyed to the Lady Annabel by her offended and indignant father. And now, indeed, was she unhappy—for she really loved this man, and knew herself to have been really loved by him some years before.

"Too old for him, indeed—too old for him! God knows my love for him may be older than it was, but it is only the stronger, the more enduring. Cruel, cruel Jasper, to cast me off thus; and for what—because I am twenty-nine. Surely I am the same that I have always been, and he reproaches me with the years that have taken away none of my beauty. He might as well lay to my charge the ages that passed before I was born."

But so it was, in spite of all her grief. It was then as it is now, as it always has been and always

shall be—man speaks and woman abides by it. The Lady Annabel pined, and grieved, and wept in secret; and talked, and laughed, and jested about the elopement in public, and for a while no one knew that hers was a heavily laden heart.

Tears do a great deal of mischief in the world. In the Lady Annabel's case they did a great deal. They took all the lustre from her bright eyes; they washed away the colour from her cheeks, and rolling down they wore for themselves channels in her smooth skin, so that by her thirtieth birthday people began to say—"The Lady Annabel is very much faded," and—"The Lady Annabel is not quite so young as she was,"—and one little lady, the odious little lady as Lady Annabel had called her a year ago, was heard to say—

"I did think she wore very well, but I don't think so now. To be sure, poor thing, she is getting on pretty well."

This time the Lady Annabel entreated her father to omit the usual merry-making. She spent the day alone in her own room.

"Thirty years old! How it distressed me a year ago to think I was twenty-nine. I have no such feelings now. Jasper was right when he said I was too old for him. How would my careworn, sorrowful face look in company with his blooming appearance? They talked of a ball for to-night—how my heart shrunk from such a thing. I at a ball! No—this dimly lighted room suits me better. Jasper was right;—but then if he had still loved me, would my youth and my beauty have gone so soon? Perhaps not—but they are gone now. And what is left to me?—a dull, joyless life of regret."

But she was wrong—she was not quite as old as she thought. A few years passed away. Her violent sorrow became changed by degrees into a melancholy, and then into a gravity. They rarely saw her laugh, but she was very often cheerful. She had put away her ornaments—her jewels—it is true, but her attire was always becoming and elegant. Her father's dwelling continued to be the resort of his numerous friends. She mingled with them but seldom, and smiled when the odious little lady, now Mrs. Somebody, talked about old maids. Meanwhile Jasper was never heard of—his angry father having refused to correspond with him. He seemed to be everywhere forgotten, and he was everywhere—but in one place.

But grief will wear itself out. After a while Annabel at first listened, and then joined in the conversation of her father's guests, and found herself by degrees returning the interest evinced for her by a country gentleman of some property in the neighbourhood, about ten years older than herself. She was now thirty-five.

The next thing was a wedding at the hall, and no one seemed in higher spirits than the bride herself, decked in the ornaments which had lain in their cases for five years. Annabel was young again.

Let us pass over five years of quiet domestic happiness—for although her feelings towards her hus-

band were very different from those called forth by her first love, still she was attached to the worthy man. * * * Her black dress and ugly cap no less than her slow gait and saddened air show her to be a widow. Lonely and desolate since her bereavement, she has again taken up her residence with her father, and inhabits the same little room she formerly did. A few months more and her father's death increased her seclusion. She has no relation left upon earth, and earnestly and bitterly does she pray that she may die and leave this world of sorrows. She receives no visitors, and never appears abroad—only now and then, late in the afternoon, when the weather is fine, her tall closely veiled figure may be seen walking slowly through the shady walks round about the castle, and the village children, coming home from school, peep at her through the hedge, and whisper—"It is the old lady taking her walk."

We said visitors were never admitted there, and they were not. So much the greater then was the surprise of all the old servants when, one day, a fine looking middle-aged man was seen in the largest parlour in close converse with their mistress, but this was repeated so often that at last it

came to be quite a customary thing. She took no more solitary walks; her black veil was laid aside; her close cap again gave way to her glossy hair—glossy still, though streaked with gray. Her youth was coming back—for was not this Jasper—the Jasper of old—her first love? Poor Jasper, he had been unhappy in his marriage, and upon his wife's death had come home with his son after long years spent in poverty abroad.

He did not think the Lady Annabel too old for him now, so the castle was a second time illuminated for a marriage, and a second time were the jewels taken from their cases.

"Jasper," said Annabel, "the world will call us an old couple. It is true years have passed over us. We have been old, both of us, but it was sorrow that made us so, not time. Sorrow has left us now, and time has brought us to this our second youth. Is it not so? For although they speak the truth when they say we have both of us gray hairs, yet if they did but see our hearts they would say there is youth yet in them—as in the day when I would not dance with you because you were a head shorter than I, or the day when you deserted me because I was too old for you.

TROPIC LAND.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

IN truth 'tis a bright and a beauteous clime—

And the Goddess of Earth when she painted its sky,
That the colours might last till the limits of time,
Drew the blonde and the blue from her own lovely eye.
With her hair and her fingers she swept the far west,
And the gold and the rose-coloured clouds were expressed;
And those stars, that now seem the abodes of the blessed,
Were the diamond stalactites that studded her vest.
And she set in the midst of that firmament fair,
The sign of salvation, of passion and prayer—
By the Goddess' own hand it was stellotyped there.
Then stooping adown from her task in the sky,

Her sandal of purple she dipped in the ocean,
And the waves before white now grew purple in dye,
And the winds before wild quickly ceased their com-
motion;

And Eole lay down on its bosom to sleep,
While a satellite sky she caved out in the deep.
Then she wept with delight at her power and pleasure,
And her tears as they fell turned the ocean to azure;
And that hue still remains, and will linger for ever,
Though pencil and pallet may picture it never.

Then up into heaven the glad goddess sprung,
But soon she returned having rifled its bowers,
And over the fair tropic islands she flung
The rarest of fruits and the fairest of flowers.
Then poised upon ether—long lingering there,
She looked on the scene that was lovely and fair,
And smiling so sweetly, dissolved into air:
And earth, sky, and ocean reflect to this day,
The smile that the Goddess gave melting away!

IMPROMPTU.

BELOVED! how slowly speed the hours,
How heavily time spreads his wings!
Nature, though robed in beauteous flowers,
To my sad heart no pleasure brings!

Hope on my pathway does not smile,
Nor joy my footsteps yet illumine—

Sadness, which mirth can ne'er beguile,
Spreads o'er my soul its deepest gloom.

When shall the music of thy voice
Sweep o'er me its melodious strain?
When shall thy beaming face rejoice
And lighten o'er my heart again?—M. A. C.

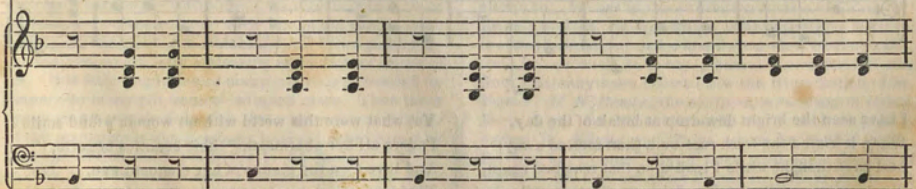
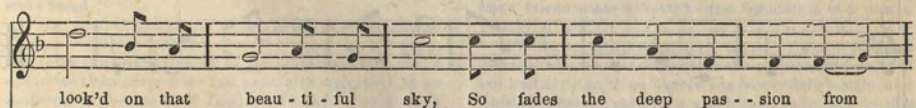
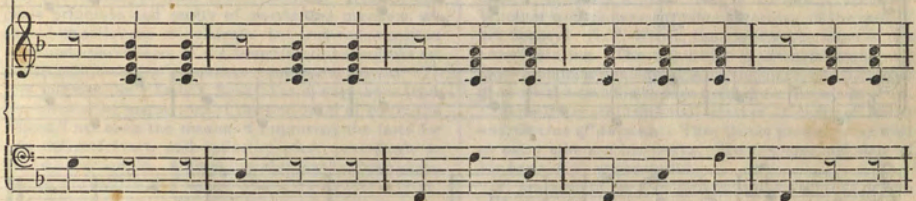
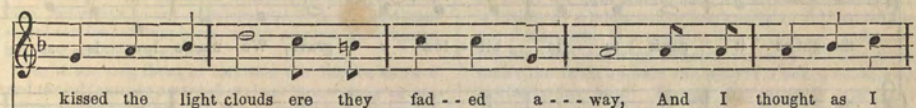
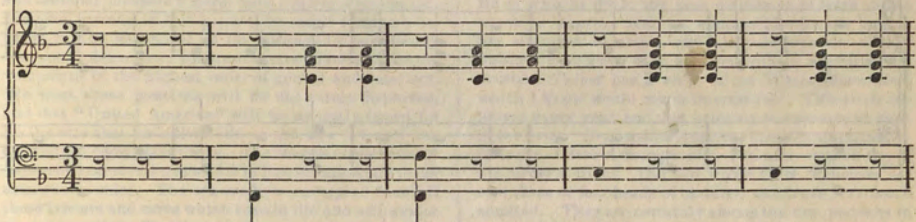
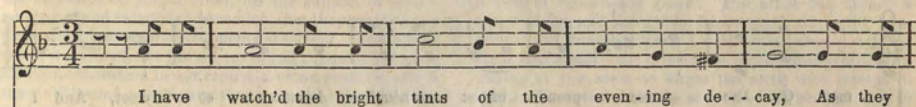
WOMAN'S LOVE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S MAGAZINE,

BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY MR. C. F. RODOLPH.



dear wo - man's eye. I have watch'd the bright wave as it rose up to

meet On the ocean's proud breast morning's kiss - es so sweet, And I

thought as it sank to its bil - low - y grave, Wo - man's love is as

changing and sinks like the wave.

I have seen the bright dew-drop at break of the day,
When it kissed the fresh rose-bud, then melted away;
And have thought while I look'd on that rose bud again,
Woman's tears, like the dew-drop, are fleeting and vain!

Yet what were this world without woman's fond smile?
I adore all her charms, tho' their beauties beguile,
And love e'en the glance of her eloquent eye,
Tho' its passion deceive like the tints of that sky!

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE encouragement of the fine arts, more particularly those of drawing, engraving and painting, must, in our country, depend very much on female influence. The men, in our steam progressing world, are so constantly engrossed in the great business of life, studying inventions to advance physical prosperity, provide for the maintenance of public order, for the support of public education and religious instruction, that they really have little time for the embellishments of society. The ladies, therefore, must foster the fine arts, and cultivate the taste for polite literature in our republic, or we shall become a mere utilitarian people; and thus the great benefits which such an example of free institutions, individual comfort, and national prosperity might have conferred on the old, worn-out systems of Europe, will be much lessened, because, it will be argued, as De Tocqueville has already done, such democratic institutions are adverse to the development of the highest order of genius and intellect. We trust these positions will be ultimately disproved, and that "United America" will be as justly famed for all the arts that embellish life as she now is for all the substantial comforts of living. The women of our country enjoy the real privileges which in Europe appertain to the aristocratic order. The sex are here exempted from all those labours and cares which sustain life and add wealth to a community. We likewise possess, with this freedom from all mere worldly business, superior opportunities of mental improvement, united with that moral respect from men, deference to our opinions and feelings, and consideration for our happiness, which no royal government has ever afforded to woman.

Ought we not, then, to improve the leisure allowed and the advantages awarded us, in such a manner as may reflect honour on the men who so nobly uphold the dignity and delicacy of their countrywomen? Next to religious principle and purity of morals and manners, we should be solicitous to cultivate that true refinement of taste and appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art which call forth and encourage genius and talent. To this purpose the "Lady's Book" has always been true. By introducing engravings of the first order of merit, the "Book" has been the means of improving the taste for this delightful art, and inducing other periodicals to follow our example. A great impulse has thus been given to the cultivation of a taste for drawing and engraving, and painting also. We feel happy to corroborate our own opinions by that of a gentleman from New York, who has enjoyed great advantages of foreign travel and personal acquaintance with our best artists, both at home and abroad.

"The annual exhibition of the *National Academy of Design* has been open for several weeks. It is thought that there is a larger number of paintings deserving notice exhibited than there were last year, although there is no painting of the merit of *Leutze's* 'Landing of Columbus,' exhibited last season. There are some four hundred paintings on the walls, mostly portraits, which to an amateur are uninteresting. Still one might choose some twenty or thirty pictures which, if placed in a gallery by themselves, would form a pleasing collection as works of art. It is fatiguing to see so many paintings crowded together—so many gilt frames—so much glare. Then there are so many wretched daubs. In conversation with one of the managers of the academy lately, I asked him why they permitted such paintings to be hung? 'Why,' said he, 'persons will execute them, and then the artist only finds his true level here. He is dissatisfied if his

works are not received; and it is only by comparison that he will learn.'

"There are many new names among the artists on the catalogue this season. Among them I would notice *Crossey*, who has sent one of the best pictures in the rooms. It is an autumnal sunset in *Orange county*, with a view of *Greenwood Lake*. The artist has chosen a sweet place, and the fields, fences and road in the foreground are true to nature. I will not trouble you about *light and shade*—but it is one of those pictures which in gazing at you seem to forget the artist who created it. *Durand*, as usual, exhibits several of the best pictures in the exhibition. The *Giant Oak* is the most prominent. He is without doubt the best delineator of trees in the country. Having been an engraver, he knows how to pay attention to detail, and his paintings are always finished with great care, and yet without appearing laboured. *Talbot* has a view in the *White Mountains*, which I know would much interest you. This artist improves every year, and this painting is superior to most in the room. *Gray* exhibits several fine paintings, mostly portraits. His colouring is after *Titian* more than any of the modern artists. Our old friend *C. G. Thomson* has sent three or four heads of children which are very much admired. They are certainly among the best portraits in the exhibition. *Flagg* has several pictures which are great favourites with the public. The *Girl's Frolic* is probably the most prominent. A pretty arch looking girl is sitting by a table, before her kneels an old, fat, bottle-nosed man, who is presenting her a bouquet, and making his most engaging *devoirs*, while by her side from under the table appears the head of a young beau, who is kissing her hand. The girl has witchery in her eye. A lady said to me in looking at it—'The girl is beautiful enough to cause a great deal of trouble.' *Quere*—Whether woman causes trouble according to the ratio of her beauty? *N. P. Willis, Esq.*, is the purchaser of the above painting. The exhibition is thronged night and day—it being a fashionable lounging place, and hundreds go to see the crowd who care nothing for the works of art. *Crawford* has sent two small statues—*Genius of Mirth* and *Genius of Autumn*. They do not please me as well as many others of his works. His *Orpheus* and some of his bas-reliefs are beautiful.

"I perceive by the *New Orleans* papers that the people of that city have voted \$5000 for a statue of *Franklin*, to be made by *Powers*. I feel always pleased when I hear of any statue or painting being ordered. There is in this city a growing interest in the love of art. They have raised some \$12,000 for the foundation of a public gallery of art.

"While speaking of art and artists, I would say that *Rome* the past winter has been the residence of some of our best artists. *Huntington* has recovered his sight, and finished several paintings which are on the way to this city. *Brown*, the painter, has as many orders as he can attend to. He has in the exhibition a view of *Castel St. Angelo* and *St. Peters*, which is an admirable picture. It always makes me sad when I see a view of this *castel*, for it brings back so many pleasant memories. It was from a balcony upon it that I saw the illumination of *St. Peters*. *H. K. Brown*, the sculptor, is residing in *Rome*. He is as yet but little known to the American public, except in *Albany* and *Troy*, where he resided before leaving for Europe. But I have seen some designs of works of his that are truly beautiful. He is at present modelling a statue of '*David triumphant*,' over six feet

in height, which gives promise of great beauty. He has always declined exhibiting any of his works. There are four marble statues modelled by him in a private house at Albany, besides some twenty or thirty busts. He is from Cincinnati, and a companion and friend of *Powers* and *Clevenger*--or rather was of poor *Clevenger*, whom you know sleeps in the deep ocean.

"There have been many deaths among the artists the past year--first *Allston*, then *Trumbull*, then *Clevenger*, and lately *Agate*, a young man who was very much respected here. *Clevenger* has left a widow and an interesting family of children nearly destitute. The Bostonians, with their well known liberality, have, I hear, come forward and subscribed generously for the education of the children. There is a bust of *General Harrison* to be seen in this city, which in beauty is equal to any thing ever exhibited in this country. It was one of the last works of *Clevenger*, and should by all means be placed in the Capitol. His busts are all beautiful. There is one in *Florence* nearly finished of *Henry Clay*, ordered by that gentleman, and is the best one ever taken. I believe it is about being ordered by the *Clay Clubs* of this city.

"Now, have I not truly answered your letter by giving you a little gossip about *arts*, or rather *artists*? It would fill pages to give you any criticisms on the paintings I have mentioned, and then it is not so easy. I have never seen but two or three good criticisms on paintings, and those were in some old English magazine. It is a very easy thing to sit down and make assertions of faults and beauties, but not so to prove them. My own opinion is that we have as good sculptors and painters as can now be found in any country; but there are not so many, nor is there enough honourable competition. An artist has

never finished his education. He must always study and strive for excellence."

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have placed a number of articles on file for publication whenever we have room. "Marrying a Genius," "The Oblong Box," "Thou art the Man," "Lizette," "Dew Drops," "To a Child," "Wave Riding," and "An Embroidered Fact," are all accepted.

We have no place for the following--"Edward Ship-ton," "To the Bachelors of New York," "Farewell," "Croakers," "Love in Idleness," "The Tea-Party," "The Odd Man," "My First Serenade,"--(and last, we hope)--"The Dying Summer,"--(quite dead in the song)--and "The Spirit of Party," which is never permitted to enter our pages. "The Lady's Book" is the title of a short poem, written "by a Gentleman," the closing lines of which we give, assuring the author that we hope his "life" will be more "complete" than his poetry can claim to be.

"The lily and rose hue gently combine,
And perhaps such an one whom I now deem divine,
May teach me to worship at perfection's shrine;
And oh, what is better, perhaps may be mine!
So I carefully fold thee, thou magical sheet,
A present for her, my own love, when we meet.
Oh! an exchange of feeling is surely most sweet,
And only this wanting to make life complete."

In our Editors' Table for September the "Obsolete Fashions" will again appear.

"Clio's" favour was not received in time for this number. It will be noticed next month.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*Drawings and Tintings*," by Alfred B. Street. Philadelphia: Zeiber & Co. We are glad to see this publication. Mr. Street has earned, by his fugitive pieces, an enviable reputation for his "Native American" muse, and well deserves the honour which a volume will bestow. The lights and shadows, the beauties and sublimities, the gloom and glory of our American forest scenery, are most glowingly described, and we commend the work to all who love true and vivid pictures of the wild and wonderful things of nature.

"*The Common School Journal of the State of Pennsylvania*," edited by John S. Hart, published by E. C. Biddle. This is a most useful work, and should be in the hands of every family in the state.

"*Cupid and Psyche, a Mythological Tale*," by John Lynde Wilson. This beautiful mystic poem, translated from the works of Apuleius, a Roman writer of the second century, was published anonymously in London some forty years ago. It has lately been revised by the present editor, a gentleman of Charlestown, S. C., and printed in that city in a style of elegance which makes it worthy a place in the drawing-room and boudoir of the ladies, as well as in the libraries of the scholar of taste. Of course its sentiment is pure, or we should not so cordially dwell on its attractions.

"*The Rose of Thistle Island, a Romance*," by Mrs. Emilie Carlen. Published by J. Winchester. Here we have another picture of life in Sweden, and though touched with a more sombre colouring, and stronger lights and shades than those which the genius of Frederika Bremer has made so popular in our country, it is a story of deep and thrilling interest. Much as we admire Miss Bremer, we must acknowledge that, in some respects, Mrs. Carlen is deserving of higher praise. She is more careful to distinguish between moral principle and those sentimental reveries of goodness which, in some few

instances, Miss Bremer has permitted to govern, or rather mislead her favourite characters. But both writers will receive a warm tribute of love and respect from the ladies of America. We feel also much indebted to Messrs. Hebbe and Deming for their excellent translation of this "Rose." It seems as pure and perfect as though it had first blossomed into life in our own native language.

"*Miscellaneous Sermons and Essays*," by Rev. John Harris, D. D. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. We have here a small volume, but one of great interest. The author is well known and a favourite with the American religious public. His prize essay--"The Great Commission"--has been extensively circulated here, and so also have his other works--"The Great Teacher," "Mammon," &c. The present work is of a less formal character, but will be most cordially welcomed by our Christian community.

Our opinion of "Seatsfield," expressed last month, was founded on a perusal of the first two numbers, the only portion published when the notice was written. Doubts appear to be pretty generally entertained elsewhere respecting the genuine German origin of the papers. Persons cognizant of the facts of the case assure us that the papers are really translated from the German, and one gentleman who has actually read the whole series, speaks in high terms of the author's descriptive powers, and his insight into western and south-western character. We must remark, however, that the subject is by no means entirely divested of suspicion of mystification. "Who Seatsfield is" remains an unanswered question still, and the inferiority of the early numbers, in comparison with the subsequent portions, is generally admitted.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published Crofton Croaker's "*Traditions and Fairy Legends of Ireland*." It is full of humour, and embellished with numerous pictures.



GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

CONTEMPLATION.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

(See Plate.)

An Angel, from the courts above,
Had earthward turn'd his eye,
Sending a glance of heaven's pure love,
Like star-beam from the sky:—

That soft, seraphic ray of light,
Where will its radiance glow?
On brow of Queen with gems bedight?
Or Beauty's breast of snow?

Or gild the Conqueror's burnish'd steel?
Or Patriot's eye illumine?
To Martyr's soul Hope's form reveal
Amid the dungeon's gloom?

Or grace the sleeping infant's head,
Like charm from holy shrine?
Or o'er the dying Christian shed
A gleam of joy divine?

No—rather on the humble mind,
To Contemplation given,

Seeking the "perfect Good" to find,
Will fall that ray of heaven.

As things most bright attract the light,
And fair things draw the fair,
So thoughts that flow from heaven unite
With thoughts ascending there.

And thus may Woman's spirit free
In Contemplation rise,
And win from angel sympathy
The wisdom of the skies.

While Man, with all his worldly art,
And reason's vaunted light,
If lack'd this teaching of the heart,
To guide his soul aright;

Like dweller in earth's mines may grope,
A feeble lamp his sun;—
While Woman's love, and faith, and hope,
Heaven's cloudless realms have won.

SONNET WRITING.

BY D. H. ROBINSON.

I LOVE a regular Italian sonnet
Full of a rattling, rolling sort of rhyme,
And sparkling as the skies of that glad clime
Where Petrarch loved, and Laura frowned upon it:—
And when a master's hand hath laboured on it,
The regular recurrence hath a chime
Like the rich ringing music of a dime

VOL. XXIX.—9

Within the purse of one who late hath won it!
'Tis Love's own proper and peculiar dress;
And if you wish to robe him rightly, then
Breathe forth in sonnets all your tenderness!
And it is Wisdom's home too,—as ye ken
Who read;—and there'll be readers, more or less
Of this, mine own immortal specimen!

NOT INVITED.

(See Plate.)

THERE are few exhibitions of selfishness more disagreeable to the beholder than the selfishness of appetite. *Alimentiveness* is an animal propensity only, and the first that is developed in the human being. The right regulation of this propensity is a matter of great importance to the happiness of the individual, as well as to his character in society.

The appetites of children should never be incited by the promise of something good to eat as the reward of good behaviour, nor pampered with dainties when plain, healthy food would be rejected. And the child should always be taught to share with his playmate, or even his dog, or pet of any kind, whatever he most relishes himself. This will combine, with his own pleasure in eating, the better feeling, because more generous, of giving pleasure to something he loves.

Had the boy, in our engraving, been taught this salutary lesson, he would have made a much pleasanter picture; but lessons of warning are sometimes effectual where reasoning would be vain.

The prevalence of intemperance in eating, we feel constrained to own, is mostly the fault of woman. She is the guardian of home. She regu-

lates the arrangement of her household; she forms the habits of her children; and there is not a miserable dyspeptic or selfish gourmand but might, probably, trace those indulgences of appetite, which have clouded his soul or prostrated his health, to the misjudging tenderness which pampered his childish love of good things.

"I look upon an epicure," says that accomplished writer, Miss Ferrier, "as little better than a drunkard; nay, in some respects, worse—for I have known drunkards who still retained some manly feeling, but I never knew an epicure who cared for any thing on the face of the earth but his own stomach."

Perhaps this censure is too severe; but that epicures are, usually, very selfish and, consequently, disagreeable, can admit of no doubt. We hope none of our fair young readers will ever be troubled with such a companion for life, and that none of our matronly friends will encourage in her son those selfish propensities which increase the dominion of appetite, and make men the slaves of sense, or worse, the victims of sensuality. H.

THE SLEEP OF THE SAILOR BOY.

BY MISS C. R. COWLES.

THE sailor-boy sleeps in the deep blue sea,
Away from his own green home,
And they who watched o'er his infant sleep,
No vigil of love o'er his grave may keep—
He sleeps 'neath the blue sea's foam.

O bright was his smile, though he wandered away
From his father's hearth to dwell;
But sad were the hearts he left behind,
And sad the voices, though sweet and kind,
That bade him a last farewell.

And oft he turned from the green hill-side
To gaze with a tearful sigh,
While his heart went back to those summer bowers,
And his thoughts were all of the sunny hours
That floated in gladness by.

When merry and glad as a vernal bird,
And a heart as free and wild,
'Neath the linden's shade which the vine crept o'er,
The tall old tree by his father's door,
He sported, a joyous child.

The wanderer gazed, and a shadow dark
O'er his brighter visions fell;
He thought that his image might one day fade,

Like his own footprints from the woodland shade,
From hearts that had loved so well.

The cottage gleamed in the golden light
Of the early autumn's sun,
And the sweet streams smiled as he passed them by,
And he brushed the drop from his tearful eye,
And the sailor-boy wandered on.

He reached the home of his childish dreams,
The dark white-crested wave—
With a bounding heart saw the sails unfurled,
That bore him on o'er the billowy world,
To find in its depths—a grave.

He sleeps—and the tones of his mother's voice
He hears in the murmuring deep;
He lives in his dreams, his childhood o'er,
He sports again by his cottage door,
And smiles in his fitful sleep.

* * *

Not the storm-spirit that howls in wrath
As it rides o'er the ocean's foam;
But gently and still as the summer's breath
Came a voice of love to that couch of death,
And summoned his spirit home.

THE CENTRE-TABLE.

NO. III.

BY MISS LESLIE.

MRS. MARTLET'S second party "came off" a few weeks after the first. On this occasion she consulted Mrs. Cottinger and Miss Olivant, and all went smoothly. As head waiter, she engaged a very elegant but also very efficient coloured gentleman, who came at five o'clock in the afternoon to assist in the final preparations, and to see that the lamps, fires, &c., were all in order—taking rank, for the time being, of the resident house-waiter, as a pilot always ranks the captain. By-the-by, who ever saw a pilot, that the moment he stepped on board and stepped into his brief authority, did not look up at the rigging and order something to be done immediately? The head waiter was followed in due time, by half a dozen of his pupils, all smart and well-trained youths of divers shades of colour, having their wits about them, and doing things *comme il faut*. The refreshments had been ordered from one of the really best establishments in the city, and were all exquisite, both to the sight and taste.

A few evenings afterwards, this party was talked over at Mrs. Wayland's centre-table, and Mrs. Martlet was congratulated on its success, which she mainly attributed to having followed the advice of her friends in employing only the best confectioners and the best attendants. She had been much amused with the quaint sayings of the chief waiter while giving him directions, or rather holding consultations with him previous to the arrival of the company—for though very respectful in all his suggestions and objections, he managed to convince her that his way was the best way possible, and therefore she trusted him to take it; being aware, as she said, that he ranked high in his profession, and had "stood at good men's feasts."

"Till I came to Philadelphia"—continued Mrs. Martlet—"I was but little accustomed to Ethiopian talk and Ethiopian manners, the domestics of my father's house being always our fellow Yankees. As my husband prefers coloured servants to white ones, we have them, of course; and I am often much entertained with their characteristic misapplication of words, and their misty expressions, 'whose true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.'"

Mrs. Wayland.—Some years since, when preparing to issue invitations for a party, I was desirous of previously engaging Carroll as head waiter for that evening. I therefore sent for him a week in advance, to ascertain if he could be at my house on a certain Thursday. He replied that he was already bespoken to wait on that evening at

another party. "To be sure"—said he—"it happens Thursday week is going to be very strong of parties. But if you cannot put off, perhaps, Mrs. Wayland, I may get you a substitute spontaneously." "Very well"—said I—"send Bogle to me, and I will engage him." "Indeed, Mrs. Wayland, I am sorry to say Bogle is bespoke for a wedding." "Then Shepherd"—was my reply—"let me have Shepherd." "As to Shepherd, ma'am, he enjoys very bad health, and is always painful." "I am sorry for that. But where is Frisby—I will take him." "I don't think Frisby can be taken for that evening, ma'am, for he's going the very same Thursday to reside at a great ball and supper out of town." "I am unwilling to defer my party"—said I—"for it is intended chiefly for some strangers who are engaged every night till Thursday, and will leave Philadelphia next day. Carroll, you must really find me some one that I can have that evening as head waiter. Where is Solomon King?" "Why, Mrs. Wayland, I don't believe Solomon King would suit you now, any how. He's taken very much to drink; and besides, he's dead."

Miss Olivant.—What an amusing book might be made of the sayings of coloured people, if all our American writers would join in "giving in their experience."

Mrs. Martlet.—It should be followed by a similar collection of ludicrous Yankee anecdotes.

Miss Brookley.—And by another of western jokes.

Mrs. Martlet.—I wish some duly qualified writer, with a keen perception of the ridiculous, and the faculty of communicating that perception to his readers, some one who has travelled much in this country, and has learnt to know understandingly "the north from the south, and the east from the west," would prepare a good sizeable book of American comic anecdotes.

Mrs. Wayland.—Such a work would not only be popular in America, but I think its success would be great in England, where such anecdotes have an additional gloss and freshness from their novelty.

Mrs. Martlet.—Yes; our friends across the water have begun already to discover that there is some fun to be had in "these United States," though one of their most ultra-amiable female writers has designated America as "the land of sour faces and sour beer."

Mrs. Pelby.—Well, I never knew before that ours was a beer country at all—that is, not particu-

larly. And I am sure, what beer we have is not half so sour as English porter.

Mrs. Wayland.—I am more offended at the sour face libel. It is a common observation of foreigners that American faces are generally thoughtful and acute—but a vinegar expression is certainly not one of their characteristics.

Miss Brookley.—I wish, Mrs. Martlet, this English authoress could have seen all the gay, good-humoured, bright countenances, and bright faces, that were at your delightful party the other evening.

Miss Olivant.—Yes; every one appeared as if they were happy in themselves and desirous of being the cause of happiness in others. And the dressing, generally, was remarkably elegant and tasteful. It is impossible, when becomingly and gracefully drest, not to be satisfied that we look well, and the satisfaction naturally excites a pleasant feeling, and gives additional animation to the countenance, and ease to the deportment.

Mrs. Martlet.—Miss Brookley, I heard much admiration the other evening of the beautiful style of your hair, and the charming arrangement of its flowers. It had *un grand succès*. Lepage must have drest it, as one of his countrymen made an exquisite shoe, in a fit of enthusiasm.

Miss Brookley.—I am glad that my hair was approved, and doubly so that my dear Mrs. Wayland hears of its *grand succès*, for to her, and not to Mr. Lepage, belongs all the honour and glory. Her own taste and her own hands were so kind as to arrange it for me.

Mrs. Wayland.—I dressed Louisa's hair entirely with reference to her age, figure, height, features, complexion and countenance.

Mrs. Pelby.—Dear me! must all those things be considered in dressing hair? I thought to fix it according to the newest fashion was quite enough.

Mrs. Wayland.—You know my father was an eminent painter, and from him, and from artists who visited at our house, I was early accustomed to hearing disquisitions on the art of producing effect in pictures, and on the best manner of heightening beauty, and softening the want of it.

Mrs. Pelby.—But people are not pictures.

Mrs. Wayland.—True; but (though it is a truth not always admitted) the rules for looking well are very similar, both with regard to living beings, and in the creations of the pencil. For instance, no good portrait painter would represent his sitter in a costume that, however fashionable, was calculated to render conspicuous any striking defect of figure or face. If a lady's neck was too short, he would not cover it with a close, heavy ruff, or a broad double-quilled frill, or a high standing collar. If her shoulders were too high, he would not be willing to paint her in a dress that had puffings, or frillings, or loose full gathers elevated on the very tops of those shoulders. If her chest was very flat and narrow, he would be reluctant to depict her in a dress with what is called a plain body, fitting closely to the figure, without the improvement of any folds, pleats, or gathers. Yet, in a woman

with a fine bust, and a round, plump form, a plain body may look very well. If the arms of the lady were thin and bony, he would neither cover them with long *tight* sleeves, nor expose them with short ones. If her face was long and narrow, he would not make it appear still longer and narrower by carrying a heavy mass of curls down both sides.

Mrs. Martlet.—I dislike extremely those long, thick ringlets, hanging down on each side of the face and neck. They remind me of the immense wigs of Queen Anne's time, such as, I believe, are still part of the paraphernalia of an English judge, and which Lord Brougham caricatured, when he was chancellor, by wearing an enormous one made of whalebone split into fibres and curled.

Mrs. Wayland.—Ringlets injure the effect of the face and neck when they descend below the chin; and, like all other things, they should be worn in moderation. When too long, they are peculiarly ungraceful, especially from under a bonnet. To some faces, curls of every description are unbecoming. They rarely look well on women who, in ceasing to be young, have grown thin and faded. Ladies decidedly and palpably old, seem older still by affecting ringlets, particularly if those ringlets are light-coloured. The contrast is too glaring between the golden curls that properly belong only to the bloom of youth and the wrinkled cheeks and withered skin of age. It is much to be regretted that so many elderly persons assume light hair; for, even when natural, it is rarely becoming, except when accompanied by a smooth white skin, tinted with the rose of youth.

Mrs. Martlet.—I believe the poet Gay was right in saying—

"The fairest blossoms fade with early blasts,
But the brown beauties will like hollies last."

Mrs. Wayland.—It is generally true. If a young lady feels any regret at finding herself a brunette in the rosiest time of girlhood, she may be consoled with the hope of her complexion continuing to look as well at thirty as at fifteen.

Mrs. Pelby.—I am glad that I am neither light nor dark, but something between.

Miss Brookley.—Mrs. Wayland, what do you think of middle-aged ladies wearing, or rather showing, their own hair after it has turned *entirely* gray? I have met with several who dressed very much, particularly at parties, but seemed to have no hesitation in displaying their silver locks, curled in front and platted behind. Now, I thought if they were old enough to have gray hair, they were old enough to wear caps.

Mrs. Cottinger.—Perhaps their hair had become gray prematurely. There are instances of hair turning gray at a very early age.

Miss Brookley.—I do not know. I think all the ladies to whom I allude, looked as if their hair might have changed in the regular course of time. Still they were not what are called old women.

Mrs. Wayland.—I approve the appearance of gray hair in ladies who are really far advanced in

years, and who have adopted the style of dress which is so proper and so respectable for a venerable matron.

Mrs. Martlet.—You mean “the customary suit of solemn black,” worn “with all appliances and means to boot.”

Mrs. Wayland.—Yes—for consistency is a virtue. When a lady has descended so far into the vale of years that she ceases to wear colours, and has adopted for the remainder of her life, one permanent style of dress, plain, neat and convenient, then by all means let her appear in her gray hair parted simply on her forehead. It accords well with a close muslin cap, trimmed with black or dark ribbon, a muslin kerchief, or a plain collar with a nicely pleated frill, and a black or dark-coloured gown.

Mrs. Martlet.—That is the costume of our venerable old ladies in New England—such as are often designated by the title of Madam instead of Mrs.

Mrs. Wayland.—Yes; I have a charming old aunt living in Boston, who is called Madam Chastney, to distinguish her from the wives of her three sons. She looks like what she is—the patriarchess of a large family. She has recently promised me a visit.

Mrs. Martlet.—I am sure we shall all be delighted with her.

Miss Olivant.—It is certainly something of an accomplishment to know how to grow old gracefully. I am trying to acquire it; and, as a first step, you will see me no more in the juvenile simplicity of clear white muslin frocks, and with a real rose in my hair. At five-and-twenty, one can no longer be mistaken for a school-girl.—But to return to the gray hair of middle-aged ladies, I think with you, Mrs. Wayland, that it is generally in bad taste to make a display of it. It does not correspond with gay colours, glittering jewels, and a showy dress of the latest fashion. As long as a lady continues that style of attire, she should certainly conceal her gray hair under a brown *chevelure*, and the darker the brown the better she will look in it—after the roses and lilies of youth have left her cheeks and forehead. To me, there is really something ghastly (though I am glad to say it is a sight that is rarely seen) in the look of a female head of gray hair ringleted, braided, and drest for company, without a cap or any other covering. In such cases, I always wish that the head had been bald as well as gray, so as to render such a display impossible.

Mrs. Wayland.—Also, no female face can look well without some decided colour about it, either of the hair or the head-dress; and gray is too much of a middle tint to give proper effect, particularly when in conjunction with a faded face that is all middle tint. The whiteness of a cap is always a set-off to a complexion that has lost its brightness. Therefore, caps are universally becoming to women who have arrived at middle age, even when their hair is still untouched with silver. If a face is too

full and broad, a cap-border, shading the sides, will make it look smaller. If the face is thin and sharp, a cap-border softens its rigidity, and conceals the hollowness of the cheeks.

Miss Olivant.—It is really grievous to observe the reluctance of many unmarried maidens to commence wearing caps. How very long do they put off the evil day, as they seem to consider it—falsely supposing that they have only to refrain from caps to be still regarded as girls.

Mrs. Wayland.—Not knowing that, when her youthful days are really over, a lady looks younger (and certainly handsomer) with a cap than without one.

Mrs. Pelby.—It is still worse for grandmothers to go with their heads bare. Now, I put on turbans, and tocques, and berets, and caps, and all such things, earlier than was necessary, for my hair is not yet gray. But, as I always wished to wear it according to the fashion, it was a perpetual trouble to me. When preparing for a ball, I have gone a whole night and all next day with curls pinned up under an old gauze handkerchief tied round my forehead; or I've kept them all that time twisted in papers. And, after all, if the evening chanced to be damp, there were my locks hanging down in long, straight strings, with the curl entirely out, making me look like a crazy woman—only there were enough others to keep me in countenance. The worst thing that ever happened to me in all my life, was an accident about my hair. I will tell it to you, if you will all promise to keep it a profound secret. I would not, for ten thousand dollars, that it should be known throughout the world.

Mrs. Martlet.—That it will not be, we can all safely promise.

Mrs. Pelby.—It occurred in my girlhood, when my name was Miss Princkley. Mrs. Wayland, do you remember (it was not so very long ago) a fashion of wearing the hair in a large broad roll or bow, at the top of the head, the bow filled out, and kept smooth and shapely by a sort of cushion that was put inside and fastened with pins.

Mrs. Wayland.—Yes. Those cushions were about the size and figure of a moderate sweet potato. They were stuffed with wool and covered with black or brown silk.

Miss Brookley.—Of course, those sweet potato things were carefully concealed.

Mrs. Pelby.—To be sure they were. Now, I suppose you will call what I am going to relate, (remember, 'tis a great secret,) the

STORY OF A HAIR CUSHION.

Well, then, there was a great ball given by the City Dancing Assembly, and a very select one it was. I never went to any balls that were not perfectly genteel; and I was at this with quite a large party—matronized by my youngest sister, who had been married about a fortnight. She was so lucky as to get off before she was sixteen. I am only three years older than her. I was drest in a straw-coloured crape over satin, trimmed with rouleaus

and pale yellow roses. I had a gold cord and tassel round my waist, and a gold chain round my head, fastened in the middle of my forehead with a topaz clasp. I had straw-coloured satin shoes, and a pale yellow fan, with gold spangles. Every thing matched. My sister's husband told me I looked like a bunch of buttercups; but another gentleman said I was more like an evening primrose. That was polite, was it not? There were many very polite men in former times. But that time was not so very former either.

Well, it was a very great ball; and, as all the great French hair-dressers were engaged, and hard at work from early in the morning doing the heads of the ladies, I had to take up with the best I could get. I don't believe he was a Frenchman at all, though he called himself Mr. De Jones; for, instead of speaking Frenchified, he talked about dressing air with horange buds and happle blossoms, and hantic hoil. If it had been very long ago, I could not have remembered either him or his sayings. Well, my hair was rolled into a very large bow, and filled out with a very large new sweet potato, as you call it, that I made myself for the purpose. And I was drest, and we all went to the ball, and I expected a great deal of pleasure. I was engaged to dance the first set with Mr. Capers, who cut the pigeon-wing better than any gentleman in the city. Pigeon-wings were fashionable in those days, and showed to great advantage in the Cauliflower. But, after all, those days were not days of yore, but only some time since.

Well, to make the ball still greater, we were promised the company of General Jackson, who happened to be passing through the city. It was just after a famous victory of his—

Mrs. Cottinger.—The battle of New Orleans?

Mrs. Pelby.—No, I think it was some other victory later than that. However, because he was a great general and victorious, the managers waited on him at his hotel, and invited him to this ball, and had the walls drest out with eagles and flags, and laurel wreaths. And he was so polite as to come, and bring with him a handsome young officer that they said always aided him, and, I suppose, helped him out when he was at a loss. The general and his help did not come early, and we were all in the midst of dancing, when suddenly a folding door, that had been kept shut on purpose, was thrown open. Every body stopped short, as they do in the Surprise Cotillon, and the music ceased a moment, and then struck up General Jackson's March, and so we knew he was coming. The managers went forward and received him at the door, and then one of them conducted him all around the room, and introduced him to all the ladies. And the general bowed, and took the hand of every one, mine among the rest. Yes, he actually touched this very hand, and I was so confused, and also so delighted, that I thought I should have died—for he was in full uniform, a tall, fine-looking man, and much handsomer than we had supposed, and very graceful besides. I hope he

noticed the beautiful trimming on my dress. I thought I saw him look down. Well, after he had gone round all the ladies, he was taken by the managers into the centre of the room, and then the gentlemen went up, and were introduced, and shook hands with him as he stood. After this, the general was invited to dance. He excused himself from cotillons. It was before the days of gallopades and mazurkas, and, at that time, nobody waltzed but foreigners. Yet it was not so very far back neither. The general consented to join in a country-dance, and, accordingly, led a young lady to the top of the room, which was very large, and had a fire-place at each end. His partner was the envy of the whole company, and the next envied was the lady that danced with his young aid. Two country dances were formed; but every body tried to get places in that where General Jackson was. So it was the longest I ever saw. There was actually dancing on the two hearths. Luckily, both fires had been allowed to diminish to a bed of coals. Anthracite was not then introduced. It seems to me a very short time since it came into use, and I am not apt to be mistaken. I shall never forget a stout, red-cheeked young Englishman, who made desperate efforts to get himself and his partner into General Jackson's country-dance. At last, when, in turning, his hand was touched by the general, the Englishman's face brightened till it shone like the sun, and a pleased smile remained on it all the rest of the evening. I heard him say—"This will be a fine thing to tell when I get back to Brummagem."

You cannot think how well General Jackson danced; and, of course, while dancing, I had another touch of his hand. At last, my partner and I got down to the bottom, and I found myself directly on the hearth, so that I had to hold back my dress lest it should catch fire on the glowing coals. As soon as the dance was over, the general took his leave, having another engagement. Then the ladies sat down, and fanned themselves, and drank lemonade; and the gentlemen gathered together in clusters, and stood about, and talked of General Jackson, and his victory, whatever it was. Men always seem fond of victories. But there was a group at the lower fire-place, that grew larger and larger, till it actually increased into a crowd. I thought *they* could not be talking of General Jackson, for they were putting their heads together, and whispering and laughing, and sometimes looking round cautiously as if they were afraid of being overheard. There seemed so much mystery, that, though the ladies were all dying with curiosity, none of us ventured to inquire, lest it should be something improper. After awhile, they summoned a waiter, and we then saw a coloured man come walking from the fire-place, carrying across the room, at arms length, a shovel, on which lay something burning and smoking, and smouldering—the fellow holding it out afar, and turning away his head with a queer face, as if the fumes disgusted him, but, in reality, trying to smother a laugh.

The whole room was filled with the odour of burning wool, as he carried it out on the shovel to throw it away. It was then whispered about that a lady's black silk hair cushion had fallen on the hearth and caught fire, and that the gentlemen (finding it was not a roasted potato) had been puzzled what to make of it—wondering what sort of thing it could possibly be, and for what use it was intended.

I put up my hand to the top of my head, and, to my utter horror, my own hair cushion was not there. I then comprehended that this unlucky cushion was mine and I was mortified beyond every thing, and frightened lest I should be discovered as the owner. So, to turn aside suspicion, I began to talk about it immediately, very loud and fast. "Dear me"—said I—"how very heedless some people are. Who could possibly have fixed her cushion so carelessly, that it should fall out of itself. I would give a dollar to know the owner. How very mortifying! How badly she must feel! This scent of the burning wool must be absolutely sickening to her—poor thing! Of course, she will keep herself perfectly quiet, lest she should be suspected as the owner of that vile cushion thing."

And it would have been best for me if I had kept quiet—for I overshot the mark, and was so flustered and so fussy, and I chattered so much about it, with my face burning all the time, that I soon began to perceive I was suspected, and that I was betraying myself more and more every moment. I saw the people about me exchanging smiles, and some even were slyly whispering. My face grew redder and redder, and without their knowing it, I was continually putting my hand up to the top of my head, till I had pulled down nearly

all my hair. My sister stopped me, and told me, in a low voice, that I was making myself a spectacle for the whole room, and that, by this time, every body knew that the cushion was mine; and that she was ashamed of me, and would never matronize me again.

All my pleasure was spoiled for the evening. I danced no more, but, during the next set, I hid myself behind a window curtain, and cried till I felt better. I was so glad that the ball was found flat after the general's departure, and that it broke up unusually early. Fortunately, I had heard that very evening that those hateful hair cushions were quite out in New York, so I determined not to make another, but to be the first to leave them off in Philadelphia.

Next day, I could not forbear taking a walk past the ball-room building. There I saw, in the street, several boys playing in the gutter. One of them fished out, with a stick, the remains of my poor hair cushion. I could not help stopping to say—"Boy, how dare you do so?" "Do what?"—said the boy, looking up surprised. "What right have you to be raking in the gutter?"—said I. "I guess any body has a right to do *that*"—was the answer. "You are not our mother"—said one of the boys. "Nor our aunt neither"—said another. Then I grew frightened, and ran into a neighbouring shop, lest they should chase and hoot me.

Only think, from that fatal night of the lost cushion I got a habit of putting my hand to the top of my head. But it is entirely worn off. I never do it now.

[*She puts her hand to the top of her head.*]

A MADRIGAL.

BY GERMAN W. FOSS.

Oh! halcyon the scene as Aurora's first beam,
Purpleth o'er landscape and mountain;
As green-trellis'd bowers and fairy-lipp'd flow'rs
Are mirror'd in lakelet and fountain:—
With the wild gushing note from th' oriole's throat,
The scream of the catbird and jay,
And the peasant boy's song, from th' hay-making throng,
To welcome the "rosy god's" ray.

Hey! now for the aisles of the dim forest wilds,
Where embryo anthems are ringing;
And the wood lily, thorn, and the columbine's horn,
An odorous fragrance are flinging.
Rich bouquets of posies—a wreath of wild roses,
With argosy-garlands of green:
For dear sister Ellen—whose heart is love's dwelling!—
I'll gather as keepsakes, I ween!

And with heart wild and free as surf on the sea,
I'll revisit the haunts of past gladness,
Where a truant from school, in brooklet and pool,
I fished with a *penchant* like madness.
Again roam through the brake, by the clear blue lake,
Where oft doth the water-fowl come;
And sit 'neath the shade of the sassafras glade,
And list to the partridge's drum.

Then huzza! for the scene, when the rosy god's beam
Sparkles in lakelet and fountain;
And the free gushing note, of the wild-bird's throat,
Is echo'd o'er cliff, crag and mountain.
O! my heart is then lightest—my dreamings then brightest,
With nothing to darken or sorrow;
No boon to be cast for the future or past—
Save a welcome of gladness to-morrow.

MARRYING A GENIUS.

BY MISS MARY ORME.

"I WILL not say I hate talented women, but I will say I fear them. I would never marry a genius. I want to be comfortable, and, in order to be comfortable, I want my own way; and these wise women are sure to interfere. Yes, begging your pardon, dearest Aunt Mary, I shall eschew literature in its concrete form."

Thus spake Horace Simmons to his good Aunt Mary Evans, who, he often said, had but two faults—one was, she was an old maid; the other, she was a "*Blue*;" consequently, in his opinion, though she made him and all her friends happy, she could not have made a husband happy.

"Seriously, aunty, dear, do you think you could live happily with a husband?"

"I am rather inclined, Horace, to let the wilful man have his way, and not answer your question, for I have the disadvantage of reasoning *à priori*. But, really, I do not flatter myself that I have talent enough to make a husband miserable, and I hope I have not the disposition."

"I know, aunty, you would not willingly make any one unhappy; but tell me whence comes the prejudice against talented women? It must have a foundation."

"I think I can tell you, Horace. In the first place, many duties devolve upon a wife. Too often, wearying labour and wearying care are hers, and any absorbing pursuit, be it literature or fashionable dissipation, interferes with the performance of these duties; and, consequently, interferes with the comfort of the husband and family. Another reason—men of much will and little talent are often united to women of genius. Their wisdom is a rebuke to the folly of their husbands, and is resented as such. A woman of a high order of genius will attend to all the duties of her position, as far as possible, and, if the cultivation of literature occasions the injury and discomfort of her family, she will cheerfully resign her tastes to their happiness. I am of opinion, that the highest earthly felicity must result from an union between two highly gifted and cultivated individuals, even though the wife were equally gifted, equally educated with her husband. Those ladies who neglect their duties to read novels, have generally the smallest possible claim to be considered literary women, or women of genius."

"Well, aunt, I presume you are right, but I am not yet in the mood for marrying a genius," and the accomplished Horace Simmons took up his hat.

"You must e'en make the journey of life as you will," said his aunt; and a tear came unbidden into her fine eye.

Horace caught his aunt's hand. "Dearest Aunt Mary, why do you weep? Have I wounded you by my foolish remarks? I dare say they were foolish. But, to speak truly, I have no more respect for the 'corporate Ishmaelism,' called matrimony, than you have."

Horace had answered to what he supposed was his aunt's thought. He concluded she despised marriage because she did not marry. Her answer undeceived him.

"Nay, Horace, you wrong me. It is this very feeling of yours which I deplore. You would respect marriage, were the deepest and holiest in your being living at this moment. Nay, you do respect God's most sacred institution. It is only the false which you condemn. Shall I tell you, my own Horace, (for, ever since your mother's death, I have considered you mine,) shall I tell you I am married? Yes, united in soul to one whom I can meet no more on earth. Think it not strange that your words grate harshly on my heart."

Horace looked at his aunt wildly and inquiringly, as he leaned against the wall for support.

"Do not misapprehend me, my dear nephew. I do not mean that I am married in the sight of men. But I was, years since, betrothed to one of the noblest beings ever given to earth. He left me, six years since, to travel in the East. His vessel has never been heard from. His memory is sacred to me. Our union remains the same, because all that made it union—the soul—is immortal. He did not fear the little learning and wisdom of your poor aunt. He loved me, Horace, deeper than the passions and fancies of a day, which consume in their own unhallowed fire."

Horace Simmons was deeply moved. He loved his gentle and gifted aunt truly. She was worthy of the affection of her friends, and she possessed it. Their love for her was little short of idolatry. Horace had never asked why his aunt remained unmarried, but took it for granted that her books and her pen were her idols. The gay and thoughtless young man saw not the great fact, that the fountain of love within made her the richly endowed one that she was. She loved knowledge—she loved beauty—she loved LOVE; and those in whom these were most fully incarnated, were her most precious friends. She did not repudiate the sensible life, nor was she clogged with it. After her irreparable loss, she solaced herself, as best she might, in literature and philosophy. Daily she would say, in her heart—"I will study this or read that, because *he* loved it. I will cultivate all the faculties of my soul, that I may be more worthy of *him*—

that our union may be more perfect." She had exquisite happiness in the thought that her beloved was ever with her, witnessing her efforts after the good and the true. She loved her nephew, and, though she saw in him a want of development that sometimes gave her a keen pang, still she *trusted*. She said—"God will finish His work, and, though this young creature may and must be perfected through suffering, such is the will of the Highest, and I will not murmur."

After this interview, Horace bent his steps toward his home, to the house of his guardian, Mr. Gordon. He was a clerk in Mr. Gordon's store, and lived happily in his family—for they well knew that he had a fortune of twenty thousand dollars in his guardian's possession. Mr. Gordon had two daughters—Harriet and Eliza. Harriet was a decided flirt, and this secured Horace against her. Eliza was quiet, domestic, and dignified. Her pride was "hid in the store rooms with her jams and jars," and shone in the beautiful worsted work that graced her ottomans and lamp mats. She was ever kind and attentive to Simmons. She gave him the strongest coffee and the hottest roll, and the sweetest butter. She wrought him the most elegant slippers. She saved the newspaper for him carefully in her work basket. Propinquity has made many a marriage—(I use the word marriage here by courtesy, as we call a mean fellow a gentleman because he wears the garb.) Simmons had committed himself with Miss Eliza, and had discovered a sad deficit of talent, before this conversation with his aunt. Hence his animadversions on genius, which were more to satisfy his own mind with the lot that he had chosen, or rather got entangled in, than his real convictions.

"After all," said he to himself, "if I cannot converse on all subjects with my wife, she will make my home comfortable and let me have my own way."

Simmons had yet to learn that the stupid and uneducated are more often wilful and opinionative than any others. But he was pledged, and chose to keep the letter of his pledge, amid doubts of his ability to keep the spirit of it. He wedded Eliza Gordon. She congratulated herself that she had a nice house to superintend, and plenty of time to work worsted. Her husband was sure of a house-keeper, if not a companion. Truly, he was more favoured than the man who gets neither.

A year from his wedding day, and a select company of friends and relatives were assembled at the home of his Aunt Mary. Let us look in upon them. Mary Evans is standing with her hand in that of a dark, not beautiful, but exceedingly interesting looking man; and the clergyman and the book are there also. Has she forgotten the bridal of her soul? Can she, the good and the gifted, give herself to another, when she had said, "I am married?" No, no. Her betrothed has returned, not from another world, but from China. He had been wrecked, and escaped, and had passed through many chances and changes; but Mary was his, and he was hers.

A year more, and Horace sat in his Aunt Mary's boudoir.

"Is it possible, dearest Aunt Mary, that you have written that beautiful book, and given dear Uncle Marsden that sweet boy in the cradle, and cared for all else, as I know you have? Why, even Eliza, who never reads, has read the book, and she declares you wrote it on purpose to make me a better husband; and I added, 'and you a better wife.'"

"And you were both right," said Mrs. M.

"Oh, aunt, I wish to Heaven you had married first, then I should have known that a woman who has a soul could make her husband happy."

"Horace, I shall preach you a sermon on contentment. Our unions are such as we are fitted for. When the world is worthy of something higher, it will be given. Do not complain of the inevitable. Your wife has read one book. Read to her—read with her. Unlock the treasures of her soul, as far as may be. Do not complain of her, dear Horace, till you have done your part. I have little sympathy with complaining husbands, or wives. Let them do all they can to make life tolerable."

Mrs. Marsden looked at her nephew. The tears were coursing down his cheeks.

"I see how it is, aunt. I have what I am fitted for, and I shall never be fitted for aught higher or better. The deepest, the holiest of my nature, will never be unsealed. I shall go to the grave a failure."

"If you are sure, my dear child, that this is your fate, bear it like a man. I am content to fail when I have done all I can. See that you do all in your power for yourself and Eliza. There are many successful failures in the moral world. You have lived to know the difference between a slipshod novel reader and a woman of genius. Perhaps your experience may yet be recorded for the benefit of those who fear or hate women of talent."

Simmons left his aunt and returned home, determined to do his part towards his wife's redemption. He found her with what he internally denominated "that infernal and everlasting worsted work."

"Eliza," said he, kindly, "Aunt Mary has sent you 'Home,' by Miss Bremer. Shall I read to you this evening?"

"Thank you," said Eliza; "I am puzzling over a new pattern, and I can't attend to reading and work at the same time. And pretty soon Charles will be awake, and he is not over fond of reading any more than most troublesome children of a year old."

Horace bit his lip, and swallowed a half formed malediction, and betook himself to his reading. He made effort after effort, with like success. His wife had so much to do. She was so attentive to his *comfort*, that she had no time to make him *happy*. She was an "excellent wife." She made pickles and preserves of a peculiar flavour. She always burned the coffee herself, and put it in a box, and

shut it close, to be sure that none of the poison, alias *goodness*, should escape by exposure. Washing, ironing, baking, baby—all were duly attended to. She could trust no one with the oversight of her work. She wanted her house in order, and she was miserable unless it was so. The only solace of this hard working woman was worsted work. Oh! if men knew the glory of a superb pattern of worsted, the delight of the delicate shading of many beautiful colours, and the lustre of the linen thread and the brilliant beads, added to the most approved pattern, they would never sigh for military glory. But this happiness they never share with their wives. We might whisper to some bachelors, that girls and wives have been known to get as much absorbed in this fascinating employment as Mrs. Austin in Goethe, Mrs. Somerville in astronomy, etc., and as little to the comfort of their lords. Had Mrs. Simmons loved her husband, she would have sacrificed her own wishes at times; she would have learned for the sake of her love. But she was fixed in very quiet indifference. Not that she could bear any attention of his to another. His partiality toward Aunt Mary was not over pleasant to her. She liked not talking, thinking and writing women. She could not see why married men should be attracted toward such women. Why could not Mrs. Marsden and Mrs. Little, and all those selfish literary women, talk to her as well as her husband? And why were these women so very attractive to gentlemen? These were questions that she answered in her own way, and to her deep dissatisfaction.

Time rolled on. Simmons loved his boy, and prized his wife's good qualities. His wife was his housekeeper—Aunt Mary his friend, his guardian angel. His boy was his idol. Horace Simmons cultivated his talents as well as one can who stands alone, and he was not wholly alone. Mrs. Marsden understood him. The world would have been sad, indeed, without her. Daily did he thank God for the gift of this friend, who sustained such a relation to him, that envious tongues could say naught against his communion with her. No lot is wholly evil. Everywhere, in the desert's gloom, in the prison's despair, amid the discords of an unhappy home, man finds some blessings, if he can but see and reckon them. To the loving, happiness comes unbidden. The indifferent and unloving seek it—at times they find the treasure. Simmons and his wife could hardly be said to be unhappy. They were busy, each in his and her own way. He was a man of principle, too good-natured and too lazy to quarrel. But the end of married life, joint happiness and usefulness, was far from being answered.

Ten years from Simmons's wedding day, and Mrs. Marsden sat by his side in his elegant parlour. Three beautiful children, a son and two little daughters, surrounded him. He was weeping bitterly—most bitterly.

"O! Aunt Mary," said he, passionately, "I never valued my wife, whilst she lived, as I ought. She

has often told me that I would never appreciate her till she was dead, and now I feel the truth of her words. She was such a careful mother. She kept my home so quiet, so nice, so orderly. What shall I do without her? Who will care for these dear children like a mother?"

"Let Charles stay at Mr. Wyndham's school, where he is so happy. Mary, Anna, and you, my own Horace, shall come to me. I will love you, care for you, do all I can to make you happy."

Horace embraced his aunt—his mother—and said—"Oh that all women were like you, wise and kind."

Time fled. Men advised Simmons to wed one of the many young ladies of his acquaintance. "No," said he. "Aunt Mary has taught me 'not to follow a giddy girl, but, with religious, ennobling passion, a woman with all that is serene, good and beautiful in her soul.' And certainly the bereaved father of a family must feel that care, and not love, belongs to him."

Simmons saw few women but his aunt and her friends. The teacher of his little daughters was pleasant to him, because she was kind and gentle to them. She often spent an evening with Mrs. Marsden, and Horace read to them; and though he sometimes felt a little vexed that she did not appreciate the tales and poems he read from their favourite books, yet he liked her gentle manners much, and he found her ever ready with thoughts upon any subject which he introduced. One evening, he read the "Village School Mistress" to the beautiful girl, but she had no word of praise for his favourite story. She only blushed, because, as he supposed, she, too, was a school mistress.

"Miss Crawford," said Simmons, rather bitterly, "I wish your taste ever corresponded with mine. I thought, when I first became acquainted with you, that I had found a second Aunt Mary; but Aunt Mary can appreciate a good story."

"And Jane Crawford can write one," said Mrs. Marsden, "for she wrote the 'Village School Mistress,' and the other tales you have been admiring for weeks; and she wrote them amid arduous duties, because she knew you took pleasure in such tales."

A year from this time, when Horace Simmons and Jane Crawford had become really acquainted, they stood together at the altar; and he answered truly when he said he took her for his wedded wife. Sacred, forever sacred, be that word—so full of all beautiful and blissful meaning.

Horace Simmons found his home as well appointed, and all material things as well cared for, as if spirit culture had been neglected. His wife often said—"There is time for all things." Her books, her work, her pen, her children, (they were hers because they were his whom she loved,) all had her attention as they deserved. Simmons sought to triumph in the world of mind with a glad heart. He knew that he was understood, appreciated, loved. The glad eye and smile of his wife welcomed all his new thoughts. His rough wisdom

was polished by her taste. The sterling gold of his character shone all the brighter in the mild and beautiful light of her genius. They studied, read, wrote and worked together—for many were the cares and labours that the loving husband learned to share and lighten.

At Aunt Mary's last visit, she found them in the library. Horace had written out a scientific paper.

Jane was copying, polishing and beautifying his work.

"Are you not jealous of her ability?" said Mrs. M.

Jane looked sweetly in her husband's face, as he twined his finger in one of her rich dark curls. He said to his aunt—

"Thank Heaven, I do not hate or fear women of genius."

FRIENDSHIP'S TRINITY.

THE HEART—AROUND WHICH IS TWINED, THE ROSE, THE WILLOW, AND THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

BY S. CAMERON.

WHAT worthy offering shall I lay
On Memory's consecrated shrine,
What tribute, to the olden day,
To tell to other hearts of mine—
What token, which—when distance dwells
Between the friends of other hours,
Most sadly, eloquently tells
Our feelings, like the words of flow'rs.
Silent and beautiful, yet fraught
With all the strength of living thought—
What record shall I leave, which seen
Shall make once more the desert green,
Give fancy wings of golden light,
Whence dew-drops shall descend around,
Making the darken'd spirits bright,
And Mem'ry's region holy ground;
Telling of one who loves to wake
Remembrance, for her own sweet sake?

First, this dark wreath of hair I twine
In meet devices for the shrine,—
And form a *Heart* to friendship true,
A sigh its breath—a tear its dew;
Emblem of all the fervent feeling
Deep dwelling beyond words revealing,
Which, each a bright and separate star,
Call back those hours of bliss afar,
And round the joyous spirit roll
The constellation of the soul.

Next of this hair a *Rose* entwine,
Another tribute for our shrine!
'Twill tell of beauty, such as Heaven
To earthly minds hath seldom given,
Of beauty, clothed in innocence,
As pure as dwelt beneath the skies,
When angel forms descending thence,
Walk'd thro' the bowers of Paradise.
A smile more bright,—a voice more sweet,
A mind more beautifully clear,
This earthly pilgrim may not meet,
In all his devious wandering here.
And crowning all the inner sense,
The high refined intelligence,

Playing like zephyr, which has found
Sweet flow'rs along its shining way,
Giving and gathering odours round
By morning beam and evening ray;
Mind of that mysterious lore
Which but in giving grew the more.

Now of this hair I next entwine
A bosom tribute for our shrine;
The symbol of undying thought,
It is the fond,—*Forget-Me-Not!*
Come, ye spirits of the past,—
Ye who hover'd, felt, unseen
O'er us when we wandered last
By the bright lake's margin green;
When the leaves that round us stirr'd
Seem to breathe some friendship word:
And the ripple of the lake,
In our spirits calm and pleasant,
Seem prophetic sounds to wake,
Telling of the future present;
And the beams that flung around
Showers of gold upon its water,
No unsuited symbol found
In the smiles of virtue's daughter:—
Come, ye spirits and entwine,
This meet tribute for our shrine.

And last and saddest let me wreath
The *Weeping Willow*, drooping ever,
That mournful tree that loves to breathe
Upon the bank of some dark river;
Where deepest shadows dwell the longest,
And where its gushing grief is strongest—
O! let one tear, one tribute tear,
Descend with soothing influence here;
For this is sorrow's sacred tree,
Suited to memory and me;
O! 'tis a soothing thing to weep,
Above the grave of buried bliss,
And green our memories to keep,
In such a mindless world as this.
To weep is joy,—the balm of feeling,
The wounded, broken spirit healing;

The friends whom I have lov'd so dearly,
The hearts that beat with mine sincerely;
Whom I regard by every tie
Which truth and honour sanctify;
They know me well—and well can feel
The friendship kept with saintly zeal;
Through every change of time and care,
Pride of my principle and prayer.

The weeping willow, fancy well
Weaves with its boughs the mourner's spell:
And suits my spirit as I think

On hours forever passed away,
Which draughts of holiest feelings drink,
That bid defiance to decay;
And bring the pleasant scenes once more,
Which, with those friends, I lov'd before;—
And fond remembrance when you view

These wreaths now wet with sorrow's tears,
Will not your gentle spirit too
Distil one drop of sorrow's dew,
For him, the friend of vanish'd years?

Here is the *Heart*, and round it twine
Three wreathed offerings for the shrine,
The *Willow—Rose—Forget-Me-Not—*

And each bedew'd with tears from me,
Laid upon friendship's altar spot,

United,—FRIENDSHIP'S TRINITY!
And now a prayer—a fervent prayer,
Such as the pure in heart might share,
A prayer of life to Heaven from me,
Worthy of friendship and of thee,
A tearful melancholy call
Upon His love who ruleth all.

God of mercy,—God of love,
King of worlds below—above:
At the footstool of thy throne,
Let me breathe the humblest tone
Of my prayerful soul to thee,
God of Truth and Majesty.

Everywhere is sorrow found,
Ills on every hand abound;
Slander, with her evil tongue
Blighting hopes however young;
Withering name, and fame, and heart
With a seeming artless art;
Slander, with her sister *Malice*,
Poisoning *Virtue's* brimming chalice,—
Who, against the arms they wield,
Who can Reputation shield?

Folly,—call it what you may,
As it wears unnumber'd forms,
Ever leading us astray,
Through life's calmness and its storms,
Seeming pleasure—open ill,
All is folly—folly still.

Love of earth and earthly things,
Which thy deathful judgment brings,
Clinging to the treacherous wo,

And for earthly sakes forgetting
Love above for dross below,
And the streams in heaven that flow,

For the gulfs our paths besetting;
From these, and all their brood of strife,
Protect and save them, Lord of life!
And let, if such thy holy will,

The brightest blessings which may live
In earthly hearts, be theirs until

Thou wiltest deathless ones to give
Up in thine own celestial clime,
Beyond the rash, dark reach of time,
Where sorrow dwells not, neither care,

But, purified from earth, the soul
Is like thy heaven, all bright and fair,
And walks in robes of glory there,

A guest, through all the blooming whole
Of thy eternal realms—the bowers
Blooming with everlasting flow'rs;
Rivers of life and music flowing,

Rejoicing in their shining flight,
Joy, peace and sweetness still bestowing
And every pulse a wave of light.

MY MOTHER'S GOOD-BY.

BY THOMAS M. COOLEY.

My mother's "good-by"—I hear it still;
It comes my eyes with tears to fill;
It comes in the hours of lonely grief,
And it brings me a sad yet sweet relief;
It tells me of one who will love me still,
If my fortune be good or be never so ill;
And a face full of kindness comes up to my eye
As I listen again to that last good-by.

My mother's "good-by"—it comes to me
Like a peace-be-still to the troubled sea;
And when passions would sway, or temptations entice,
I hear the sound of a warning voice,

"My son, this world is a world of sin,
And there's many a tempting vice therein,
But shun them all, and their presence fly,
And God will protect thee—Good-by, good-by!"

My mother's "good-by"—I was very young
When sadly the words first fell from her tongue;
But they cling to me still as a part of my life,
My aid in the world's unfeeling strife;
They come in the morn, and they come in the even,
To bring to my sad heart dreams of heaven;
And many a time I have thought, with a sigh,
That an angel speaks in a mother's good-by!

IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"WASN'T that young Sanford?" asked Mrs. Larkin of her husband, as the two stood at a window of their dwelling one Sunday afternoon, noticing the passers by. The individual she alluded to was a young man who had ridden gaily along on a spirited horse.

"Yes," was the reply.

"He rides past almost every Sunday afternoon, and often in company with Harriet Meadows. I thought it was him, but I wasn't certain. He is quite a dashing young fellow."

"He is dashing far beyond his ostensible means. I wonder at Millard for keeping him in his store. I would soon cast adrift any one of my clerks who kept a swift horse, and sported about with the gay extravagance that Sanford does. His salary does not, I am sure, meet half his expenses. I have heard some of my young men speak of his habits. They say money with him is no consideration. He spends it as freely as water."

"Strange that his employer does not see this!"

"It is. But Millard is too unsuspicious, and too ignorant of what is going on out of the narrow business circle. He is like a horse in a mill. He sees nothing outside of a certain limit. He gets up in the morning, dresses himself, goes to his store, and then devotes himself to business until dinner time. Then he goes home and dines. After this he comes back to his store and stays until night. His evenings are either spent in reading or dozing at home, or with a neighbour at checkers. On Sunday morning he goes to church, in the afternoon he sleeps to kill time, and in the evening retires at eight, unless a friend steps in, to sleep away the tedious hours. Of the habits of his clerks, when out of his store, he knows as little as the man in the moon."

"But some one ought to give him a hint."

"It would be a charity."

"Why don't you do it?"

"Me! Oh, it's none of my business. Let Millard look after his own affairs. I'm not going to get myself into trouble by meddling with things that don't concern me. It is his place to see into the habits of his clerks. If he neglects to do so, he deserves to be cheated by them."

"I don't know. It seems to me that it would be no more than right to give him a hint, and put him on his guard."

"It would be a good turn, no doubt. But I'm not going to do it. It's no affair of mine."

"I don't think he is fit company for Harriet Meadows," Mrs. Larkin said, after a pause.

"Nor I," returned her husband. "I should be

very sorry to see our Jane riding with him, or, indeed, associating with him in any way. Surely Harriet's father and mother cannot know that their daughter goes out with him almost every Sunday afternoon."

"Of course not. They are religious people, and would think it a sin for her to do so. I am surprised that Harriet should act in such direct violation of what she knows to be their real sentiments."

"Some one ought to give them a hint on the subject."

"I think so. If it were my child, I would take it as a great favour indeed."

"Yes, so would I. Suppose, Ellen, you drop a word in Mrs. Meadows's ear."

"Me!" with a look and tone of surprise. "Oh no, I never interfere in other people's business. Every one ought to look after his or her own concerns. I hate your meddling folks. I'll take good care that my child don't form such associations. Let every body else do the same. The fact is, parents are too careless about where their children go, and what kind of company they keep."

"That's very true. Still I think no harm could come of your just giving Mrs. Meadows a hint."

"Oh, no indeed! It's none of my business."

"Well, just as you like," returned Mr. Larkin, indifferently. "Let every one see that his stable-door is locked before the horse is stolen."

Mr. Millard, who was in the same line of business with Larkin, was just the plodding, unobservant, unsuspicious person that the latter had described him. Sanford was an intelligent clerk, and an active salesman. These were valuable qualities, and for these he was appreciated by his employer. As to what he did or where he went after business hours, Millard never thought. He, doubtless, on the supposition of the merchant, went into good company, and acted with the same prudence that had governed himself under similar circumstances. But in this he was mistaken. The young man's habits were bad, and his associates often of a vicious character. Bad habits and bad associates always involve the spending of money freely. This consequence naturally occurred in the case of Sanford. To supply his wants his salary soon proved insufficient. These wants were like the horse-leech, and cried continually—"give, give." They could not be put off. The first resource was that of borrowing, in anticipation of his quarterly receipt of salary, after his last payment was exhausted. It was not long before, under this system, his entire quarterly receipt had to be paid away to balance his borrowed money account, thus leaving him nothing to meet

his increasing wants for the next three months. By borrowing again from some friends immediately, and curtailing his expenses down to the range of his income, he was able to get along for two or three quarters. But, of course, he was always behindhand just the amount of three months' salary. At length, as new wants pressed upon him, he was tempted to exceed in his borrowed money account the sum received as his quarterly dues. This made it impossible for him to pay off, when he received his instalments of salary, the whole amount of borrowed money, and caused him to cast about for some new resource. In balancing the cash account one day,—he had charge of this,—he found that there was an error of one hundred dollars in favour of cash—that is, there were on hand one hundred dollars more than was called for by the account. He went over the account again and again, but could not discover the error. For more than an hour he examined the various entries and additions, with no better success. At last, however, a little to his disappointment, for he had already begun to think of quietly appropriating the surplus, he found the error to consist in the carriage of tens—four instead of five having been carried to the third or column of hundreds on one of the pages of the cash book, thus making the amount called for in the book one hundred dollars less than the real sum on hand.

For some time after this discovery, Sanford sat at his desk in a state of abstraction and irresolution. He was vexed that the error had been found out, for he had already nearly made up his mind to keep the overplus and say nothing about it. He did not attempt to change the erroneous figure. Why should it not remain so?—he at length asked himself. If it had cost him so much time and labour to find it out, it was not probable that any one else would detect it. Indeed, no one but himself and Mr. Millard had any thing to do with the general cash account of the establishment, and he knew very well that the latter did not examine it with a very close scrutiny. Finally, pressing demands for money determined him to put the surplus into his pocket, at least for the present. He did so, and in that act let into his mind a flood of evil counsellors, whose arguments, enforced by his own cupidities, could at any time afterwards have sufficient control to guide him almost at will. With this sum of one hundred dollars, he paid off a portion of what he owed, and retained the rest to meet the demands that would be made upon him before the arrival of the next quarter day. It was a rule with Millard to pay his clerks only in quarterly instalments. No other payments were allowed them.

It was not long before a deliberate false entry was made, by which another hundred dollars passed into his pockets. With this increase of income came a freer expenditure. Hitherto he had been in the habit of riding out on Sundays on hired horses; but now he was inspired with a wish to own a horse himself. A beautiful animal just at this time came under his eye. It was offered at one

hundred and fifty dollars. The owner, knowing Sanford's fondness for a gay, fast-going horse, urged him to buy. The temptation was very strong. He looked at the animal again and again, rode him out, talked about him, until, finally, the desire to own him became almost irresistible. He had not twenty dollars, however, and it would be two months before his salary came due, which at any rate was all wanted for current expenses. The cash book was looked at for a week or ten days before he could make up his mind to pen another false entry. At last, however, he picked up the courage to do so. The horse was purchased, and for a few days the thought of possessing so noble an animal was very pleasant.

On the third day after this act of dishonesty, Mr. Millard, who had been looking over the cash book, discovered the erroneous figures.

"Look here, Sanford," he said, "you have made a mistake here. This figure should be nine instead of eight, and this five instead of four."

The young man's heart gave a quick throb, but he controlled himself by a strong effort.

"Where?" he asked, quickly, coming at once to the side of Mr. Millard, and looking over the cash-book.

"Here—just add up these two columns."

Sanford added them up, and then said—

"Yes, that's a fact. I'm glad you have found it out. The cash has been over about two hundred dollars for several days, and I have tried in vain to find where the error lay. Strange, after adding up these columns for some twenty times or more, I should have still been wrong in these figures. Let me strike a balance for you now, so that you can count the cash, and see that there is just this amount over."

This dispelled all suspicion from the mind of Millard, if any had found a place there.

"No," he said, "I haven't time now. I have no doubt of it being right. Make the corrections required."

And as he thus remarked, he turned away from the desk.

Sanford trembled from head to foot the moment his employer left him. He tried to make the corrections, but his hand shook so that he could not hold the pen. In a little while he mastered this agitation so far as to be externally composed. He then changed the erroneous figures. But this did not make the matter straight. The cash account now called for two hundred dollars more than the funds on hand would show. If these should be counted before he could make other false entries, he would be discovered and disgraced. And now that errors had been discovered, it was but natural to suppose that Mr. Millard would glance less casually at the account than he had been in the habit of doing. At last, he determined to erase a few pages back certain figures, and insert others in their places, and carry down from thence the error by a regular series of erasures and new entries. This he did so skilfully, that none but the eye of suspi-

cion could have detected it. It was some weeks before he again ventured to repeat these acts. When he did so, he permitted the surplus cash to remain in the drawer for eight or ten days, so that if a discovery happened to be made, the balance on hand would show that it was an error. But Mr. Millard thought no more about the matter, and the dishonest clerk was permitted to prosecute his base conduct, undetected. In this way month after month passed away, until the defalcation rose to over a thousand dollars. Nightly Sanford attended places of public amusement, usually accompanied by a young lady, the daughter of some respectable citizen, who knew as little of the habits and character of the young man as did his employer himself. Among those with whom he had become intimate was Harriet Meadows, the daughter of a merchant possessing a high sense of honour and considerable wealth. Mr. Meadows, so soon as the young man began to visit at his house, gave him to understand by his manner that he was not welcome. This was so plainly done that there was no room for mistake in the matter. Piqued at this, Sanford determined that he would keep the daughter's company in spite of her crusty old father. Harriet was gay and thoughtless, and had been flattered by the attentions of Sanford. She met him a few times after his repulse at balls, and hesitated not to dance with him. These meetings afforded full opportunity for the young man to push himself still further into her good opinion, and to prevail upon her at length to meet him clandestinely, which she frequently did on Sunday afternoons, when, as has been already seen, she would ride out in his company. This kind of intimacy soon led to a declaration of love on the part of Sanford, which was fully responded to by the foolish girl. The former had much, he thought, to hope for in a union with Miss Meadows. Her father was well off and in a very excellent business. His fortune would be made if he could rise to the position of his son-in-law. He did not hope to do this by a fair and open offer for Harriet's hand. The character of Meadows, which was decided, precluded all hope of gaining his consent after he had once frowned upon his approaches. The only course on the road to success was a secret marriage, and to that he was gradually inclining the mind of the daughter at the time our story opened.

It is not always that a villain remains such alone. He generally, by a kind of intuition, perceives who are like him in interiors, and he associates with these on the principle that birds of a feather flock together. He was particularly intimate with one of Larkin's clerks, a young man named Hatfield, who had no higher views of life than himself, and was governed by no sounder principles. Hatfield found it necessary to be more guarded than Sanford, from the fact that his employer was gifted with much closer observation than was Millard. He, too, rode a fast trotting horse on Sundays, but he knew pretty well the round taken by Larkin on that day, and the hours when he attended church,

and was very careful never to meet him. At some place of public resort, a few miles from the city, he would join Sanford, and together they would spend the afternoon.

On Jane Larkin, his employer's only daughter, Hatfield had for some time looked with a favourable eye. But he felt very certain that neither her father nor mother would favour his addresses. Occasionally, with her parents' knowledge, he would attend her to places of public amusement. But both himself and the young lady saw that even this was not a thing that fully met their approbation. Hatfield would, on such occasions, ingeniously allude to this fact, and thus gather from Jane how she regarded their coldness. It was not agreeable to her he quickly perceived. This encouraged him to push matters further. Soon the two understood each other fully, and soon after the tacit opposition of the parents to their intimacy was a matter of conversation between them, whenever they could get an opportunity of talking together without awaking suspicion.

Harriet Meadows and Jane Larkin were particular friends, and soon became confidants. They were both quite young, and, we need not say, weak and thoughtless. Sanford and Hatfield, as the reader has seen, were also intimate. In a short time after the latter had made up their minds to secure the hands of these two young ladies, if possible, there was a mutual confession of the fact. This was followed by the putting of their heads together for the contrivance of such plans as would best lead to the effectuation of the end each had proposed to himself. It is a curious fact, that on the very Sunday afternoon on which we have seen Mr. and Mrs. Larkin conversing about the danger and impropriety of Harriet Meadows keeping company with a man like Sanford, their own daughter was actually riding out with Hatfield. In this ride they passed the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Meadows, who, in turn, commented upon the fact with some severity of censure towards Mr. Larkin and his wife for not looking more carefully after their only child.

"They certainly cannot know it," finally remarked Mr. Meadows.

"No, I should think not. It would be a real charity for some one just to mention it to them."

"It certainly would."

"Suppose you speak to Mr. Larkin about it," Mrs. Meadows said.

"Me? Oh no!" was the reply. "It is none of my business. I never meddle in family affairs. It is their duty to look after their daughter. If they don't, and she rides about with Tom, Dick and Harry on Sundays, they have no one to blame but themselves for the consequences."

Thus their responsibility in the affair was dismissed. It was no business of theirs.

In the mean time the two clerks were laying their plans for carrying off the young ladies, and marrying them secretly.

"Have you sounded Jane on this subject?" asked

Sanford of his friend one evening, when the matter had come up for serious discussion.

"I have."

"How does she stand?"

"I think there is no doubt of her. But how is Harriet?"

"All right. That point we settled last night. She is ready to go at any time that Jane is willing to take a similar step. She would rather not go all alone."

"If she will only second me in urging the absolute necessity of the thing upon Jane, there can be no doubt of the result. And she will do that of course."

"Oh yes—all her influence can be calculated upon. But how do you think Larkin will stand affected after all is over?"

"It's hard to tell. At first he will be as mad as a March hare. But Jane's his only child, and he loves her too well to cast her off. All will settle down quietly after a few weeks' ebullition, and I shall be as cosily fixed in the family as I could wish. After that my fortune is made. Larkin is worth, to my certain knowledge, fifty or sixty thousand dollars, every cent of which will in the end come into my hands. And, besides, Larkin's son-in-law will have to be set up in business. Give me a fair chance, and I'll turn a bright penny for myself."

"How are you off for funds at this present time?"

"Low, very low. The old fellow don't pay me half a salary. I'm in debt three or four hundred dollars, and dunned almost to death whenever I am in the way of duns. All the people I owe know better than to send their bills to the store, for if they were to do so, and by thus exposing me cause me to lose my situation, they are well aware that they might have to whistle for their money."

"Can't you make a raise some how? We must both have money to carry out this matter. In the first place, we must go off a hundred or two miles and spend a week. After we return, we may have to board for weeks at pretty high charges before a reconciliation can be brought about. During this time you will be out of a situation, for old Larkin won't take you back into the store until the matter is made up. You ought to have at least a couple of hundred dollars."

"And I haven't got twenty."

"Bad, very bad. But don't you think you could borrow a couple of hundred from Larkin, and pay him back after you become his son-in-law?"

"Borrow from Larkin! Goodness! He'd clear me out in less than no time if I were to ask him to loan me even fifty dollars."

"No, but you don't understand me," Sanford said, after a thoughtful pause. "Can't you borrow it without his knowledge, I mean? No harm meant of course. You intend borrowing his daughter, you know, for a little while, until he consents to give her to you."

Hatfield looked into the face of his tempter with a bewildered air for some moments. He did not yet fully comprehend his drift.

"How am I to borrow without his knowing it? Figure me that out if you please," he said.

"Who keeps the cash?"

"I do."

"Ah! So far so good. You keep the cash. Very well. Now isn't it within the bounds of possibility for you to possess yourself of a couple of hundred dollars in such a way that the deficit need not appear. If you can, it will be the easiest thing in the world, after you come back, and get the handling of a little more money in your own right than has heretofore been the case, to return the little loan."

"But suppose it possible for me thus to get possession of two hundred dollars, and suppose I do not get back again safely after our adventure, and do not have the handling of more money in my own right—what then?"

"You'll only be supporting his daughter out of his own money—that is all."

"Humph! Quite a casuist."

"But isn't there reason in it?"

"I don't know. I'm not exactly in the state to see reasons clearly just now."

"You can see the necessity of having a couple of hundred dollars, I suppose?"

"Oh yes—as clear as mud."

"You must have that sum at least, or to proceed will be the height of folly."

"I can see that too."

"It is owing to Larkin's mean pride that you are driven to this extremity. He ought to pay for it."

"But how am I to get hold of two hundred dollars? That's the question."

"Is there ordinarily much cash on hand?"

"Yes. We deposit some days as high as ten thousand dollars; particularly at this season, when a good many merchants are in."

"The chance is fair enough. Two hundred won't be missed."

"No, not until the cash is settled, and then it will come to light."

"That doesn't follow."

"I think it does."

"You may prevent it."

"How?"

"Miss a couple of tens in your additions on the debit side of the cash book. Do you understand?"

"Not clearly."

"You are dull. Change a figure in footing up your cash book, so that it will balance, notwithstanding a deficit of two hundred dollars. After you come back, this can be set right again. No one will think of adding up the back columns to see if there is any fraud."

After Sanford ceased speaking, his friend cast his eyes to the floor, and reflected for some time. There was in his mind a powerful struggle between right and wrong. When the plan was first presented, he felt an inward shrinking from it. It involved an act of fraud, that, if found out, would blast his character. But the longer he reflected, and the

more fully he looked in the face the fact that without money he could not proceed to the consummation of his wishes, the more favourable the plan seemed.

"But," he said, lifting his eyes and drawing a long breath, "if it should be found out?"

"Larkin will not expose his son-in-law for his daughter's sake."

"True—there is something there to hope for. Well, I will think of it. I must have two hundred dollars from some source."

And he did think of it to evil purpose. He found no very great difficulty in getting Jane to consent to run away with him, especially as her particular friend, Harriet Meadows, was to accompany her on a like mad-cap expedition with Sanford.

Nothing occurred to prevent the acts proposed. By false entries, Hatfield was enabled to abstract two hundred dollars in a way that promised a perfect concealment of the fraud, although in doing it he felt much reluctance and many compunctions of conscience. But it seemed his only resource, and he adopted it, instead of reflecting that any act must be of necessity wrong that cannot be done without involving a deed of dishonesty.

About ten days after the conversation between the young men, just given, Jane Larkin obtained her mother's consent to spend a few days with a cousin who resided some miles from the city on a road along which one of the omnibus lines passed. Harriet Meadows did not use this precaution to elude suspicion. She left her father's house at the time agreed upon, and joined young Sanford at an appointed place, where a carriage was waiting, into which Hatfield and Jane had already entered. The two couples then proceeded to the house of an alderman, who united them in marriage bonds. From thence they drove to a railroad depot, took passage for a neighbouring city, and were soon gliding away, a suspicion unawakened in the minds of the young ladies' friends.

The absence of Harriet on the night following alarmed the fears and awakened the suspicions of her father and mother. Early on the next day, Mr. Meadows learned that his daughter had been seen entering the ——— cars in company with young Sanford. Calling upon Millard, he ascertained that Sanford had not been to the store on the previous day, and was still absent. To merge suspicion and doubt into certainty, the alderman who had married the couples was met accidentally. He testified to the fact of his having united them. Sick at heart, Mr. Meadows returned home to communicate the sad intelligence to the mother of Harriet. When he again went out, he was met by the startling rumour that a defalcation had been discovered on the part of young Sanford to a large amount. Hurrying to the store of Millard, he was shocked to find that the rumour was but, alas! too true. Already false entries in the cash book had been discovered to the amount of at least five thousand dollars. An officer, he also learned, had been despatched to ———, for the purpose of arresting

the dishonest clerk and bringing him back to justice.

"Quite an affair this," remarked Larkin to an acquaintance whom he met some time during the day, in a half serious, half indifferent tone.

"About Meadows' daughter and Sanford? Yes, and rather a melancholy affair. The worst part of it is, that the foolish young man has been embezzling the money of his employer."

"Yes, that is very bad. But Millard might have known that Sanford could not dash about and spend money as he did upon his salary alone."

"I don't suppose he knew any thing about his habits. He is an unsuspicious man, and keeps himself quietly at home when not in his store."

"Well, I did then. I saw exactly how he was going on, and could have told him; but it wasn't any of my business."

"I don't care so much for Millard or his clerk as I do for the foolish girl and her parents. Her happiness is gone and theirs with it."

"Ah, yes—that is the worst part. But they might have known that something of the kind would take place. They were together a good deal, and were frequently to be seen riding out on Sunday afternoons."

"This was not with the knowledge of her parents, I am sure."

"I don't suppose it was. Still, they should have looked more carefully after their child. I knew it, and could have told them how things were going—but it wasn't any of my business. I always keep myself clear from these matters."

Just at this moment a third person came up. He looked serious.

"Mr. Larkin," he said, "I have just heard that your daughter and Hatfield, your clerk, were married at the same time that Sanford was, and went off with that young man and his bride. Alderman ———, it is said, united them."

Larkin turned instantly pale. Hatfield had been away since the morning of the day before, and his daughter was not at home, having asked the privilege of going to see a cousin who resided a few miles from the city. A call upon Alderman ——— confirmed the afflicting intelligence. The father returned home to communicate the news to his wife, on whom it fell with such a shock that she became quite ill, though only temporarily so.

"He might have known that something of this kind would have happened," remarked the person who had communicated the intelligence, as soon as Larkin had left. "No man who doesn't wish his daughters to marry his clerks, ought to let them go to balls and concerts together, and ride out when they please on Sunday afternoons."

"Did Larkin permit this with Jane and Hatfield?"

"They were often thus together whether he permitted or not."

"He couldn't have known it."

"Perhaps not. I could have given him a hint on the subject, if I had chosen—but it was none of my business."

On the next day all the parties came home—Sanford compulsorily, in the hands of an officer; Hatfield voluntarily, and in terrible alarm. The two brides were of course included. Sanford soon after left the city and has not since been heard of. His crime was "breach of trust!" As for Hatfield, he was received on the principle that, in such matters, the least said the soonest mended. In the course of a few months he was able to restore

the two hundred dollars he had abstracted. After this was done he felt easier in mind. He did not, however, make the foolish creature he had married, happy. Externally, or to the world, they seem united, but internally they are not conjoined. Too plainly is this apparent to the father and mother, who have many a heartache for their dearly loved child.

TO A RINGLET OF HAIR.

Oh! there is not a relic, so treasur'd with care,
Or that memory visits so long and so bright,
As this lovely ringlet of soft glossy hair,
That once lived and still glows with its natural light.

Tho' the hands that oft smooth'd it and dress'd it in curl,
And the brow it adorn'd, are all moulder'd and dead:
There's a spark of the life of its beautiful girl,
In the gloss it received when it hung on her head.

Once it flowed with the tresses that played o'er her face,
In the light of such radiant love-beaming eyes;
Like those brilliant twin stars, that the firmament grace,
When they flash their gold wings in the azure bright skies.

Ah! no more shall this ringlet be deck'd with the pearl
That so gracefully played in its rich glossy fold:
But the gem that now rests on the still lovely curl,
Is affection's bright tear drop, that's scarcely yet cold.

D. E. W.

A RIME.

BY TRISTRAM LANGSTAFF.

— Which is yet reason, and teacheth in light manner, a grave matter in the lere of Love.

As Love sat idling beneath a tree,
A knight rode by on his charger free;
Comely and stalwart and bold was he,
With his dancing plume—a sight to see!
And proud of his scars,—right lofthillie
He cried, young boy, will you go with me?
But Love, he pouted, and shook his head,
And on fared the Warrior ill-bested!

Love is not won by *Chivalry*.

And then came a Minstrel, bright of blee,
Blue were his eyes as the heavens be,
And sweet as a song-bird's throat sung he,
Of smiles, and tears, and ladies e'e,
Soft love and glorious chivalrie,
Then sighed, sweet boy, will you go with me?
Love wept and smiled, but he shook his head,
And on fared the Minstrel ill-bested:

Love is not won by *Minstrelsy*.

And then came a Bookman, wise as three!
Darker a scholar, you shall not see
In Jewrie, Rome, or Arable;
But list, fair dames! what I rede to ye,
In love's sweet lere untaught was he,
For when he cried, come, Love, with me!
Tired of parle, he was nodding his head,
So on fared the Scholar ill-bested!

Love is not won by *Pedantry*.

Next came a Courtier, wearing the key
Of council and chambers' high privtee;
He could dispute, yet seem to agree,
And soft as dew was his flatterie,
And with honied voice and fair congee,
He cried, sweet youth, "will you honor me!"
In courteous wise, Love shook his head,
And on fared the Courtier ill-bested!

Love is not won by *Courtesy*.

Then came a Miser blinking his e'e,
To view the bright boy beneath the tree,
His purse, which hung to his cringing knee,
The ransom held of a king's countree,
And handfals of gems and gold showed he,
And cried, sweet child, will you go with me;
Then, loud laughed Love, as he shook his head,
And on fared the Monger ill-bested!

Love is not won by *Merchandise*.

O then to young Love beneath the tree,
Came one as young and as bright as he,
And as like to him as like can be:
And clapping his little wings for glee,
With dimpling smiles and kisses free,
He whispered come! O come with me!
Young Love still pouted and shook his head,
But along with that winsome youth he sped.

And Love wins Love, loud shouted he!

THE COLLEGE BOY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

(Concluded from page 31.)

TIME flowed on so evenly and happily for the Oliphants, that there was no event in their family to record for indifferent eyes. The girls grew taller, some of them prettier and some plainer, and all made respectable progress in knowledge and accomplishments, and were as good-humoured, cheerful and affectionate a set of girls as ever blessed a home. Harley had been, in due time, restored to his class without loss of honour or standing. The junior was, perhaps, a little more sedate than the freshman, still the boy had not hardened into the sinew of the man. He was first in Greek and first in mathematics; first, too, in the hearts of his classmates, first, too, at a frolic, and, unhappily, the last to leave it. Mr. Oliphant had become rather more tranquil in his reliance upon him; but still he felt pretty much as a mother does who sees her child running and leaping along the edge of a precipice.

Again the vacation approached, the last vacation of the junior year, and Mr. Oliphant, as usual, began to look anxious. Jessie, who had grown up into the most graceful and lovely girl, of that loveliest age, seventeen, was the first to perceive her father's unusual seriousness, and to guess at its cause. She was the only member of the family who did not speak of Harley's coming home at least twenty times a day—indeed, she did not speak of it at all; but she was the first every morning at the post-office, and the busiest in the preparations for the fête days of vacation—for every day was to be a fête day. She had a pretty new dress made up that had long lain uncared for in her drawer; she repaired her old ones, and, for the first time, her dressmaker found her a little fidgety and difficult to please. She sent to town for a pink ribbon for her straw bonnet, and some rose buds for the *ruche*; and she blushed, and was silent, when little Fan said, archly—

"Ah, Miss sister Jessie, I know what you got those for—just because Harley said you looked prettiest in pink rose buds, for they matched your cheek!"

From her former experience, Jessie had rather a dread of letters as vacation approached, and she felt a manifest relief when the last day had passed without any, and so we believe did Mr. Oliphant; for, as the family were gathered round the tea-table, he was as animated as the children in all their joyful anticipations, and as confident that Harley would take his place among them at their next evening's tea-table.

It was Mr. Oliphant's habit to retire early to his room. He had gone there at ten o'clock. The family were all asleep except Jessie, and she had just taken from its hiding-place in her work-table, a portfolio she had been embroidering for Harley. Harley, the preceding summer, had selected a flower-emblem for each of the girls. The rose was Jessie—why, he did not say; carnation, Mary—rich and sweet, he said; crush it as you will, rich and sweet still!—the apple blossom, Ellen—the beautiful precedent of the least ostentations and most valuable of all our fruits;—heart's-ease, Kate—beautiful and various; and graceful, delicate, sweet little Fan, was lily of the valley. On one side of the portfolio, Jessie had worked a bouquet composed of these flowers, and on the other a wreath of forget-me-nots entwined around an anchor. We leave our fair readers to expound these last emblems. Perhaps Jessie thought that memory and hope should go together.

"It has been rather foolish of me not to let the girls know I was making this," thought Jessie; "and yet it has been such a pleasure. Every stitch has had some corresponding thought. I wonder if he will like it entirely. I hope he won't tell any one where it came from. I hope he won't quiz me about it. I don't think he is so fond of quizzing me as he used to be, though he likes it just as well with the other girls. Well, I will lock it up once more, and to-morrow night put it on his desk."

She turned to replace it, when she was startled by the sudden barking of the house-dog, and she heard—was it fancy?—Harley's suppressed voice, saying—"Down, Rio, down!"

The evening was warm, and the window on the side of the outer entrance was open. Jessie timidly approached it and leaned out. Her hand was grasped by Harley.

"Hush, dear Jessie," he said. "Are they all in bed?"

"Yes."

"Then open the door for me—but take care, make no sound."

Jessie had had but one glance, in a dim light, at Harley, but she saw he was deadly pale and painfully agitated; and, with a fluttering heart, she opened the door. Harley came in. He did not, as was his custom at meeting,—for they had lived together as brother and sister,—embrace Jessie; he did not speak to her, but stood vacantly gazing around the room. It was one of those moments of

deep emotion, when the outward pressure is so strong that sense and feeling are thrown back to their inner chambers, and every entrance to them closed. Jessie was the first to speak, and her voice, all tears, crying to him—"Harley, what is the matter?—do speak," recalled him to himself, and he threw his arms around her, laid his face on her shoulder, and wept freely.

"Oh, Jessie, Jessie," he exclaimed, "I am expelled from college—ruined, wretched!"

Jessie sank into a chair, and for a moment a deadly faintness came over her; but in a moment, and putting aside Harley's hand and the Eau de Cologne that he had snatched from the mantel to dash over her, she said—

"Tell me, Harley, what does this mean? I can bear it now."

"I have no time to tell my story, Jessie. It is a long one. I have been the leader in a series of follies. I have been lighting bonfires, breaking windows, ducking one of our classmates who turned spy, and contemning the authority in various ways. I am believed to be the worst offender. I am not; but I will not inform against him who is, and he has not the justice to confess, so he escapes with a light punishment, and I am expelled!"

Expelled! The word rung like a sentence of fatal doom in Jessie's ears.

"How father will feel! Oh, dear Harley, how could you!"

"I do not know how I could, Jessie, with your father's displeasure and unhappiness before me; and you—I mean all you girls—having once experienced the misery I inflicted on you. But you cannot know, in this quiet, secluded home, what it is to be with a parcel of mad-cap boys, wild spirits in our breasts, every excitement like a spark to gunpowder, and no wise elder friend to extend to us gentle caution and generous sympathy, the only restraint we can endure. I do not mean to excuse myself. No—I have made up my mind to bear the consequences of my folly; but I think if the faculty had a little of the vigilance, the patience, the tenderness and the forbearance of parents, they might, with divine power, rebuke and calm the troubled sea of our youth. But there is no use now in my blaming any one but myself."

"But, Harley," said Jessie, in a faint voice, "tell me that you have done nothing bad."

"Nothing, on my honour, Jessie; nothing that you will call bad. My follies are bad enough. I have written to your father an exact history of the whole affair. You will read it, Jessie. You will forgive me, for you cannot help it. I have not asked your father's forgiveness, nor will I till I have earned it. Oh, Jessie! the misery of offending, wounding, distressing such a friend, is beyond all expression. I cannot bear it."

And again Harley burst into a flood of tears. Jessie wept too; she knew that Harley's conscience would not magnify her father's disappointment and displeasure.

"When I am gone," continued Harley.

"Gone! Where are you going? What do you mean?"

"I cannot tell you where, Jessie—do not ask me. I will not lessen my punishment by leaving open any possible communication with you. I go to strive, to work—not for money, but that I may, by hard discipline, gain self-control, self-respect, and something more than your father's forgiveness—his approbation. I have lost it, and I cannot look him in the face."

"But, Harley—"

"Do not, Jessie, do not, I beg you, say one word to dissuade me. I am sure I am doing right."

"But you know, Harley, you are always too hasty."

"I have not been now, Jessie. I will tell you all. But four days have passed since I received my sentence. Since then, I have not consciously slept, except during my journey here. I have spent my nights in reflection and preparation. I have prayed to God, Jessie, for light and strength, and every hour that has passed I have felt more and more assured that my decision was a right one."

Harley paused.

"I have made every important arrangement. One of my friends has lent me all the money I shall want, and I have given him a draft on your father. My resolution has not wavered for a moment;—but I could not go without seeing you, Jessie."

Jessie's tears were falling fast.

"Oh, Harley," she said, "if you will go, tell me when it is possible you may come home again."

"Possibly in three years."

"Three years, Harley?"

"Do not look for me in less. It cannot be less—it may be more. If any great misfortune happens to me, be sure you shall hear it. If you hear nothing, be sure all is going well with me."

"But, Harley, dear Harley, surely you could write to us without date of time or place."

"No, no, I have appointed my own trial, and I will bear it to the uttermost."

"We have not chosen ours, Harley. Surely you ought to lessen it."

"I cannot, Jessie. It does not signify talking—wherever I go, it makes no difference; my heart is here. You—I—"

Again the current of life and feeling flowed back, and Harley stood with his eye fixed and glazed.

"Harley!" said Jessie, taking his hand in both hers.

The feeling of that soft, loved hand, reserved him. He drew a ring from his finger.

"Will you wear this, Jessie," he asked, in a low, imploring voice, "while I am gone?"

She gave him her right hand.

"Not that, the other—the finger for your marriage ring, Jessie."

Jessie gave him the other hand. Their eyes met while he drew on the ring, and in those eyes were sweet confessions and holy vows registered in

heaven. Not one word was spoken—not one was needed. Each saw into the other's heart—each was assured of the love, faith and constancy of the other. True, they were scarcely past their childhood; but if their love had not the dignity of maturity and experience, it had freshness, innocence and trust, all undimmed by the world, all bright with those clouds of glory that hang around youth.

No—not one word was spoken. They stood for a moment locked in each other's arms. Harley then broke away, and sunk on his knees before the chair of his benefactor. There he breathed a silent, fervent prayer. He leant his throbbing brow on its arm; he kissed it—he wet it with his tears. As he rose, Jessie slipped the portfolio into his hand; and, at the next instant, the wide chasm of separation opened, and Harley was gone—and days, and months, and years were to wear away before they hoped again to meet.

Harley's footsteps had scarcely died away on Jessie's ear, when she heard her father coming from his room. There was no way of escape without meeting him full in the face, and she betook herself to a temporary shelter in a pantry, where, when her father entered the parlour, she appeared to be busily occupied in arranging the china.

"Jessie," said he, "see here a moment. Come, I have something that will please you. I believe I am as much a child as any of you. I could not go to sleep till I had shown it to you. How comes this window up?"

He went to the window to close it.

"There's a chaise at the gate. I'll just go out and see what it means."

Jessie started forth from her retreat, and was on the point of exclaiming, "Oh don't, father!" when Mr. Oliphant shut down the window, saying—

"It is some person who had just tied his horse to our post. He is driving off."

Jessie returned to the pantry.

"What are you at there, Jessie? Leave off that eternal jingling, and come here. You don't care, perhaps, to see my present for Harley? Oh, come, come."

There was no resource, and poor Jessie came.

"Why, my child, what is the matter?" said Mr. Oliphant, struck by her deadly paleness and swollen eyes.

It was impossible for Jessie to feign, or any longer to repress the expression of her misery. She burst into a paroxysm of crying, and locking her arms around her father's neck, she said—

"Don't ask me any thing to-night. To-morrow you will know all."

"But, Jessie, my dear child, you must tell me now. I cannot live till morning with this horrible fear of some unknown misery. Has any thing happened to Harley?"

"Oh father," she replied, choking between every word, "he is expelled! He has done nothing vicious, father, but he is expelled. To-morrow you will know all."

And, longing as she did to speak a word that

might recall Harley, ere too late, she burst from her father and fled to her own room.

If the young could know the misery their levity inflicts on those burdened with the weight of years, and their certain accumulations of sorrows and anxieties, consideration would sooner "like an angel come." Mr. Oliphant passed a sad and wakeful night, but still, through all its silent watches, came back upon him with cheering, those words from lips that had never spoken untruth to him—"He has done nothing vicious, father." And, from his troubled spirit, amidst vexation, disappointment and grief, there rose a prayer of thanksgiving.

Three years ran away, and, except a slow fever which, as her sisters thought, seized Jessie most remarkably on the very night before the "horrid news" came from Harley; except that fever which, like all "slow fevers," seemed forever coming to an end, life had flowed on smoothly with the Oliphants. Harley had so far relented in his first stern resolution, (sternness was not Harley's quality par excellence,) as to cause to be transmitted to them once in six months, the information that he was well and prospering. Jessie did not laugh as often and as merrily as before Harley's departure; but she was neither melancholy nor moping. She acquired knowledge as if there were present pleasure as well as future use in the acquisition; and she performed her duties, not as if duty were task-work, but as the life-work to be cheerfully done.

After some deliberation and some effort, it must be confessed, Jessie had disclosed to her father—her earthly providence—every particular of Harley's last visit to her. She withheld nothing, but in few and plain words, told the true story of her heart. From the moment of this unusual confidence, there grew up the most tender sympathy between the father and daughter. There were the vigilance and tenderness of a lover in his manners to her; and in her feeling towards him, the repose of a child on its mother's bosom.

The three years and a little more that had passed since Harley's flight, brought the eve of the New Year. New Year had been always kept in the Oliphant family, with all the pleasant observances that belong to the festival. Even the old take heart of hope and good resolution, as they reach the eminence in time, where a new blank term opens before them, to be better filled than any that has preceded it. And the young are happy without beguiling themselves with any such illusion. Their serene spirits reflect every thing bright and happy around them. The joyous wishes that ring in their ears are, to their faith, as sure as promises. Gifts, the signs of love, are dropping from all sides into their laps; their cup of blessing is full and sparkling at the brim.

Mr. Oliphant, according to the good old custom, was settling up his accounts for the year, and was only long enough with his children to snatch a hasty dinner. They all observed that he appeared

uncommonly happy. Jessie often met his eyes fixed on her, and sparkling with inexplicable meaning, and once he dropped his knife and fork and unconsciously snapped his fingers. His youngest little girl exclaimed—

"Father, I know it has just come into your head what you will give some of us. Father blushes—I guessed right."

"Nearly right, Fan," replied her father; "for I was thinking of my gift for you all."

"What—all of us the same thing, all in one lump?"

"Yes."

"But how shall we divide it?"

"As you please—only be sure and give the largest share to Jessie."

"Oh, it's a plum-cake, father," said little Fanny.

"Better than that," replied Mr. Oliphant, smiling.

"Father never gives us plum-cake, you know, Fan," interposed Mary. "I almost know what it is," she continued, whispering to Kate. "Engravings from father's portrait, to match those he gave us from mother's last year."

"But we could not cut those up," sagaciously suggested Fanny, who had placed her ear close to her sister's lips. "No, it's new silk frocks for us all—is it not, father?"

"Better, far better than that, Fanny. But guessing is not fair, so wait till to-morrow, and if you are not satisfied, I will exchange my gift for any thing you will ask of me, though it be a purse full of gold, a diamond ring, or a baby-house from May's, Fan, furnished to order."

Jessie's imagination, as well as her sisters', was excited by her father's significant animation, and the pensiveness that usually overshadowed her at the recurrence of a family festival, when her eye seemed forever resting on the vacant space once filled by Harley, was somewhat diminished. She set about her busy doings for the New Year's morning, with an enjoying spirit. "Coming events cast their shadows before them." Do they not sometimes irradiate the forward path?

The German custom of "the tree" had been adopted by the Oliphants from their early childhood, and had to them all the charm of a native production. New Year's day was its season, and then it stood rooted in the midst of the library, from which every ray of daylight was excluded, that the tree and its precious fruit might be illuminated by lamp-light. The elder girls were getting a little beyond the illusion of artificial lights, but they still adhered to them from the charm of association. Since Harley's departure, they had by common consent, provided gifts for him as usual, and each year Jessie had embalmed them with her tears, and stood them in the closet of his sad, empty room.

The happy New Year morning came, bright without, and brighter within. Wishes and kisses, and sparkling glances were interchanged, and the moment approached for opening the library door. The piano had been placed at the head of the room,

an important part of the customary ceremony being for Jessie to slip in before the general advent, take her station at the instrument and strike up a chant, which was the signal for the opening of the door, and the marching in of the family procession—the father and little Fan at the head, and the servants, full and happy partners in the fête, at the tail. In this order, they made the circuit of the laden tree, paused and finished out their chant, and then plucked and distributed the fruit.

When Jessie entered the library, she cast an involuntary glance at the limb appropriated to Harley. It was richly garnished, and underneath lay the accumulated gifts of the two preceding years, surmounted by the very book her father had shown her on the fatal night of Harley's last visit, in which were bound up the most precious letters of his parents, with a fine crayon drawing from a lovely picture of his mother, for a frontispiece. Jessie knew it at a glance. She had shed many a tear upon it, and wasted many a wish that poor Harley could have taken it with him to soothe the pains of his exile. The sight of it, and of the pile beneath it, which her father must have placed there, sent a rush of thoughts through her brain; and as she sat down to the instrument, her fingers moved mechanically and so faintly over the keys, that the children in the next room disputed, for a moment, whether it were the piano or distant music in the street. But in another instant, Jessie thought—"Oh, what a fool I am!" and, sending back the rushing tide to her heart, she struck the notes with all her wonted force, and began the chant with the full swell of her sweet voice. The door opened, and the happy procession entered. After it, and alone, glided in a tall form, and took its station just within the door, while the train, all joining in the chant, slowly passed around the tree. The children's eyes were naturally riveted on it, eager to spy out their father's mysterious gift, and they were all fairly round before the unexpected guest was seen; and then what a flash of surprise, what a burst of joy—what a tumult of welcome!

"Harley! Harley! It is, it is Harley!" and crying and screaming, and laughing, mingled with the servants—"God bless us, it is our Mr. Harley!" Little Fan jumped into his arms, and locked hers around his neck. Ellen, Mary and Kate, clung to him. His eye turned from them all, and met Jessie's as she was attempting to rise from the instrument. Her head was giddy, and her sight uncertain, and, but for her father, who, seeing her mortal paleness, rushed towards her and caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the floor. Water was brought, and when her senses were returning, Mr. Oliphant sent away the children and servants, and putting Jessie's hand in Harley's, and kissing her, he said—

"I should have prepared you, my child, for my New Year's gift; but never mind, a fainting fit is soon over—but a slight cloud on the happiest morning of our lives."

And gently placing her cheek on Harley's bosom, he left them together.

A few sentences will tell the brief and honourable history of Harley's absence. His best friend, next to the Oliphants, was a rich merchant in the Canton trade, a man of experience and generosity. To him he had recourse at the moment of his college disgrace. He begged for a seaman's berth in one of his ships. His friend remonstrated against the suddenness of his decision, but finding him fixed upon a course by which he might regain the confidence of his benefactor, and discipline himself by the patient endurance of toil and hardship, he sent him before the mast to Canton, with instructions to his agent there to give him such employments as he was capable of filling well, and to advance him according to his merit. Sternness was no quality of Harley's character, and he relented so far, in his first hasty decision, as to request his merchant friend simply to inform Mr.

Oliphant, at the end of every six months, that he was alive and doing well. If he first conceived his enterprise from an impetuous and sensitive temper, the vigour and virtue he put into it, made it work well. He passed nearly two years in China, in successive profitable occupations, and then, having saved money enough to defray his expenses, he returned and spent a year in Germany, most industriously availing himself of the various and best means of instruction there, where they are best. At the end of the three years of self-expatriation and trials, he stood again at his benefactor's hearth, a mature and well-developed man in mind and body, and was received with open arms, and the confiding affection of a father—a relation that Mr. Oliphant before long was destined really as well as virtually to bear to him.

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

Dedicated to Mrs. D. B.

BY DR. JOHN C. MCABE.

"God made the country and man the town."

'Tis the day of the Lord, the rest of the mind,
How bright are the skies and how balmy the wind,
The song of the morn-bird, the breeze in the tree,
Seem to murmur glad praises, oh Father to thee!
All nature seems happy; the flower and sod,
The stream and the mead, all give glory to God!
And even the sunshine seems holier now,
Then when it beams down on the labourer's brow.

The village church pathway with flowers is strewn,
Like the blushes of May 'neath the warm kiss of June;
And the sun sparkling brook as it wanders along,
Re-echoes the chorus of Nature's glad song.
Come away from the cities, ye thoughtless and proud,
Sons of pleasure, away from the cold-hearted crowd;
Child of folly come back, with the bird and the bee,
Lo! the country, all eloquent, preaches to thee!

It calls thee away from the organ and isle,
Where the votary of fashion looks on with a smile
It calls thee away from cathedral and dome,
And seems like a type of sweet heaven, thy home.
Come away, come away to the white village church,
Where the vines throw their tendrills o'er window and porch;
Where the headstone and footstone are rear'd o'er the sod,
To tell us whose spirits have gone up to God.

Youth, infancy, manhood, and childish old age,
The simple and wise, and the bard and the sage,
Sleep here all unknown to the savans of earth,
And whose record is simply their death and their birth.

The soul here looks back from its wanderings wild,
And sighs, as it thinks of a light-hearted child,
Who went forth in the bright hallowed morning of youth,
With his brow flush'd with hope, and his heart filled with truth;

When the eloquent chords of his spirit were thrill'd,
'Neath the beautiful songs with which nature seemed filled;
When his fancy, so foolish, made men what they seem,
And—alas! it was only a tired child's dream!
In the temples of earth, where the column and dome,
The deeply stained windows, the curious tome,—
The paintings of Raphael with Titian doth vie,
To please the proud spirit and glad the proud eye;
Where the full volumed strains of the organ ascend,
Till they seem with the chorus of angels to blend;
And the learning of earth and the eloquent priest,
The spirit invite to the mind's splendid feast.
The Lord may be absent, his presence not there,
As it is with the humble who worship in prayer;
And the coldness of death on that service may rest,
And the anthem and prayer be unhallowed, unblest!

Then away, then away to the country with me!
There is joy in the green earth, the stream and the tree;
Let us hope, as we gaze upon flower and mead,
We shall spend in sweet heaven a Sabbath indeed.
A Sabbath whose beauty no changes can dim,
Where "faith, hope, and charity," rendered to Him
Whom we worship, shall fade in his presence so bright,
And our day of fruition shall be without night!

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A MINISTER AT LARGE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

NO. I.—THE MACHINIST.

PREFATORY.

MR. EDITOR:—During the last two years, I have been engaged in the vocation of minister to the poor in one of our seaboard cities. I have thus been led to study the phases of life, not in their brightness alone, but in their more sombre, gloomy and repulsive aspects. I have been called into the by-places and narrow ways, where only poverty may walk, or where vice seeks a lonely shelter. The human heart has been open to me in many of its dim and secret chambers, and the strange romance of human existence has been all around me in my customary occupation.

Thus I have stored in my note-book many an interesting scene, the picture of sad experience. These I am tempted to draw upon, from time to time, to interest, and, I trust, to instruct your readers. My simple sketches cannot present the finish and completeness of the story, whose plot and incident have been drawn from the treasury of imagination; but they will possess, instead, the atoning charm of being transcripts of stern realities.

Without, I hope, the charge of egotism, I shall narrate these scenes in the first person—for my connection with them has necessarily been so intimate, that I could not easily do otherwise.

CHAPTER I.

On one of the cold mornings of the last January, a stranger, a woman, was announced to me in my study. As I rose from my desk to greet her, I was struck by the peculiar sadness of her countenance. Many a sad countenance—the herald of a breaking heart, deep freighted with its tale of woe,—has it been my lot to see in my rounds of painful duty; but there was something more than ordinarily impressive in the haggard mournfulness of the expression on the features of this woman. It affected me at once. It was such as the acutest cunning could not feign.

I asked her to be seated. She accepted the chair I drew forward for her with the same cold, cheerless look, and without uttering a word. I also seated myself without speaking. I could not question her about her wishes, for I was too much subdued by her appearance. She sat for some time in utter silence, now looking from the window, and then pulling at the fringe of her shawl, in a mental

conflict that increased the painful interest I felt in her.

Experience, cruel experience of the thousand arts that vice is ever employing to blind the eyes of charity, has forced me to scan with searching minuteness the dress and appearance of the applicant for bounty. While, therefore, this woman was struggling with her warring emotions, I ran my eye over her apparel; but nothing could be detected that betrayed neglect or inconsistency. She had a simple straw bonnet, a faded shawl that had apparently seen years of careful service, and an humble dress of calico. All were neatly arranged, and scrupulously clean, yet without the slightest ornament or pretension. In the mean time, she found utterance, but her words came forth faintly and hesitatingly.

"You are missionary to the—poor, sir, I believe?"

"I am," said I. "Can I aid you? What are your necessities?"

I spoke as kindly as possible, to give her freedom and assurance, and to convince her that whatever might be her tale of sorrow, I was ready to hear it, and meet it with soothing and cheering sympathy—for it seemed to me, even from the little she had spoken, that there were hot tears behind, struggling to gush forth with every word.

She paused again. There was the same conflict as before.

"I hardly know how to ask for charity," at length she said, with painful effort. "I am not used to it; but sorrow and suffering break down the heart, and—we can do for those we love what we would not do for ourselves."

The swelling channels of her sorrow could no longer be wholly confined. Tear after tear trickled down from her eyes, and fell with a mournful sound upon her dress. She combated resolutely with her misery, however, and grew calmer soon.

"To tell you all in a few words," she continued, "my husband is a machinist, and has worked for more than five years in the High Street Furnace; but last spring he began to grow weak and feeble. We did all we could for him, but nothing seemed to do any good, and at last he was obliged to stop his work. He went to the Furnace as long as he could possibly stand to work, but had to give up at last; and now for four or five months what little he had scraped together has gone by degrees, and—beggary is staring us in the face."

The poor woman had evidently great self-command, but her voice had grown feebler and more broken with her progress in this simple narration. The last words she could scarcely articulate.

"Have you children?" I inquired.

She did not immediately answer, and then could only trust herself to murmur—

"Five."

"May I ask your name?" I further inquired.

"Graves," was the reply.

"And where is your home?"

She told me. It was near the steam factory, she said—a low, one story wood-coloured house. I could not miss it.

I told her that I would visit her husband the next morning, hesitating to detain her longer at that time, to obtain a more complete knowledge of her necessities. I feared to pain her too greatly, but she spoke further of her own accord.

"A friend of my husband's," said she, "a captain of a brig, sails for Charleston day after tomorrow, and has offered to carry him for nothing. He thinks if he could try a milder climate for a while, and get rid of the spring winds, he might grow strong again. But he is unable to make use of the opportunity, unless some one will help him a little."

Her voice faltered as before.

"Well, Mrs. Graves," said I, "I will see him in the morning. I trust something may be done for him."

She rose to go. She uttered few thanks, but her tearful eye was a sufficiently eloquent expression of gratitude for the little I had said to cheer her.

CHAPTER II.

In the morning, according to appointment, I sought out the low, one-story dwelling. The door was opened by Mrs. Graves herself, and, as she greeted me, something of a smile played about the corners of her mouth, as though a gleam of hope's blessed sunshine had brightened in her heart. I followed her into her humble room. Her husband was sitting by a table beneath one of the windows, leaning his head upon his hand. I saw in a moment that she had not exaggerated his weakness. He was pale and emaciated; but as he raised his eyes to mine I saw the imprint on every feature of a truthful spirit. He would have risen.

"Pray do not move," I said.

He bowed and continued his seat.

"I'm very glad to see you, sir," he said fervently, "yet I'm sorry to occasion you so much trouble. But, indeed, we need a friend, and I thought it would not be wrong to send for you."

I said a few words to relieve him of any embarrassment or delicacy. In the mean time his wife had seated herself by the cooking stove, and with crossed hands was gazing into the fire in sad and thoughtful abstraction. I looked about the apart-

ment. The furniture was of the simplest and plainest description. The pine table, beside which Mr. Graves was sitting, a few chairs, with a little stand by a south window, on which were two or three flowers, embraced the whole. But every thing had been freshly scoured, and the shining dishes in the old-fashioned dresser in the corner, were arranged in careful order. It was such a room as I like to visit. There is many a matron whom I drop in upon in my rounds, who has uniformly an apology for "the looks of things." And forthwith the broom is in requisition, and the dust is hastily flourished into the atmosphere, in the sudden effervescence of cleanliness, to cover my clothes and fill my lungs, instead of remaining on the floor, where I should greatly prefer it to be until my exit.

In a few minutes, two or three of the children came in. So soon as they saw me, they repressed their childish buoyancy, and sat silently down. There was no forced and extempore display of "manners." They had been habitually taught to be silent and courteous in the presence of a stranger. It was a lovely household, saddened by the wan and feeble aspect of the husband and father.

"My wife has told you of our situation, I believe," said Mr. Graves.

"She has," I replied, "and I shall certainly be glad to aid you as far as duty will permit."

"I thank you, sir," he answered. "I am very anxious to try a voyage to the south, as she mentioned to you. It may be that I should grow stronger as the summer comes on at home, but I cannot work, and every cent that I had laid by is gone. We were very happy when I was in health, and the contrast makes us the sadder. I know that while I should be away there would be nothing for my family; but there is nothing even now, and to sit here, day after day, and know that my wife and children are without the necessities of life, will certainly wear me to the grave."

His manly voice quivered as he spoke, and, when he had done, he bowed his head upon the table as if in prayer.

"Yet, whatever may be your fate, you will not despair, I trust," said I. "The clouds may be black above us, but there is One who knows what is best for us better than we ourselves."

"Oh no!" exclaimed the invalid, clasping his hands, and looking upward with tearful eyes, but a hallowed expression of unfailing trust, "I do not despair. I know there is one who loves me. It is only when I forget Him that I look at my children and sigh over the future. But when I think of Him, and pray, I am better—better."

The impulse to prayer was upon us all. Simultaneously we sunk down on our knees, and I offered up an humble petition to God—the God of the lowly as well as of the great; the God of the abode of poverty and wretchedness as well as of the decorated palace—that his blessing, without which even the palace is accursed, might rest on this suffering family.

All were calmer. Trust in God will ever make the spirit calmer. We conversed about his voyage. He needed a few dollars in money, some articles of clothing to make him comfortable, and, above all, the assurance that his family should not suffer in his absence. Thanks to the supplies of Christian benevolence, I was able to promise all, and I bade them farewell, leaving lighter hearts than had been beating beneath that roof for months, and a beam of hope piercing the withering gloom of the future.

Before the appointed day, all was ready. The clothing was furnished, a small sum was given to him for security against want in a strange land, and a further sum was placed in the hands of his wife for her own necessities, that he might go with a more happy mind.

He went. The more fortunate invalid, as he mounts the deck of the proud and noble vessel that is to bear him to the milder clime of a foreign shore, has parted from many a loved and anxious friend, who watch the departing ship with straining eyes, and whose sympathy cheers his melancholy emotions. This poor mechanic, as full of deep and precious sympathies, bade adieu, on the deck of the little sloop that was to bear him away, to none save a weeping wife and children, to whom his health was daily bread.

CHAPTER III.

Several weeks passed away. I had occasionally called upon Mrs. Graves, to see her situation, to bestow some further aid, and to inquire about news from her husband. In due time she heard from him. He bore the voyage well, but when he landed at Charleston he did not find work as he hoped, and was going, with the same kind captain, to New Orleans. The next letter, however, informed her that before he sailed he had an application to take the superintendence of the machine shop attached to the railroad at Wilmington, North Carolina. His health was rapidly improving, and he was confident that he should soon be able to send her some money. So the family was cheered, and bore his absence with hopeful patience. They had to struggle for a livelihood, but the eldest daughter had obtained a place in the steam factory near by, and her wages, with what I contributed from time to time, eked out the mother's scanty earnings.

Two or three weeks intervened, during which, occupied elsewhere, I saw and heard nothing of them. But then, one morning, Mrs. Graves called on me. Alas, so soon as I saw her, I felt that she was the herald of sorrow. There was the same sad struggle for composure painted on her features that had so affected me at our first interview. I will not delay to narrate our conversation, and the circumstances of her story, as she slowly and painfully related them. I will compress them into a simple statement.

Her husband entered on his duties at Wilming-

ton, and continued there for some time, with every prospect of the restoration of his health. He had associated with him a nephew, and was thus enabled to be more contented and happy. But yet all his thoughts were with his family at home. To rejoin them, to embrace them once more, able to support them by his labour, and see their happy countenances around him, was the summit of his desire. The prospect to realize a fortune could not have seduced him to delay his return one moment after the recovery of health.

But our fortunes are ever treacherous to appearances. At the period when the promise was brightest, he was destined to the saddest reverse. As he sat, one evening, conversing with his nephew about his home and those dear ones whom it contained, an acquaintance came in with the astounding, overwhelming report, that his wife was—*dead!*

Dead! She who was every thing to him; she who had shared his joys and his sorrows; she whom he had left in the withering anxieties and sufferings of penury, supported only by the hope of a happy meeting; she, his wife, the mother of his children, dead, gone forever!—dead, and he away—not near her to smooth her bed of sickness, to hear her latest sigh!

Think not, reader, that the tender sympathies of the heart do not dwell in the bosoms of the poor. The blow came upon the unhappy husband like a crushing thunder-stroke. He was stricken to the very earth. In a few hours he was a poor pitiable maniac. His nephew watched over him with anxious care, and sent the desolating news to his home. That news found the wife and mother well and happy—happy in sympathy with her husband's hopes—to be well and happy no longer.

I cheered the wretched wife to the best of my ability. I cheered her with the blessed consolations that our Heavenly Father has granted through his Son; for, worldward, there was nothing but darkness.

Two or three weeks of distressing anxiety ensued, during which not a word of news reached Mrs. Graves about her husband's fate. At the end of that period, the nephew, who had been his companion, entered her room. At once, when she saw him coming as he did unaccompanied by her husband, the shaft of withering conviction pierced her soul that he was the herald of the worst—that her husband was no more. The news he brought was painful enough, but not so bad as that. It left some little foundation for hope to build upon. He told, that after some days of sad deprivation of reason, Mr. Graves had become better, was restored to his powers of mind, and, with the first dawning of returning sense, he was resolute to go back to his home, his children—that home which, to his thought, had lost its brightest light,—those children, who were motherless and alone. Weak as he was, he would go. The directors of the road gave him a ticket to its extremity, and he had sufficient money to bear his expenses afterward. This event occurred more than a month before, and the

nephew, when he came on, expected to find him safe in his northern home; but nothing had been heard of him.

Where was he? It was idle to conjecture. We did not express our fears to each other, but well I know that the heart-stricken wife was thinking, as I thought, that in the midst of that long and fatiguing journey, weak and miserable as he was, his mind had deserted him again; that he had wandered away from the sight of men, and, by accident, or his own unconscious hand, was removed from earth forever. But I did not hesitate to do all that the circumstances would admit. I inserted an article in the newspapers, describing his person, and his pitiable story, and called on other prints in the line of his homeward route, to copy it in behalf of his suffering family. But days passed, and nothing was heard.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Graves was gradually settling down into

the mournful conviction that she was alone in the world, and was sadly reflecting upon the means of support for her little ones in the long and painful future, when, one morning, very early, before the dawn, she was aroused from her slumbers by a loud knocking at the door. She opened it—to hear her husband's voice, to sink into his arms!

I pass over his bewildered delight to find her in health before him, whose grave he had thought to visit. I pass over her joy to greet him once again.

My simple tale is nearly told. On his way homeward, Mr. Graves' reason, as we feared, had deserted him. But he was conveyed to a hospital in Baltimore, where he was detained and charitably cared for until strong enough to continue his journey. His general health was much improved, but the shock given to his intellect by that cruel report of his wife's death, he has not yet recovered from. A brother near the city has kindly given him work, and bears with his trying infirmity. At times he is rational for many days, but every now and then reason totters and falls, to call up afresh in the heart of his loving wife the memory of the above-told agonizing episode in their lives.

THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY MRS. LOIS B. ADAMS.

I LOVE the solemn midnight hour,
When earth is hush'd in calm repose,
When silence with a magic power
Its charm upon the spirit throws.

I love beneath the jewelled sky,
Some spot at this lone hour to find,
Where none but God's all-seeing eye,
Can read the secrets of the mind.

And here, where once a trusting child,
I knelt beneath this spreading bough,
When western breezes soft and mild
Passed gently o'er my youthful brow—

O! here yet once again I kneel,
Yet once again I bend in prayer;
But O! how deep the change I feel—
My heart, my heart, the change is there!

Those constant stars are shining yet,
So mildly fair, so purely bright,
In their eternal orbits set
Sweet watchers of the lonely night.

And that soft wind, I feel it still
Across my throbbing temples blow,
I hear that same slow murmuring rill,
And yet this change, why is it so?

Ah! that was thoughtless childhood's spring,
And life's young buds were fresh and fair,
When first a gay and happy thing,
I knelt to pray in secret there.

I gazed upon the dark blue sky,
And wondered if that watchful star
Would witness every passing sigh,
And bear my thoughts of heaven afar.

The breeze that fanned me while I dreamed,
And o'er my cheek its freshness threw,
Some light-winged, airy angel seemed
To bear me up yon vault of blue.

What visions bright but undefined,
And glorious in their changeful forms,
Cling dreamlike round the ardent mind,
'Till all its youthful spirit warms.

But all the joys that childhood knows,
Its trusting confidence and truth,
Though frail as morning's dewy rose,
Still shed perfume round riper youth.

That sunny spring has passed away,
Those childish thoughts no more are mine,
But o'er me beams a brighter ray—
I worship at a holier shrine.

I bend before th' eternal God
With thoughts of deeper reverence now
Than when, upon this same green sod,
I breathed my first, my early vow.

And of one dearer gift possessed,
The treasure of a kindred heart,
I bless the change, for I am blest,
And gladly bid my youth depart.

AN EMBROIDERED FACT.

REPORTED (WITH PERMISSION) BY MRS. MARY CLAVERS, AUTHORESS OF "A NEW HOME."

WHAT the phrenologists call "approbateness" is an excellent development, but we may have it too full. People born without it are intolerable—those who have a superabundance, pay dearly enough for being agreeable. They win, without conscious effort,—instinctively, as it were,—"golden opinions" from those with whom they associate; and too good a reputation is sometimes a severe tax in more ways than one. As with other luxuries, it costs a good deal to support it. One of our friends got rid of his, inadvertently. We have the story from himself, only adding some explanations of our own.

George Elliott had, from his childhood, been the model of all excellence among his own family. His parents had other children, and they all did very much as they pleased, not having set out with a character to support. They did not always please to prefer what was wisest; and then they were sure of a lecture, to which George's prudence and self-government afforded the text.

George must have been really a good fellow, for his brothers loved him in spite of his position; and as for his sisters, they thought no mortal man, and hardly even Thaddeus of Warsaw, approached him in excellence. He was, in truth, less spoiled by this general homage than was to be expected. The shape of his head was not improved by the cultivation of a faculty which shows itself in squaring out the head just on each side the crown; but his black hair hid the superfluity, and the ceaseless good humour that beamed from his eyes, joined to a fine ruddy complexion and white teeth, made him an Adonis in the eyes of all the young ladies of the neighbourhood. Not a house but was open to him—not a mamma but smiled upon him. He was already "well to do," and such qualities as his promised constant bettering.

But here, again, George experienced the disadvantage of being too well liked. The invariable welcome which awaited him, the capital footing on which he stood with the mammas and papas, and the fear that whenever he should select a special partner, it would be at the expense of a large amount of friendship and attention, had kept him undecided until five-and-twenty; and, we fear, a little too well satisfied with himself to promise uncommonly well as a husband.

Among his perfections,—in his father's eyes, at least,—was a strict and energetic attention to matters of business. He was the factotum in every affair requiring peculiar skill and discretion. He travelled, he negotiated, he advised. Never was there an eldest son on whose indomitable prudence

a father could rely so completely. Was a hard thing to be said, George must say it—because George could say it without hurting any body's feelings. Was a slippery debtor to be approached, George was the messenger; and if it proved necessary to follow the "defaulter" to Texas, he never flinched, and has generally returned with man or money. We will not say that such trusts were always agreeable; indeed, we have already hinted that our friend sometimes found his reputation rather costly. But developments are fate, and his "approbateness" kept on growing.

Once upon a time, when affairs called George from home, he was about to pass the night in a village, about sixty-five miles from his father's residence. There was no one to visit, for he knew none but the gentleman with whom his business lay; and he strolled out after tea, as men will when they have nothing else to do, not exactly seeking adventure, but in a mood of mind to be well pleased with any thing that should occur, to help off the evening. He paced the bank of the noisy little "privilege" that turned the grist-mill, the carding machine and the trip hammer, which formed the wealth of the village, until the light had faded to that pleasant gray which we poetically call dusk; and he was about returning to the inn to read the newspaper over again, when a wild-looking girl, with a shawl over her head, accosted him.

"They want you, up yander," she said, in a mumbling and embarrassed tone.

George's eyes followed the direction of the thick red finger, and rested upon a pretty cottage on the side of a hill, at no great distance.

"Who wants me? There must be some mistake."

The girl stood perfectly still, staring straight forward.

"Who is it that wishes to see me?" repeated George. "Whom were you told to ask for?"

"You're the one," said the messenger, confidently. "I've forgot the name."

"Was it Elliott?" asked George.

"Yes," said the messenger; "they want you right off."

Musingly did George follow the girl up the hill-side, perfectly convinced of the impracticability of getting any thing more out of her, and tolerably certain that he could not be the person in requisition. Why did he go then? We have already said that he was born to oblige, and also that he found the Templeville hotel somewhat dull.

The clumsy-footed emissary turned into a little court, full of spring flowers, and passing through a

porch shaded to perfect darkness by climbing plants, opened a door on the right. The room thus disclosed was a pretty rural parlour, on the sofa of which lay a young girl in a white wrapper, with an elderly lady sitting by her side.

"Here he is," said the girl; "I've fetch'd 'um."

The young lady started—the elder screamed outright.

"Who is this?" said the more ancient, turning to the girl with an annihilating frown, and seeming entirely to forget that the young man *might* be innocent, and was therefore entitled to decent treatment.

"I perceive there has been some mistake, madam," began our discomfited incomparable.

"Mistake! Oh yes, I dare say!" muttered the guardian, with a most unbelieving air. Then turning to the stupid maid, she proceeded to scold her in an under tone, but with inconceivable rapidity and sharpness, while George stood most uneasily waiting the result. He felt inclined to disappear at once, but that course seemed liable to further misconstruction; and he was, moreover, rather attracted by the invalid, who, though embarrassed, lost not her ladylike self-possession.

"The girl is newly come to us, and quite ignorant," she said, in rather a deprecatory tone. "She was sent for our physician, and must have mistaken you—"

"Oh, very likely," interrupted the elder lady, who forgot to scold the maid as soon as the young lady ventured to speak to George. "Doctor Beasley, with his bald head and one eye, is exceedingly like this gentleman! Quite probable that Hetty mistook the one for the other!"

The air of incredulity with which this was said could not be mistaken; but the implication was one which it was impossible to notice under the circumstances; and George concluded that the only course left for him was to make his bow and leave his character behind him.

As he turned, with his hat in his hand, a letter fell from it to the floor, unobserved by him in his embarrassment. He had not cleared the porch, when the maid ran after him with it.

"Here, Mister, they say they don't want none of yer letters."

George looked in his hat, found he must have dropt a letter, and took it, though it was now too dark to examine it. Here was a new confirmation of the evident suspicions of the lady-dragon as to some designs upon her fair charge.

Is it singular that a conviction began to dawn upon his mind that the said charge must possess considerable attractions?

"Don't touch that thing upon the table," says grandmamma, to the little one who is quietly playing on the floor.

"No, grandma," says the youth, and immediately leaves his play to get up and walk round and round the table, trying to reach the prohibited article.

George, the prudent, slept little that night. The young lady's eyes and voice, the delicate and languid grace of her figure, as she lay extended in evident feebleness on the sofa, rather unhinged his philosophy; and he was, besides, not a little troubled by the recollection of the spiteful air of the duenna, and the probability that the error had cost the fair invalid some discomfort. Altogether, there was food for reverie; and a hasty, unrefreshing morning slumber, had not made amends for a wakeful night, when he was aroused by the breakfast bell.

Inquiries respecting the people of the cottage elicited only the interesting information, that there was "an oldish woman, and a young gal," which added little to George's knowledge. The innkeeper guessed they were "pretty likely folks," but couldn't say, as they had not been there long.

George went home, but said nothing of his adventure. He said he did not think it worth while. But he thought it worth while, two weeks afterwards, to travel the sixty-five miles which lay between his home and Templeville, just to try whether the landlord might not have discovered something beyond the interesting facts before ascertained as to the "young gal" and her duenna.

But the innkeeper had added nothing to his store of information on this point, except the conclusion that the people on the hill were "fore-handed folks," and that there was a man who came once in a while to see them and brought them lots of things.

"A man!" said George. "Ah yes," (very unconcernedly, of course;) "of what age—about?"

"Oh, he always comes in the evening, and is off again early in the morning. Their help guesses he's an uncle or something."

Not much enlightened, even yet, George adopted the desperate resolution of trying boldly for an acquaintance. He judged it absolutely necessary to inquire after the health of the invalid. So, writing a civil card of inquiry, he walked up to the pretty cottage, and, after reconnoitring a little, rapped at the door, and awaited the coming of the stupid maid, with a trepidation quite new to his quiet and well-assured frame of mind.

What was his dismay when the aunt herself, with a face of iron, opened the door.

George was completely at a loss for the moment. The card was in his hand, but he could not offer it to the lady, so he stammered out something of his wish to inquire after the health of the family, and to express his regret for the misunderstanding on the former occasion.

Rigid was the brow with which the careful dame heard this announcement, and wiry were the muscles which held the door half shut, as if defying a forty-young-man power of getting in without consent of the owner.

"We're all quite well, I thank you," she said, closing her lips as tightly as possible as soon as she had communicated the information.

George stood still, and the lady stood as still as

he. She looked at the distant hills, and he at the door which had once disclosed to him the reclining figure in white. At length, finding it in vain to attempt wearying the grim portress into an invitation to enter this enchanted castle, he turned off in despair, when the young lady came through the gate, as if just returning from a walk.

George darted towards her, but the elder lady scarce allowed time for a word.

"Come, Julia," she said, "it is quite time you came in."

The young lady looked at George with a scarce perceptible smile, and such a comical expression, that their acquaintance seemed ripened in a moment.

"I must say good morning," said she, in a rather low tone, but so decidedly, that George, perceiving any attempt for a longer interview to be hopeless, put his card into her hand and departed—not without a secret vow that he would yet baffle the duenna.

The sixty-five miles seemed rather long this time, and his father remarked upon the difficulties which he must have encountered, to account for a two days' absence, and such a worn-out air. Yet all this time George persuaded himself that it was not *worth while* to mention his new acquaintance. He, with his old head upon young shoulders,—pattern of nice young men!—to find himself interested in a chance acquaintance—to be suspected by an ancient lady of designs upon her niece, and what was worse, to be conscious of a strong desire to furnish some foundation for such suspicions! Oh, it was too much! Pattern people find it so hard to come down to a neighbourly level with common, erring mortals! George found it easier to learn to perform the Templeville trip in the space of twenty-four hours, although it was, in reality, pretty good work for twice that time. In truth, it began to be necessary for him to take Templeville in his way to any point of the compass; and, at last, chance, or some other power that favours the determined, gave him an unexpected advantage.

It was the elder lady's turn to be an invalid, and, while she was, perhaps, enjoying an interview with the veritable Dr. Beasley, his former unwitting representative espied the now blooming cheeks of the young lady among other roses in a pretty little arbour in the garden.

"The garden walls are high, and hard to climb," said Juliet once; and the pretty Julia, of our story, might have said much the same thing of the picket fence which separated her from her new friend. But George was on the other side of it before she could have had time to quote the line.

Could two young people, who met in this romantic sort of way, in these unromantic times,—and after many a momentary interview, cut short by the cares of a duenna too,—fail to find some very particular subjects of conversation? We ask the initiated, not pretending to be *au fait* in these matters. However this may be, it must have been that very visit that enlightened George Elliott as to the young lady's position.

She was the prospective heiress of a bachelor uncle, who, in consequence of a violent prejudice against matrimony, had vowed all practicable vengeance in case she ventured to engage herself before the mature age of twenty-five, full six years of which were yet to come. A very liberal provision, which this same odd uncle allowed to the elder lady, Mrs. Roberts, who was his sister only by marriage, was made dependent upon the same point.

Now, the natural consequence of all this was, first, an irresistible inclination on Julia's part to fall in love, just for the sake of seeing whether her uncle would keep his word; and, secondly, from the extreme prudence of the aunt, leading her to take up her residence in a region of clodhoppers, an inevitable proclivity of the damsel to fancy the very first tall, dark-eyed, personable youth who should come in her way. We are not sure that Julia told George all this. We give it merely as a comment of our own, by way of *avis au lecteur*.

The garden interview was prolonged until the ruddy-fingered serving-maid was sent to seek Miss Julia; and as George was, on that occasion, put behind a thicket of lilacs for the moment, we infer that a considerable degree of intimacy had by this time been established between the young people.

Peaches were like little green velvet buttons when George was first mistaken for Dr. Beasley, and before they were ripe, he had learned to think it a small matter to ride one hundred and thirty miles in twenty-four hours, for the sake of spending an hour or two in the cottage garden at Templeville, and occasionally getting a cup of tea from the unwilling fingers of Mrs. Roberts.

He had, in the mean time, become the object of much remark at home. He had always been fond of a good horse, and rather celebrated for his equestrian skill; but people began to call him a jockey now—so many fine animals did he purchase, and so many did he discard again after only one trial on the Templeville road. The difficulty of breaking the subject at home had become greater with every visit, and our mirror of prudence had nearly persuaded Julia that her uncle's fortune was of no sort of consequence, and a six year's probation quite out of the question, before he could resolve to tell his father that he was about to marry a penniless young lady and her not very agreeable aunt—Mrs. Roberts being, of course, to be taken (fasting) with her niece.

While the disclosure was yet to make, a letter came for Mr. George Elliott, postmarked "Templeville," and directed in a prodigious scrawl with a very fine pen—a young-lady-like attempt at disguise, which could not but draw attention at a country post-office, if any body could have suspected so prudent a youth of clandestine proceedings. This epistle, being opened, was found to contain only a few lines, most cautiously worded, to inform Mr. George Elliott that suspicions of treachery and fears of consequent calamity made a friend of his very miserable. Further specifications,

diplomatically urged, gave Mr. Elliott to understand that the uncle was expected, and that there was reason to suppose he had been induced to plan a sudden removal of the cottagers to a far distant and (of course) inaccessible part of the country.

The rising sun of the next morning saw Elliott "making tracks" for Templeville, most literally, for the fierce pace of his gallant steed indented itself upon the moist soil in a striking manner. He must reach there in the afternoon at all hazards; and, although he had more than once performed the same feat before, he was now so anxious lest some accident should cause delay, that he pushed on with unwonted vehemence. He had twice changed horses, and had passed through a small village about twenty miles from Templeville, when the people on the road noticed that he was closely pursued by two horsemen in fiery haste.

George rode like the wild huntsman, and his pursuers were nearly as well mounted. At every point they inquired how far the maker of those dashing tracks was in advance of them, and their breathless inquiries were always answered in such terms as induced them to hope their chase was nearly at an end. They spared neither whip nor spur, therefore; but their horses were not so well used to that rate of travel, and one of them gave out entirely just as they entered Templeville, with our tired hero full in sight.

George reached the tavern, and went, as was his wont, immediately to the stables, to see his horse cared for. He examined several stalls before he chose one, and was giving his directions to the ostler when he was rather roughly accosted by two persons, who took their places on either side of him, and began in very aggressive style asking him various questions. Our prudent friend was not, we regret to say, a member of the peace society; and he responded to these inquiries in a way which threatened difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge.

The crowd increased every moment. The whole town of Templeville seemed congregated in the stable-yard. "There he is!" "That's him!" "That's the chap!" "I'd know him for a thief, anywhere!" were the cheering exclamations that met Elliott's ear on every side.

Not to dwell unnecessarily on particulars, we may say at once that the elder of these gentlemen had been robbed of a pocket-book, containing a large sum of money, and that circumstances favoured the idea that the thief had taken the Templeville road. George's hard riding pointed him out as the delinquent; and his having gone into several stalls on his first arrival, led the bystanders to suppose he had been seeking for a place to secrete his booty.

We need not notice Elliott's indignant denials of the charge. The old gentleman took very little notice of them, indeed. He rather advised him (as a friend) to give up the pocket-book at once, without attempting to deceive a person of his astuteness. George, who was anxious beyond every thing to be

on his way to the cottage, and who, likewise, felt exceedingly unwilling to call upon his only acquaintance in the village, knowing that would be to insure a faithful report of the whole affair at home, offered to submit to a search, provided it might be performed in private and without unnecessary delay. To this, after some consultation, the old gentleman agreed; and the landlord, (who, by the way, disclaimed all knowledge of the accused, except that he had made a great many inquiries as to the people at the cottage,) was showing the way through the crowd to an inner room, when George encountered Mr. Henderson, the person to whom he was known.

All chance of escaping recognition was now at an end, and it became evident to George Elliott that, in addition to the loss of consideration by an imprudent marriage, he must expect a good deal of hard joking on the subject of hard riding. The gaping crowd, commenting audibly upon every point of his physiognomy and equipment, and agreeing, *nem. con.*, that he had state prison written upon his face if ever a fellow had, was nothing, compared with the keen sense of mortification which came with every thought of home. Julia's power, however, was irresistible; and George, perceiving that Mr. Henderson knew his accuser, requested an introduction, which was accordingly performed, to the great discomfiture of the old gentleman, who became unpleasantly sensible that his wild goose chase had led him a great way from his lost money, ruined a fine horse, and brought him into very unpleasant circumstances with a young gentleman, who, upon close examination, did not look half so much like a gallows-bird as he had supposed.

"Upon my word and honour, sir," said the old gentleman, wiping his forehead with an air of the greatest perplexity, "I am extremely sorry for this mistake. If I can make you any amends, this gentleman, Mr. Henderson, will answer for me, that I shall be happy to offer any atonement in my power."

George, of course, disclaimed any such wish, and, only anxious to see Julia, he shook hands with his accuser and hurried off.

Before he shut the door, the old gentleman stopped him. "Will you do me the favour to tell me, before we part, what possible inducement you could have for riding at such a pace?"

George laughed, said he was fond of fast riding, and disappeared.

* * * * *

Julia, in tears, and all the despair of nineteen, met George with the intelligence that her aunt, after appearing to favour them, must have played them false, and induced the uncle to insist upon an immediate change of residence.

"To-morrow morning," she said, "we are to leave here, for ever. My uncle has already arrived, and we should have set off this evening, but for the circumstance of his having been robbed on his way hither."

"Robbed?" said George.

"Yes. He is now in pursuit of the thief, and will not probably return before night."

As Julia said this, sobbing all the time as if her little heart would break, not for her uncle's loss, but her own woes, the door opened, and George's new acquaintance walked in.

"Hey-day, hey-day, here's a pretty affair! This is the nice youth that has persuaded you to throw away your bread and butter, is it?"

Then, coming nearer, and taking a better look at George, who had thrown off the India-rubber overcoat which western men are wont to wear when showers are probable, he burst into a hearty laugh as he recognized the object of his former suspicions.

"So it wasn't my pocket-book you wanted, sir?" said he.

"No, sir," said George, glad of so good an opening for his suit, "No, sir; it is your niece, without any pocket-book at all."

"Will you take her without?"

"With all my heart and soul!"

"In one year from this time I will not object, on those terms," said the old gentleman.

But he probably thought he owed some reparation for his hasty accusation, for, when the year was out, George got the niece and the pocket-book too; but he could never regain his reputation as the mirror of prudence. We have never heard, however, that this detracted materially from his happiness.

I KNEW NOT 'TILL WE PARTED.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I KNEW not 'till we parted,
How precious was thy smile,
How true and gentle-hearted,
How free from pride and guile!

Too winsome were thy graces,
They won me unaware,
And left enduring traces
That haunt me everywhere.

What a delicate revealing
Was thy lightly-swaying form,
To human love appealing,
Like a lily in the storm!

Thy looks were peaceful treasures,
With thee I grew more pure,
More charmed with simple pleasures,
More patient to endure.

I marked thy gentle bearing,
And thy robe of sable dye,

And I hushed my vain despairing,
With so sweet a mourner by.

Thy words of quiet beauty,
Beguiling me of pain,
Thy graceful acts of duty,
Thy maidenly disdain;

Thy love of books and flowers,
Of arch, poetic talk,
Of gamesome, friendly hours,
And a soothing, moonlight walk;

Thine every tone and motion,
Thy cheek, and lip and brow,
To freshen my devotion
Come back upon me now!

They chide my weak repinings,
And deepen vain regret,
And wake renewed inclinings,
Till my fevered eyes are wet!

AUTUMN WIND.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBBINS.

"AUTUMN wind, Autumn wind, what are you doing,
Down in the grove?"
"The graves of the flowers with leaves I am strewing,
Mourning my love."
"Why do you wail so, Autumn wind,
Sad and sorrowing?
Stern winter to little flowers is kind,
Hides them till Spring!"

"The Spring, she is young—she is very fair,
They seek her first,
And when the pelting storm they hear,—
Brown Autumn last!
I loved them tho'—since they are gone,
And I am left behind,
No more o'er their leaf-strewn graves I'll mourn,"
So she died, the Autumn wind.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,—BY HELEN R. DRAYTON.

WITHOUT actually belonging to the new school of women called blue-stockings, the Lady Anna F—— was still a most zealous defender of the rights of her sex. She was possessed with a mania for collecting relics of distinguished women; she wished to hand down to posterity all that in time past had ever rendered the situation of females illustrious. She was not conversant with history, and her luxurious and indolent life upon the banks of the Ganges had conduced but little to the development of her natural capacities, which were exercised rather in unrestrained childish curiosity than in serious study and reflection.

Upon her return from India, where she had the misfortune to lose her husband, the general, in the service of the company, she stopped at Alexandria in order to take passage in the steamboat for Malta. The winds had carried her speedily through the stormy ocean, sweeping round the mountainous shores of Africa to India, and now steam would again conduct her through the Mediterranean Sea to London, under the influence of warm and soothing breezes.

The immense fortune bequeathed by her husband enabled her to gratify to the utmost her taste for relics of historical association with regard to her sex. All the heroines of antiquity had in their turn contributed to her collection. She possessed an ear-ring of Semiramis, the queen who caused to be prosecuted gigantic works, possible only in imagination to the engineers of our day. She owned the hilt of the powerful sword with which Judith cut off the head of Holofernes. She had a piece of the vase containing the precious ointment with which the beautiful Magdalene anointed the feet of Jesus; and a pearl from the hat-band preserved by Mahomet for his well-beloved Ayesha, from the plunder of a city deserted by the Jews flying with their treasure;—indeed, even in passing through Jedda, where the packet-boat stops so long to take in stone-coal, the sustenance of the steam-engine, she purchased from a holy mussulman a tress of hair that had once adorned the head of Mother Eve, whose grave, according to Arabian traditions, was only twelve miles distant. Proud of her rich plunder, Lady Anna hoped also, in Europe, to acquire similar remembrances of distinguished women.

While she was in Alexandria, waiting for the departure of the Maltese packet-boat, she heard Cleopatra's needles spoken of. Immediately she was seized with the desire to possess, before leaving the East, something that had belonged to her who had enchained the lords of the world.

“Oh! if I might only have those needles!” said she, with the burning desire of a soul pining for the object of its adoration. “Perhaps with these needles the military dress of Cæsar was sewed, or Anthony's tunic constructed;—these are, indeed, trophies of the female sex! Is there any thing in which a woman can better confide than in these little instruments of her daily labour? The delicate fingers of Cleopatra have handled and threaded these needles! Perhaps they have even pierced her hands, and their points may have been reddened by that royal blood which was afterwards chilled by the poison of an asp. How pleasing to be able to see whether these needles were as fine as those of the English. Then will the scientific be able to determine whether the ladies of antiquity were as dexterous in the use of the needle as those of modern times! Then shall we have the key to a complete system of the art of sewing during the early ages! Yes, at any expense, must I have this prize! Should the needles of Cleopatra cost me the half of my possessions, still will I own them.”

Possessed with this intention, Lady Anna betook herself to the consul-general of her nation, truly thinking that through him her designs for the possession of Cleopatra's needles might be advanced. His Excellency, C——, who had served in India, and was aware of the immense wealth of his friend, General F——, thought in good truth that the widow contemplated taking one of these far-famed pyramids in order to present it to the British Museum at London. With the greatest readiness he furnished her with a letter of introduction to the governor at Alexandria, who was the first officer in the Pacha's service, and at that time ruled lower Egypt. Notwithstanding her sex, Lady Anna waited in person upon Mokaram-Bey, and informed him of the cause of her visit.

Mokaram-Bey is the son-in-law of Mehemet-Ali, is the richest landholder in Alexandria, and possesses upon the banks of the canal a very beautiful palace, the cool, shady gardens of which are often enjoyed by Europeans for walking and parties of pleasure. Here also the Bey's seraglio is usually kept, for although he has acquired a little of the European gallantry and esteem for women, he is still too thoroughly a Turk to exist without a harem. His character is an indescribable mixture of the feelings and dispositions of both nations.

Thirty years had rolled over Lady Anna's head, ten of which had been passed beneath the burning sun of India, but still was she a woman of extraordinary beauty. She was tall and well-formed, having a light step but stately bearing, and the

glance of her eye showed her fully sensible of her own dignity. The sun of the Ganges had not often touched her fair skin, so much care had she taken to preserve herself from its influence. And when her golden locks were seen flowing luxuriously over the roses and lilies of her countenance, it would have been said that she had just left the thick, cool mists of the Thames. She was one of those beauties, so seldom found in the East, whom the Turks figure to themselves, not as houries, but angels, and who are the more pleasing to them as well from the charms of contrast as of novelty.

Although the English lady could only communicate with the governor through the medium of a dragoman, still she contrived to introduce her wishes with rare eloquence; for she burned with anxiety for the needles of Cleopatra. The Bey observed this, and replied with much politeness and without assuming the official tone.

"For myself, *Miladi*, I would most willingly grant what you desire; at present, however, it is necessary first of all to be invested with power from the Pacha. You are well aware that *Mehemet-Ali* has always shown himself generous, I might almost say prodigal, with regard to the antiquities of Egypt. He has taken pleasure in bestowing them, as well upon nations as private individuals, and he has seldom opposed the removal even of the most valuable objects. The valley of the Nile has been completely examined, plundered, and laid waste, by the antiquarians of the West. Now, however, *Mehemet-Ali* thinks it quite time to put an end to this robbery, before Egypt shall be scattered over the whole face of Europe, and the banks of the Nile be the only spot where antiquities are not to be found. He has already given directions to establish a museum at Cairo, and there the learned of all nations will be able to study the oldest monuments of the human race."

"Certainly; but the needles of Cleopatra, those trifles belonging to a woman, appear to me to be very unimportant, and to have no connection with the history of mankind," said the Lady Anna, quite carelessly.

"These are things of the greatest importance," replied the Bey. "Unfortunately there are but two such needles in existence, and one of these has been promised by the Pacha to England since 1820."

"And I shall take the other," said the fair petitioner, interrupting him.

"Perhaps the Pacha may wish to keep it in remembrance of the Egyptian queen."

"Such a remembrance would make a far better appearance in the hands of a woman."

"One of them has suffered from the rude touch of time, and the point is slightly damaged."

"I shall be quite satisfied with this one. I beseech you not to deny me this needle. I offer you a thousand pounds for it."

"A mussulman does not take money from a woman," said the governor, proudly. "In return for the needle, I ask only one favour. When you

shall have removed the needle, it is undoubtedly your own, provided always that the Pacha consents to the gift. If, however, you do not take it, I request that you grant me three evenings at my palace, during which I may make what compensation I can for your disappointment, at the same time that I provide for my own gratification by the enjoyment of your society. During these three evenings, also, you must officiate as lady patroness of my establishment."

The lovely petitioner bethought herself for a moment with regard to this extraordinary demand, and believing that under any circumstances she should certainly carry off a needle, and that the penalty was not of a very terrible nature, she thought she perceived in it only one of the inexplicable peculiarities of the East, a nameless caprice of the Turkish imagination, and replied without delay or alarm—

"Where is this needle of Cleopatra? Show it me; and if I do not take it, I promise to remain for three evenings in your palace, and to do the honours in true European style."

"Agreed," said the Bey. "Let us proceed, and I will show you the needles."

They mounted their horses, and took the direction of the second rampart of the outworks of Alexandria, toward the southeast, near the sea-shore. Runners went before them, as if to scatter the multitude, who notwithstanding had not molested our travellers in this solitude; their retinue consisted of a few *mamelukes*. The English lady thought that her turbaned cicerone was conducting her to some old palace in the vicinity of the city, where the precious needles were carefully preserved. This delusion increased the astonishment she afterwards felt.

After a ride of ten minutes between little hills of piled up rubbish, huts of Fellahs, and barking dogs, the little cavalcade came to a spot where the wall of fortification forms an angle for the protection of the sea-shore with another wall, which in many places had fallen in apparently from the weight of the superincumbent earth. Through this parapet, which is pierced with a row of loop-holes, might be seen the magnificent azure carpet of the Mediterranean, which at the horizon is blended with the bright milky blue of the arched heavens. Without seeing them, the waves are heard, whose monotonous roar dies away upon the level shore beneath the wall.

Suddenly, the governor stopped his horse, and turning to Lady Anna, said—

"Behold!"

They were standing at the foot of an obelisk of red granite, resembling that lately erected at the "Place de la Concorde" in Paris, except that it rises from the earth like a tree from the field or a mast from the deck of a vessel, without any base or pedestal, for in Egypt all obelisks are raised in this manner. A second, which appeared to be its twin brother, lay upon the ground athwart the first, and was half buried in the sand. Round about

grew a few marine plants; green lizards wandered here and there, and rested upon the gigantic pile, or walked leisurely over the portion stretched upon the ground. The upper half of the obelisk still standing, was illuminated by the golden light of the sun, which began already to sink beneath the horizon. Upon the northern and western sides might be seen long ranges of distinctly marked hieroglyphics, which appeared as if fresh from the chisel of the sculptor, while upon the eastern and southern sides every trace of hieroglyphics had vanished, so that one might assert that a stratum of granite of the thickness of the carved figures had been removed from the entire height of the monolith.

"Behold!" repeated Mokaram-Bey, and pointed his finger towards the two obelisks.

Lady Anna looked first at the Bey and then at the objects pointed out to her with the utmost amazement. She measured with her eye the upright obelisk, observed it in silence, and after riding around for a moment, she sprang to the governor's side.

"These are magnificent monuments," said she. "Which of the Pharaohs erected them?"

"I do not know, Miladi," replied Mokaram-Bey, whose Turkish erudition did not extend to a knowledge of what men had performed before his time.

"How old are these obelisks?" again began Miladi, with a pleased aspect, making use of an eyeglass, attached by a gold chain to her neck.

"Believe me, I did not see them proceed from the hand of the artificer, and therefore know not their age. Apparently, however, they are older than we, and will still outlive us."

"How happens it that one lies upon the ground?"

"Not long ago your countrymen wished to transport it to the banks of the Thames, but as it appears they could not carry it away from the Egyptian shore, they left it lying there like a dead body. If you can remove it, it belongs to you; if not, you know the conditions agreed upon."

"What is it you say? I do not understand you."

"And yet it is very easy of comprehension. We have ridden here to see the needles of Cleopatra. These are they;—you wish to possess one of them; take which pleases you best."

"These Cleopatra's needles!" cried Lady Anna, with the deep indignation of one who feels herself the victim of deception.

"I swear by the Prophet, that these are Cleopatra's needles."

"You jest," said the English lady, while the forced smile seen when one begins to find one's self in the wrong, fled from her lips.

"Miladi," said the governor, with that calmness and repose of countenance which at once carries conviction to the mind, "Europeans may, perhaps, occasionally thus joke with ladies; but oriental nations, never. Confess that you cannot keep the terms of our contract, and I presume to hope that you will pass three agreeable evenings at my palace upon the banks of the canal."

And now Lady Anna demurred, and was not willing to believe herself in the wrong. It appeared to her terrible to receive instruction in archaeology from a Turk, and the more so, because through his innate good nature he had not attempted to confirm her in a mistake, which, indeed, he had not perceived. But the governor's retinue, and some Europeans who passed that way in order also to survey the two gigantic monoliths, concurred in assuring her that these were, beyond all doubt, Cleopatra's needles.

"This is truly vexatious," said Miladi, at last, laughing heartily over her mistake; "I perceive that I must indeed renounce all hope of adding these needles to my collection." Then turning to Mokaram-Bey, she said, "If you wish me to carry off one of these needles, you must give me the box in which the queen was accustomed to enclose them."

For three successive evenings, Mokaram-Bey's palace presented scenes of the most brilliant festivities. Many consuls were there, and the first nobility of Alexandria were invited. The anecdote of the English lady and the needles had become talked of, and all the world knew who was the heroine of the feast. The illumination of the gardens in the evening was enchanting. There was dancing beneath blooming acacias to the music of an Italian orchestra, which played the quadrilles and gallopes of Musard. At midnight, a magnificent supper was served, at which were eaten many of Cleopatra's needles made of sugar. There was also a toast drank to the Queen of Egypt and Lady Anna F—. The English beauty wore upon the occasion a magnificent costume presented to her by the Bey, and carried it, instead of Cleopatra's needles, with her to London.

THE OBLONG BOX.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

SOME years ago, I engaged passage from Charleston, S. C., to the city of New York, in the fine packet ship "Independence," Captain Hardy. We were to sail on the fifteenth of the month (June,) weather permitting; and, on the fourteenth, I went on board to arrange some matters in my state-room.

I found that we were to have a great many passengers, including a more than usual number of ladies. On the list were several of my acquaintances; and, among other names, I was rejoiced to see that of Mr. Cornelius Wyatt, a young artist, for whom I entertained feelings of warm friendship. He had been with me a fellow student at C—University, where we were very much together. He had the ordinary temperament of genius, and was a compound of misanthropy, sensibility, and enthusiasm. To these qualities he united the warmest and truest heart which ever beat in a human bosom.

I observed that his name was carded upon *three* state-rooms; and, upon again referring to the list of passengers, I found that he had engaged passage for himself, wife, and two sisters—his own. The state-rooms were sufficiently roomy, and each had two berths, one above the other. These berths, to be sure, were so exceedingly narrow, as to be insufficient for more than one person; still, I could not comprehend why there were *three* state-rooms for these four persons. I was, just at that epoch, in one of those moody frames of mind which make a man abnormally inquisitive about trifles; and I confess, with shame, that I busied myself in a variety of ill-bred and preposterous conjectures about this matter of the supernumerary state-room. It was no business of mine, to be sure; but with none the less pertinacity did I occupy myself in attempts to resolve the enigma. At last I reached a conclusion which wrought in me great wonder why I had not arrived at it before. "It is a servant, of course," I said; "what a fool I am, not sooner to have thought of so obvious a solution!" And then I again repaired to the list—but here I saw distinctly that *no* servant was to come with the party; although, in fact, it had been the original design to bring one—for the words "and servant" had been first written and then overscored. "Oh, extra baggage to be sure," I now said to myself—"something he wishes not to be put in the hold—something to be kept under his own eye—ah, I have it—a painting or so—and this is what he has been bargaining about with Nicolino, the Italian Jew." This idea satisfied me, and I dismissed my curiosity for the nonce.

Wyatt's two sisters I knew very well, and most amiable and clever girls they were. His wife he had newly married, and I had never yet seen her. He had often talked about her in my presence, however, and in his usual style of enthusiasm. He described her as of surpassing beauty, wit, and accomplishment. I was, therefore, quite anxious to make her acquaintance.

On the day in which I visited the ship, (the fourteenth,) Wyatt and party were also to visit it—so the captain informed me—and I waited on board an hour longer than I had designed, in hope of being presented to the bride; but then an apology came. "Mrs. W. was a little indisposed, and would decline coming on board until to-morrow, at the hour of sailing."

The morrow having arrived, I was going from my hotel to the wharf, when Captain Hardy met me and said that, "owing to circumstances," (a stupid but convenient phrase,) "he rather thought the 'Independence' would not sail for a day or two, and that when all was ready, he would send up and let me know." This I thought strange, for there was a stiff southerly breeze; but as "the circumstances" were not forthcoming, although I pumped for them with much perseverance, I had nothing to do but to return home and digest my impatience at leisure.

I did not receive the expected message from the captain for nearly a week. It came at length, however, and I immediately went on board. The ship was crowded with passengers, and every thing was in the bustle attendant upon making sail. Wyatt's party arrived in about ten minutes after myself. There were the two sisters, the bride, and the artist—the latter in one of his customary fits of moody misanthropy. I was too well used to these, however, to pay them any especial attention. He did not even introduce me to his wife;—this courtesy devolving, perforce, upon his sister Marian—a very sweet and intelligent girl, who, in a few hurried words, made us acquainted.

Mrs. Wyatt had been closely veiled; and when she raised her veil, in acknowledging my bow, I confess that I was very profoundly astonished. I should have been much more so, however, had not long experience advised me not to trust, with too implicit a reliance, the enthusiastic descriptions of my friend, the artist, when indulging in comments upon the loveliness of woman. When beauty was the theme, I well knew with what facility he soared into the regions of the purely ideal.

The truth is, I could not help regarding Mrs. Wyatt as a decidedly plain-looking woman. If not

positively ugly, she was not, I think, very far from it. She was dressed, however, in exquisite taste—and then I had no doubt that she had captivated my friend's heart by the more enduring graces of the intellect and soul. She said very few words, and passed at once into her state-room, with Mr. W.

My old inquisitiveness now returned. There was *no* servant—that was a settled point. I looked, therefore, for the extra baggage. After some delay, a cart arrived at the wharf, with an oblong pine box, which was every thing that seemed to be expected. Immediately upon its arrival we made sail, and in a short time were safely over the bar and standing out to sea.

The box in question was, as I say, oblong. It was about six feet in length, by two and a half in breadth;—I observed it attentively, and like to be precise. Now this shape was *peculiar*; and no sooner had I seen it, than I took credit to myself for the accuracy of my guessing. I had reached the conclusion, it will be remembered, that the extra baggage of my friend, the artist, would prove to be pictures, or at least a picture; for I knew he had been for several weeks in conference with Nicolino:—and now here was a box which, from its shape, *could* possibly contain nothing in the world but a copy of Leonardo's "Last Supper;" and a copy of this very "Last Supper," done by Rubini the younger, at Florence, I had known, for some time, to be in the possession of Nicolino. This point, therefore, I considered as sufficiently settled. I chuckled excessively when I thought of my acumen. It was the first time I had ever known Wyatt to keep from me any of his artistical secrets; but here he evidently intended to steal a march upon me, and smuggle a fine picture to New York, under my very nose; expecting me to know nothing of the matter. I resolved to quiz him *well*, now and hereafter.

One thing, however, annoyed me no little. The box did *not* go into the extra state-room. It was deposited in Wyatt's own; and there, too, it remained, occupying very nearly the whole of the floor—no doubt to the exceeding discomfort of the artist and his wife;—this the more especially as the tar or paint with which it was lettered in sprawling capitals, emitted a strong, disagreeable, and, to my fancy, a peculiarly disgusting odour. On the lid were painted the words—"Mrs. Adelaide Curtis, Albany, New York. Charge of Cornelius Wyatt, Esquire. This side up. To be handled with care."

Now, I was aware that Mrs. Adelaide Curtis, of Albany, was the artist's wife's mother;—but then I looked upon the whole address as a mystification, intended especially for myself. I made up my mind, of course, that the box and contents would never get farther north than the studio of my misanthropic friend, in Chambers Street, New York.

For the first three or four days we had fine weather, although the wind was dead ahead; having chopped round to the northward, immediately

upon our losing sight of the coast. The passengers were, consequently, in high spirits, and disposed to be social. I *must* except, however, Wyatt and his sisters, who behaved stiffly, and, I could not help thinking, uncourtously to the rest of the party. Wyatt's conduct I did not so much regard. He was gloomy, even beyond his usual habit—in fact he was *morose*—but with him I was prepared for eccentricity. For the sisters, however, I could make no excuse. They secluded themselves in their state-rooms during the greater part of the passage, and absolutely refused, although I repeatedly urged them, to hold communication with any person on board.

Mrs. Wyatt herself was far more agreeable. That is to say, she was *chatty*; and to be chatty is no slight recommendation at sea. She became *excessively* intimate with most of the ladies; and, to my profound astonishment, evinced no equivocal disposition to coquet with the men. She amused us all very much. I say "*amused*"—and scarcely know how to explain myself. The truth is, I soon found that Mrs. W. was far oftener laughed *at* than *with*. The gentlemen said little about her; but the ladies, in a little while, pronounced her "a good-hearted thing, rather indifferent-looking, totally uneducated, and decidedly vulgar." The great wonder was, how Wyatt had been entrapped into such a match. Wealth was the general solution—but this I knew to be no solution at all; for Wyatt had told me that she neither brought him a dollar nor had any expectations from any source whatever. "He had married," he said, "for love, and for love only; and his bride was far more than worthy of his love." When I thought of these expressions, on the part of my friend, I confess that I felt indescribably puzzled. Could it be possible that he was taking leave of his senses? What else could I think? *He*, so refined, so intellectual, so fastidious, with so exquisite a perception of the faulty, and so keen an appreciation of the beautiful! To be sure, the lady seemed especially fond of *him*—particularly so in his absence—when she made herself ridiculous by frequent quotations of what had been said by her "beloved husband, Mr. Wyatt." The word "husband" seemed forever—to use one of her own delicate expressions—forever "on the tip of her tongue." In the mean time, it was observed by all on board, that he avoided *her* in the most pointed manner, and, for the most part, shut himself up alone in his state-room, where, in fact, he might have been said to live altogether, leaving his wife at full liberty to amuse herself as she thought best, in the public society of the main cabin.

My conclusion, from what I saw and heard, was that the artist, by some unaccountable freak of fate, or perhaps in some fit of enthusiastic and fanciful passion, had been induced to unite himself with a person altogether beneath him, and that the natural result, entire and speedy disgust, had ensued. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart—but I could not, for that reason, quite forgive his incom-

municativeness in the matter of the "Last Supper." For this I resolved to have my revenge.

One day he came upon deck, and, taking his arm as had been my wont, I sauntered with him backwards and forwards. His gloom, however, (which I considered quite natural under the circumstances,) seemed entirely unabated. He said little, and that moodily, and with evident effort. I ventured a jest or two, and he made a sickening attempt at a smile. Poor fellow—as I thought of *his wife*, I wondered that he could have heart ever to put on the semblance of mirth. At last I ventured a home thrust. I determined to commence a series of covert insinuations, or inuendos, about the oblong box—just by way of letting him perceive, gradually, that I was *not* altogether the butt, or victim, of his little bit of pleasant mystification. My first observation was by way of opening a masked battery. I said something about the "peculiar shape of *that box*;" and, as I spoke the words, I smiled knowingly, winked, and touched him gently with my fore-finger in the ribs.

The manner in which Wyatt received this harmless pleasantry, convinced me, at once, that he was mad. At first he stared at me as if he found it impossible to comprehend the witticism of my remark; but as its point seemed slowly to make its way into his brain, his eyes, in the same proportion, seemed protruding from their sockets. Then he grew very red—then hideously pale—then, as if highly amused with what I had insinuated, he began a loud and boisterous laugh, which, to my astonishment, he kept up, with gradually increasing vigour, for ten minutes or more. In conclusion, he fell flat and heavily upon the deck. When I ran to uplift him, to all appearance he was utterly dead.

I called assistance, and, with much difficulty, we brought him to himself. Upon reviving, he spoke incoherently for some time. At length we bled him, and put him to bed. The next morning he was quite recovered, so far as regarded his mere bodily health. Of his mind I say nothing, of course. I avoided him during the rest of the passage, by advice of the captain, who seemed to coincide with me altogether in my views of his insanity, but cautioned me to say nothing on this head to any person on board.

Several circumstances occurred immediately after this fit of Wyatt's, which contributed to heighten the curiosity with which I was already possessed. Among other things, this. I had been nervous—drank too much strong green tea, and slept ill at night—in fact, for two nights I could not be properly said to sleep at all. Now, my state-room opened into the main cabin, or dining-room, as did those of all the single men on board. Wyatt's three rooms were in the after-cabin, which was separated from the main one by a slight sliding door, never locked even at night. As we were almost constantly on a wind, and the breeze was stiff, the vessel heeled to leeward very considerably; and whenever the starboard side of the ship was to lee-

ward, the sliding door between the cabins slid open, and so remained—nobody taking the trouble to get up and shut it. But my berth was in such a position, that when my own state-room door was open, as well as the sliding door in question, (and my own door was *always* open on account of the heat,) I could see into the after-cabin quite distinctly, and just at that portion of it, too, where were situated the state-rooms of Mr. Wyatt. Well, during two nights (*not* consecutive) while I lay awake, I clearly saw Mrs. W., about eleven o'clock upon each night, steal cautiously from the state-room of Mr. W. and enter the extra room, where she remained until daybreak, when she was called by her husband and went back. That they were virtually separated was clear. They had separate apartments—no doubt in contemplation of a more permanent divorce; and here, after all, I thought, was the mystery of the extra state-room.

There was another circumstance, too, which interested me much. During the two wakeful nights in question, and immediately after the disappearance of Mrs. Wyatt into the extra state-room, I was attracted by certain singular, cautious, subdued noises in that of her husband. After listening to them for some time, with thoughtful attention, I at length succeeded perfectly in translating their import. They were sounds occasioned by the artist in prying open the oblong box, by means of a chisel and mallet—the latter being apparently muffled, or deadened, by some soft woollen or cotton substance in which its head was enveloped.

In this manner, I fancied that I could distinguish the precise moment when he fairly disengaged the lid—also that I could determine when he removed it altogether, and when he deposited it upon the lower berth in his room;—this latter point I knew, for example, by certain slight taps which the lid made in striking against the wooden edges of the berth, as he endeavoured to lay it down *very* gently—there being no room for it on the floor. After this there was a dead stillness, and I heard nothing more, upon either occasion, until nearly daybreak; unless, perhaps, I may mention a low sobbing or murmuring sound, so very much suppressed as to be nearly inaudible—if, indeed, the whole of this latter noise were not rather produced by my own imagination. I say it seemed to *resemble* sobbing or sighing—but, of course, it could not have been either. I rather think it was a ringing in my own ears. Mr. Wyatt, no doubt, according to custom, was merely giving the rein to one of his hobbies—indulging in one of his fits of artistic enthusiasm. He had opened his oblong box, in order to feast his eyes upon the pictorial treasure within. There was nothing in this, however, to make him *sob*. I repeat, therefore, that it must have been, simply, a freak of my own fancy, distempered by good Captain Hardy's green tea. Just before dawn, on each of the two nights of which I speak, I distinctly heard Mr. Wyatt replace the lid upon the oblong box, and force the nails into their old places, by means of the muffled mallet. Having done this,

he issued from his state-room, fully dressed, and proceeded to call Mrs. W. from hers.

We had been at sea seven days, and were now off Cape Hatteras, when there came on a tremendously heavy blow from the southwest. We were, in a measure, prepared for it, however, as the weather had been holding out threats for some time. Every thing was made snug, aloft and aloft; and as the wind steadily freshened, we lay to, at length, under spanker and foretopsail, both double-reefed.

In this trim, we rode safely enough for forty-eight hours—the ship proving herself an excellent sea boat, in many respects, and shipping no water of any consequence. At the end of this period, however, the gale had freshened into a hurricane, and our after sail split into ribbons, bringing us so much in the trough of the water that we shipped several prodigious seas, one immediately after the other. By this accident we lost three men overboard, with the caboose, and nearly the whole of the larboard bulwarks. Scarcely had we recovered our senses, before the foretopsail went into shreds, when we got up a storm stay-sail, and with this did pretty well for some hours, the ship heading the seas much more steadily than before.

The gale still held on, however, and we saw no signs of its abating. The rigging was found to be ill fitted, and greatly strained; and on the third day of the blow, about five in the afternoon, our mizzen-mast, in a heavy lurch to windward, went by the board. For an hour or more, we tried in vain to get rid of it, on account of the prodigious rolling of the ship; and, before we had succeeded, the carpenter came aft and announced four feet water in the hold. To add to our dilemma, we found the pumps choked and nearly useless.

All was now confusion and despair—but an effort was made to lighten the ship by throwing overboard as much of her cargo as could be reached, and by cutting away the two masts that remained. This we at last accomplished—but we were still unable to do any thing at the pumps; and, in the mean time, the leak gained on us very fast.

At sundown, the gale had sensibly diminished in violence, and, as the sea went down with it, we still entertained faint hopes of saving ourselves in the boats. At eight, P. M., the clouds broke away to windward, and we had the advantage of a full moon—a piece of good fortune which served wonderfully to cheer our drooping spirits.

After incredible labour we succeeded, at length, in getting the long boat over the side without material accident, and into this we crowded the whole of the crew and most of the passengers. This party made off immediately, and, after undergoing much suffering, finally arrived, in safety, at Ocracoke Inlet, on the third day after the wreck.

Fourteen passengers, with the captain, remained on board, resolving to trust their fortunes to the jolly-boat at the stern. We lowered it without difficulty, although it was only by a miracle that we prevented it from swamping as it touched the

water. It contained, when afloat, the captain and his wife, Mr. Wyatt and party, a Mexican officer, wife, four children, and myself, with a negro valet.

We had no room, of course, for any thing except a few positively necessary instruments, some provision, and the clothes upon our backs. No one had thought of even attempting to save any thing more. What must have been the astonishment of all, then, when, having proceeded a few fathoms from the ship, Mr. Wyatt stood up in the stern-sheets, and coolly demanded of Captain Hardy that the boat should put back for the purpose of taking in his oblong box!

"Sit down, Mr. Wyatt," replied the captain, somewhat sternly; "you will capsize us if you do not sit quite still. Our gunwale is almost in the water now."

"The box!" vociferated Mr. Wyatt, still standing—"the box, I say! Captain Hardy, you cannot, you *will* not refuse me. Its weight will be but a trifle—it is nothing—mere nothing. By the mother who bore you—for the love of Heaven—by your hope of salvation, I *implore* you to put back for the box!"

The captain, for a moment, seemed touched by the earnest appeal of the artist, but he regained his stern composure, and merely said—

"Mr. Wyatt, you are *mad*. I cannot listen to you. Sit down, I say, or you will swamp the boat. Stay—hold him—seize him!—he is about to spring overboard! There—I knew it—he is over!"

As the captain said this, Mr. Wyatt, in fact, sprang from the boat, and, as we were yet in the lee of the wreck, succeeded, by almost superhuman exertion, in getting hold of a rope which hung from the fore-chains. In another moment he was on board, and rushing frantically down into the cabin.

In the mean time, we had been swept astern of the ship, and being quite out of her lee, were at the mercy of the tremendous sea which was still running. We made a determined effort to put back, but our little boat was like a feather in the breath of the simoom. We saw at a glance that the doom of the unfortunate artist was sealed.

As our distance from the wreck rapidly increased, the madman (for as such only could we regard him) was seen to emerge from the companion-way, up which, by dint of a strength that appeared superhuman, he dragged, bodily, the oblong box. While we gazed in extremity of astonishment, he passed, rapidly, several turns of a three-inch rope, first around the box and then around his body. In another instant both body and box were in the sea—disappearing suddenly, at once and forever.

We lingered awhile sadly upon our oars, with our eyes riveted upon the spot. At length we pulled steadily away. The silence remained unbroken for an hour, so heavy were all our hearts. Finally, I hazarded a remark.

"Did you observe, captain, how suddenly they sank? Was not that an exceedingly singular thing? I confess that I entertained some feeble hope of his

final deliverance, when I saw him lash himself to the box, and commit himself to the sea."

"They sank, as a matter of course," replied the captain, "and that like a shot. They will soon rise again, however, *but not till the salt melts.*"

"The salt!" I ejaculated.

"Hush!" said the captain, pointing to the wife and sisters of the deceased. "We must talk of these things at some more appropriate time."

We suffered much, and made a narrow escape; but fortune befriended us, as well as our mates in the long boat. We landed, in fine, more dead than alive, after four days of intense distress, upon the beach opposite Roanoke Island. We remained here a week, were not ill treated by the wreckers, and at length obtained a passage to New York.

About a month after the loss of the "Independence," I happened to meet Captain Hardy in Broadway. Our conversation turned, naturally, upon the disaster, and especially upon the sad fate of poor Wyatt. I thus learned the following particulars.

The artist had engaged passage for himself, wife, two sisters and servant. His wife was, indeed, as she had been represented, a most lovely and a most accomplished woman. On the morning of the fourteenth of June, (the day in which I first visited the ship,) the lady suddenly sickened and died. The young husband was frantic with grief—but circumstances imperatively forbade the deferring

his voyage to New York. It was necessary to take to her mother the corpse of his adored wife, and, on the other hand, the universal prejudice which would prevent his doing so openly was well known. Nine-tenths of the passengers would have abandoned the ship rather than take passage with a dead body.

In this dilemma, Captain Hardy arranged that the corpse, being first partially embalmed, and packed, with a large quantity of salt, in a box of suitable dimensions, should be conveyed on board as merchandize. Nothing was to be said of the lady's decease; and, as it was well understood that Mr. Wyatt had engaged passage for his wife, it became necessary that some person should personate her during the voyage. This, the deceased's lady's-maid was easily prevailed on to do. The extra state-room, originally engaged for this girl, during her mistress's life, was now merely retained. In this state room the pseudo wife slept, of course, every night. In the day time she performed, to the best of her ability, the part of her mistress—whose person, it had been carefully ascertained, was unknown to any of the passengers on board.

My own mistakes arose, naturally enough, through too careless, too inquisitive, and too impulsive a temperament. But of late, it is a rare thing that I sleep soundly at night. There is a countenance which haunts me, turn as I will. There is an hysterical laugh which will forever ring within my ears.

THE DYING STUDENT.

BY A LATE EDITOR

LET him look out upon earth's fair domain,
And feast his spirit 'mong its time-worn hills!
And feel the fresh blood flow thro' every vein,
As the new sight his weary bosom thrills!
Oh, let him gaze beyond that shoreless sea,
Whither his spirit fain would take its flight,
To wander in those far-off depths, and be
Where the pure sky hath hung her robe of light!
Oh, let him gaze upon earth's jeweled sky!
And breathe spring's earliest, sweetest breath again,
And once more follow, with a ravished eye,
Faces and forms of loved ones, loved in vain!
To catch the inspiring sound of music's voice,
To hear the solemn chaut of ocean's roar,
To linger at the threshold of his joys,
And feel earth's sunshine on his head once more!

Life's solemn lights are dimly burning now,
And feeble shadows o'er his vision fall!
Still, one brief hour is his, and in its flow,
Moments are years! and in those years his all!

Rouse him from death! without one brief delay,
And call his spirit back from Time's dark tides;
He lingers yet, as on the verge of day,
And hope and heaven his heart's free home divides!

His spirit freshens at the glorious sight;
And far away his eager eyes are turning,
To those bright paths, in yonder sky of light,
Where Heaven's imperial stars are brightly burning!
He feels the fresh blood flow back to his heart,
And thence again with impulse free and strong!
Old memories gather round him, and depart,
Phalanx to phalanx joined, and throng to throng!

Dim grow the visions that o'erreach his brain,
And shadowy forms seem floating in his eye!
Tears fall around him as the soul's bright rain,
Poured from the heart for one too young to die!
Stars are now hovering o'er the brink of day,
And sunlight lingers on each tower and hill;
But prayer hath passed from silent lips away—
The heart hath shed its sorrow and is still!

DAY DREAMS.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

Who has not been a dweller in the land of dreams? Who has not sunk to sleep, after a day of toil, or care, or sorrow, and, while his body lay mute and motionless, gone far away on spirit-wings to that land of shadows? There he has exchanged darkness for light, tears for gladness, toil for repose; the loved and the lost have come back to him once more; old familiar faces, that were long ago laid in the dust, smile kindly upon him; the voices that were wont to greet his ear in childhood, come again with their gentle cadences—tones of unearthly music, snatches of some half-remembered melody,—these, and a thousand other fond imaginings, are his blessed portion in the wide expanse, the limitless extent of dream-land. But night, with her mantle of darkness, is departing; the timid moon has hidden herself behind the western hills; the stars have, one by one, extinguished their glimmering tapers; the rosy-fingered morn hath unbarred the eastern gates, and light is spreading itself far and wide over the heavens—man is again to return to his daily tasks.

The distant hum of revolving wheels is now heard at intervals; the cry of some solitary sweep-boy, or the hasty summons of an impatient milkman, wakens the echoes of the quiet streets. By degrees, these sounds increase and deepen, till, presently, a straggling sunbeam peeps, with its golden eye, in at the half-opened window, as if to reprove the sleeper for his slothfulness. He turns uneasily on his pillow; the companions of his dreams fade away, or take for a moment some grotesque or unnatural shape; a rude hand of flesh and blood falls heavily upon his shoulder; a rough voice warns him of the lateness of the hour—dream-land departs in an instant, and he is once more an inhabitant of this nether world.

But there is another sort of dreaming, that comes over our senses in broad daylight, when the sun is riding in mid-heaven, and the world is all alive with the full tide of human life and activity; when we are surrounded by a multitude of people; when we are threading the mazes of a crowded thoroughfare; when we are busily engaged in our daily avocations; and so entirely are we abstracted, so wholly occupied with rearing airy castles, (I speak experimentally,) that we forget all that is about us, and are wandering in spirit over all parts of the habitable globe, while our feet are pressing the familiar pathways of our every day's resort.

From my earliest years, this day-dreaming or castle-building has been a very favourite employment of mine. What a host of goodly edifices have I reared and seen demolished before my very

eyes. How many of the wise, and great, and good, have been my companions during those mystic hours of musing; and how do I bless, from my heart, that magical spell, by which we may wander off from the tumult of this vexatious, working-day world, and breathe, for awhile, an atmosphere so much purer than our own. But to my story of day-dreaming—for, after all this preamble, you will expect an illustration of my meaning, and so—"ye who have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now."

It was a glorious morning in the month of June. There was not a cloud flecking the deep blue heavens, nor a breath too rude for the soft cheek of my lady rose, as she lay on her emerald couch, with the dew-gems glittering on her breast. The birds were in full chorus, and the insect tribes performing a thousand antics in the air; and, as I stood at the open window, and looked out upon the rich and varied landscape of hill and stream, and woodland, that stretched before me, and contrasted them with the close city streets which I had so recently left, I felt that I had never loved nature half so well as at that moment, and was just meditating a long ramble through the environs of my native village, when my good mother entered the apartment, and rather abruptly solicited my aid in preparing a pudding for dinner.

Her voice, one of the pleasantest in the world to her daughter's ear, now for the first time had something disagreeable in its tone—for I was wandering with nature, roaming in thought with all lovely and loveable things, and could feel no sympathy with the vulgar cravings of an animal life. Pudding! Who could think of pudding, when there were blooming flowers and singing birds, and purling brooks, and the free, pure air of heaven wooing us abroad. Nevertheless, the pudding *must* be made, and I turned reluctantly from the window and the glorious prospect, and received instinctively the key of the large pantry from mamma's extended hand.

"You will find the red spice-box on the second shelf, just by the sweetmeat jars," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," I answered, as I gave one more glance at the window.

"And the flour," continued mamma, "you will take from the barrel nearest the door."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the sugar from the largest of those stone jars, on the right of the pickle-pots."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the eggs—you'll mind the eggs, my dear—the last in the house, I believe, but they'll do;

and if you havn't quite enough, why, put in a little *sal eratus*."

"Yes, ma'am."

"That is all," said mamma; and I forthwith proceeded to the pantry, a room dimly lighted by a single small window, and filled with all manner of household commodities.

Mamma was a housekeeper of the old school. "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," was her motto, and, accordingly, I found, as I had been told, the red spice-box on the second shelf, and the barrel of flour, and the stone jar of sugar close by the pickle-pots, and then I turned to look for the eggs. Now, the whereabouts of these very necessary ingredients, mamma had forgotten to designate; and, in this large, dark pantry, surrounded by all sorts of barrels, boxes, kegs, jars and dishes, I was at a loss to know where to look for them. I peeped first into a keg, and my olfactory nerves were saluted with the odour of pickled herring. Next, I passed my hand into the mouth of a stone jar, and drew it forth dripping with some unknown liquid. Next, I explored more cautiously the almost fathomless depths of a tall tin cannister, and was rewarded by a few grains of rice. I was just on the point of returning to mamma, when I espied, far above me, on the topmost shelf, an old-fashioned china pitcher, of exquisite beauty, an heirloom in the family, having been the property of all my grandmothers, and which I had not seen in a long time. In a moment, my foot was upon a candle box; the next step brought me to the head of a barrel, then came the first shelf, which I also mounted, and then, grasping the kindly offer of a projecting ledge, I stood suspended in the air, while, with my right hand, I brought down the object of my ascent. It was formed of the richest Dresden china, and, I verily believed, in my youthful days, that all Prussia did not contain its equal. Often had I heard its history; and now, as I gazed upon its painted flowers, I forgot my airy position, and was lost in a day-dream.

I was a little child once more, and I sat on my grandmamma's knee, with the pitcher before me on the smooth oaken table, (another relic of the past,) while she told me, in her kind and gentle accents, how this very pitcher had once been the property of a fair and lovely lady, many, many years before, longer than she could remember; and how this lovely Lady Grace—for such was her name—had pined away and died, just for the love

of a gallant knight, who had gone to the wars, and had been found dead on the battle-field; and how this pitcher had been given to one of our English ancestors by the dying lady, as a token of remembrance. I had often mourned over the sad fate of the Lady Grace—for her story was a favourite theme in the long winter evenings, and my kind relative willingly indulged me with its recital; and now, as I gazed upon her beautiful memento, it came again fresh to my memory, although I had not heard it in years. The Lady Grace had held that very pitcher; the polished handle, now within my grasp, had been pressed by her ivory fingers. I was no longer in the dark pantry, but in the very chamber of the old castle, where she had lived and died. I looked from the deep mullioned window, and the wide park, with its red deer bounding away beneath the noble elms and spreading oaks, stretched before me. I turned to the couch, with its massive drapery, and there lay the dying maiden. She gazed upon me with her soft, languid eyes, and I saw, beneath the folds of her snowy robe, the faint beatings of her broken heart. Her taper hand rested upon the dark damask, and the blue veins were visible through the transparent skin. She spoke to me, and her tones were low, and sad, and wild, like the music of that mysterious lyre, whose voice is only awakened by an invisible touch. I knelt beside her, and took the fair hand in mine. It was cold as marble, and, as I did so—

"The eggs," said mamma's voice, at the door; "you will find them—"

Wonderful transition! The ancient chamber, the dying girl, the English landscape, all vanished in an instant. I started, made one spring to the ground, and found myself *within* the barrel instead of beyond it, and my feet planted upon the very eggs I had been in quest of, and which, with true housewife's care, had been snugly laid away in the most unimaginable place. Nor was this all—the china pitcher, the family inheritance, which was to have been my own, lay shattered in a thousand pieces, having slipped from my hand as I descended. Poor mamma, with uplifted hands, and uttering most pathetic lamentations over her lost treasures, surveyed the scene of ruin, while I, overcome with shame and grief, clambered from my unpleasant position, dripping with the broken eggs, and wishing most heartily that I had never seen the china pitcher, or heard the unhappy history of the Lady Grace.

THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SINCE the last pages of the August number of this magazine were written, information has been received of the death of one of the greatest poets of modern times—of the poet who has sung in the most touching and beautiful strains of our own history, and whose works have been more read than those of any other contemporary in this country.

The father of THOMAS CAMPBELL was a retired merchant at Glasgow. His youth had been passed in Virginia, whence he returned before the Revolution, leaving several members of his family to share the fortunes of the new republic. The poet was born on the twenty-seventh of September, 1777. When twelve years old, he entered the university of his native city, and, in the following year, gained a prize for a translation from ARISTOPHANES, after a hard contest, over a competitor of nearly twice his age. He was here seven years, in all which time he had scarcely a rival in classical learning; and the Greek professor, when bestowing on him a medal for one of his versions, announced that it was the best ever produced in the university. He made equal proficiency in other branches of education, and, on completing his academical course, studied medicine and law.

He quitted Glasgow to remove into Argyleshire, whence he went to Edinburgh, where he was for several years a private tutor. At the early age of twenty-one he finished "The Pleasures of Hope," which placed him in the front rank of contemporary poets. In the spring of 1800, he left Scotland for the continent. While at Hamburg, he wrote the "Exile of Erin," from an impression made upon his mind by the condition of some Irish exiles in the vicinity of that city; and, with the Danish war in prospect, his famous naval lyric, "Ye Mariners of England." He travelled over the most interesting portions of Germany and Prussia, visited their universities, and formed friendships with the SCHLEGELS, KLOPSTOCK, and other scholars and men of genius. From the walls of a convent, he saw the charge of KLENAU upon the French at Hohenlinden, which he has so vividly described in his celebrated ode upon that battle. Soon after his return to Scotland, in 1801, he received a token of the royal admiration of his "Pleasures of Hope," in a pension of two hundred pounds; and, after a short residence at Edinburgh, married MISS MATILDA SINCLAIR, and settled at Sydenham, near London, where he remained many years, and wrote "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and several of his minor poems. In 1820, he became editor of the New Monthly Magazine, which he conducted with a spirit and ability worthy of his reputation, for ten years, at the end of which time the death of his wife induced its abandonment. In this period he took an active interest in the causes of Greece and Poland; was

three times elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; discharged the duties of Professor of Poetry in the Royal Institution; and laid the foundation of the London University.

For several years before his death, Mr. CAMPBELL produced nothing of much excellence. "The Pilgrim of Glencoe, and other Poems," which appeared in 1842, owed all their little reputation to his name. He died at Boulogne, on the fifteenth of June, 1844, and his remains were interred in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, on the third of July.

CAMPBELL'S poetry has little need of critical illustration. His chief merit is rhetorical. There is no vagueness or mysticism in his verse. The scenes and feelings he delineates are common to human beings in general, and the impressive style with which these are unfolded, owes its charm to vigour of language and forcible clearness of epithet. Many of his lines ring with a harmonious energy, and seem the offspring of the noblest enthusiasm. This is especially true of his martial lyrics, which in their way are unsurpassed. The "Pleasures of Hope," his earliest work, is one of the few standard heroic poems in our language. Poetic taste has undergone many remarkable changes since it appeared, but its ardent numbers are constantly resorted to by those who love the fire of the muse as well as her more delicate tracery. Though more generally read, it is by no means equal to "Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvania Tale," written in the full maturity of his powers, and characterized by remarkable taste, feeling and tenderness. Nearly all CAMPBELL'S earlier writings are popular, and although a more transcendental school of poetry is at present in vogue, admirers of felicity of expression can never fail to recognize the stamp of true genius in one who has sung in such thrilling numbers of patriotism and affection.

Besides his poems, Mr. CAMPBELL wrote "A History of Great Britain from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens," "Lectures on Greek Poetry," "Letters from the South during a Journey to Algiers," Lives of Petrarch, Shakspeare, and Mrs. Siddons, several articles on poetry and belles lettres, in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, and other prose writings, none of which deserved much consideration. His name appears, also, on the title pages of a "Life of Frederick the Great, of Prussia," but we believe he had little to do with the work. His "Specimens of the British Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry," was published in seven volumes, in 1819, and has recently been reproduced by Mr. Murray. It is a work of great value, containing much admirable criticism, and a judicious account of the poetry in the English language down to the time of COWPER. R. W. G.

THE DYING SOLDIER: OR, "DOST THOU REMEMBER?"

TE SOUVIENS-TU?

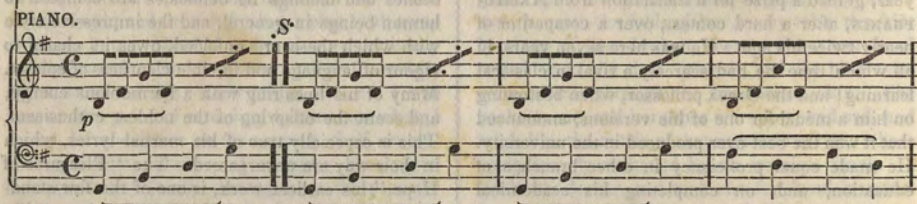
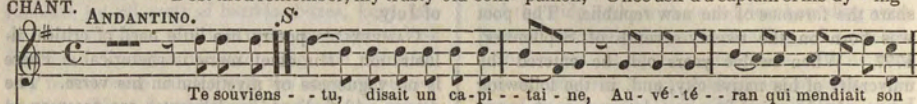
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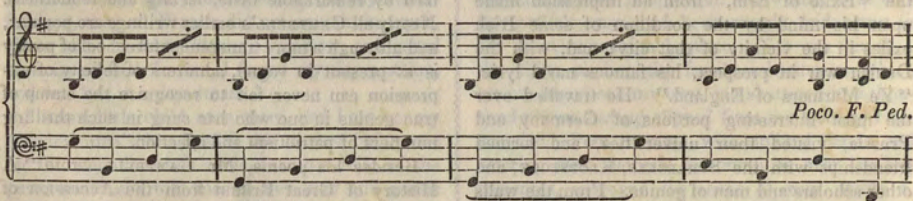
PROF. D'HARMONIE AU CONSERVATOIRE.

ENGLISH WORDS BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN, AFTER THE FRENCH.

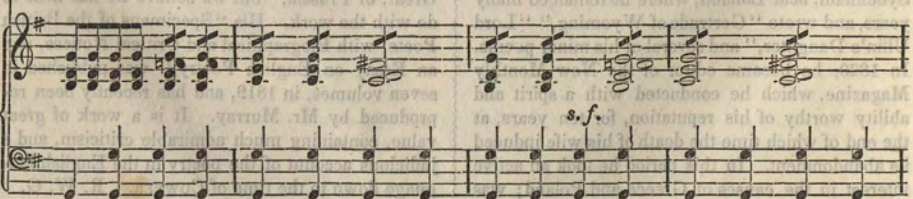
CHANT. *ANDANTINO.* "Dost thou remember, my trusty old com-panion," Once ask'd a captain of his dy-ing



friend ; "Dost thou re-mem-ber when, with the third battalion, We did 'gainst thousands for a day con-



tend ; And when at last, almost of hope despairing, We rallied all, and gain'd a vic - to -



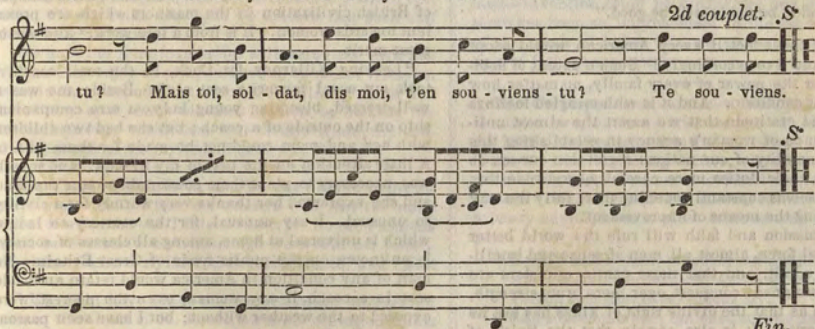
ry?" "Ah, yes, my captain, I oft recount your daring, You sav'd my life! that day is dear to



me! Ah, yes, my captain, I oft recount your daring, You sav'd my life, that day is dear to



me! You sav'd my life! that day is dear to me!"



Fin.

"Dost thou remember when France achieved such glory,
Beneath the Pyramids on Egypt's plain,
By deeds of valour that yet shall live in story,
When nought of armies and their kings remain?
Canst thou recall the flame those tow'rs inspired,
Where each one dared engrave a soldier's name?"
"I can recall it! 'Twas there that France acquired
Immortal honour and undying fame!"

"Dost thou remember those Alpine peaks so hoary,
Where through the snows we followed Buonaparte,
With limbs all frozen, yet warm our love for glory,
No frosts could chill a soldier's daring heart!

And when, at last, tho' many of us perished,
We gain'd the plains of sunny Italy—?"
"Ah, yes, brave captain, those days I've ever cherished;
But tell me, are they still as dear to thee?"
"Dost thou remember when we by foes surrounded,
Near Jena's walls, 'gainst Prussia waging war,
My life to rescue you fell severely wounded?
Upon thy brow I still can see the scar."
"No more, my friend, forgive a soldier's weeping!
The only prayer he asks before he dies,
That thou, his mem'ry ever sacred keeping,
Wilt love his name and close his aged eyes!"

Te souviens-tu de ces jours trop rapides,
Ou' le Français acquit tant de renom ?
Te souviens-tu, que sur les Pyramides,
Chacun de nous osa graver son nom ?
Malgré les vents, malgré la terre et l'onde,
Ou est flotter après l'avoir vaincu,
Notre étendard sur le berceau du monde,
Dis moi, soldat, dis moi, t'en-souviens-tu ?

Te souviens-tu, que les preux d'Italie
Ont vainement combattu contre nous ?
Te souviens-tu que les preux d'Ibérie
Devant nos chefs ont plié les genoux ?
Te souviens-tu qu' aux champs de l'Allemagne
Nos bataillons, arrivant impromptu,
En quatre jours ont fait une campagne
Dis moi, soldat, dis moi, t'en-souviens-tu ?

Te souviens-tu, de ces plaines glacées
Où le Français, abondant en vainqueur,
Vit sur son front les neiges amassées
Glacer son corps sans refroidir son cœur ?

Souvent alors au milieu des alarmes
Nos pleurs coulaient, mais notre œil abattu,
Brillait encore lorsqu'on volait aux armes ;
Dis moi, soldat, dis moi, t'en-souviens-tu ?

Te souviens-tu qu'un jour notre patrie
Vivante encore descendit au cercueil,
Et que l'on vit, dans Lutèce fiévre
Des étrangers marcher avec orgueil ?
Grave en ton cœur ce jour pour la maudire
Et quand Bellone enfin aura paru,
Qu'un chef jamais n'ait besoin de te dire :
Dis moi, soldat, dis moi, t'en-souviens-tu ?

Te souviens-tu—mais ici ma voix tremble,
Car je n'ai plus de noble souvenir ;
Viens-t'en l'ami nous pleurerons ensemble
En attendant un meilleur avenir.
Mais si la mort planant sur ma chaudière
Me rappelait au repos qui m'est dû,
Tu feras doucement ma paupière
En me disant : soldat, t'en souviens-tu ?

EDITORS' TABLE.

"What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble will be good."

THINK of the effect if every American would adopt this motto, and live accordingly! Such a patent of nobility is within the power of every family, no matter how humble their condition. And it is with mingled feelings of regret and gratitude that we assert the almost unlimited influence of woman's agency in establishing this permanent nobility of our nation: regret that our sex do not perform their duties more carefully, gratitude that Providence seems constantly opening more fully the way and indicating the means of improvement.

That persuasion and faith will rule the world better than physical force, almost all men of sense and intelligence now admit, and that those gentle ministers are gaining a permanent conquest over mere brute strength, is as certain as that the divine right of kings has lost its sacred authority. It is also certain that the Spirit of Freedom, in emancipating man, must elevate woman also, for the child always inherits the condition of its mother, and where women are enslaved or degraded, their sons must be base and of a slavish spirit.

There is no more striking and conclusive proof of the superiority of our republican institutions over those of feudal Europe, than is shown in the superior station and comfortable condition which American women enjoy, compared with those of every other country. Women are here considered as the equals, intellectually and morally, of men; and their inferiority in physical power is most abundantly and generously compensated to them by the sedulous care, attention and kindness with which they are always treated. Whoever treats an American woman with rudeness is considered a brute or a foreigner.

We introduced, in our July Number, some extracts

from Aimé-Martin's work, showing the shockingly degraded condition of the large mass of females among the labouring classes of France—we will now give a glimpse of British civilization in the manners which are prevalent towards women. It is from a late work,* and one of great merit.

"Leaving Killarney for Cork, in the mail coach, I took my usual favourite seat aloft. Beside me was a well-dressed, blooming young lady—a rare companionship on the outside of a coach; but she had two children with her, and room could not be made for them within. A little attention on the part of my friend C. and myself was necessary to place them comfortably upon the seat, and she expressed her thanks very warmly for a civility so unusual. I say unusual, for the courtesy to ladies, which is universal at home, among all classes of society, is unknown on the public roads of Great Britain. No man of any condition in America would retain an inside seat in a coach, if any woman, even the poorest, were exposed to the weather without; but I have seen passengers in English coaches secure their own comfort, in more ways than one, at the expense of all their fellow-travellers, ladies not excepted. So far as the manifestations of little courtesies and kindnesses go, there can be no comparison between the passengers in public conveyances in the two countries."

There is also another miserable result from the spirit of that oligarchy, which rules with more than a despot's power, the destinies of Great Britain.—Not only is woman treated with that rudeness which shows the mass of the men to be coarse, selfish and ungentlemanly, but genius is undervalued, and literary talent held of small account, compared with rank and wealth, those gods of an Englishman's worship. A late British writer thus forcibly discusses the subject.

* Observations in Europe, by the Rev. J. P. Durbin, President of Dickinson College.

"We believe it may safely be asserted, that while in no country in Europe is the *intrinsic* weight of the literary character greater than in England, in no country in Europe is the *conventional* or social weight less. We have no hesitation or doubt about the matter, that fewer literary men, *as such*, are sought after, promoted, or distinguished by the government of this country, than by any other government in the world, be it arbitrary, constitutional or democratic.

"At this moment Russia affords us an example, in the illustrious Humboldt, of a merely literary and scientific man in the highest station to which a subject can be called by the favour of his sovereign, that of premier minister. The Premier Minister of France, too, is likewise a man of *naked* talent, a mere literary man. The Ambassador of the United States of America, at the Court of Madrid, represents at once the political interests and the literature of his country.* Goethe was created a Privy Councillor as a mark of respect to his literary merit, and this, though the homage of a petty sovereign to the greatest of his subjects, was, it should be recollected, the greatest honour this petty sovereign had in his power to bestow.

"We shall not stop invidiously to enumerate the great names of our time who have been utterly neglected, condemned to poverty, isolation and neglect by the indifference of those who have from time to time swayed the destinies of this country; we shall only request the reader to recall—and he will find it no heavy charge upon his memory—the names of those who now, or at any former period of our literary history, have been advanced, for their merely literary merit, to lofty or distinguished station.

"If, in making this calculation, the reader will keep out of view politico-literary hacks, or those who 'to party gave up what was meant for mankind;' if, deducting the men of literature, who were also men of birth, family influence or connection, who have risen above the common kind, he will find that, bating a brace of baronetries conferred within our memory, a few paltry subordinate places in public offices, and a score or two of 'Chandlery' pensions, not half a dozen of the thousand men that have done honour to the literary name of Britain have been promoted for their *literary* merit, nor, when we say half-a-dozen, do we believe that such half dozen may be found."

We hope our American ladies will value the high privileges they enjoy as companions and equals of freemen, who, in throwing off the trammels of military power and hereditary rank, have elevated women, by making the moral influence which she will always wield, the controlling power of society and of government.

* The Vicar of Wakefield said he was tired of being always wise—and we fear our readers will feel the same ennui if we make our Table too heavy. So the Fashions shall have a small corner, though we would not encourage what Chaucer styles "moche surperfluite" and "wast

of cloth in vanitee." A distinguished writer—a man, of course—has observed that "it was not worth noticing the changes of fashion except to ridicule them." We must allow that nearly all obsolete fashions do appear ridiculous. Look at this bonnet, which was the pink of the mode in 1789; and here is another for the following year,



1790; and here is the fashion of 1796. But it was reserved for the opening of the century to show the acme of absurdity. This bonnet of 1800 is the perfection of bad



taste—invention could no further go; and as ever since there has been an improvement in the outer adornment of the heads of ladies fair, we hope and trust the dark ages of fashion are over for ever.

Our Correspondents will, we trust, excuse us for a month or two, when we will resume our search among the MSS., and endeavour to find all beautiful things. In the mean time the young writers, who do not even allow the melting heats of summer to dissolve their bright visions of "eternal fame," will do well to bear in mind this salutary advice, from a great critic as well as renowned poet.

"Gently make haste, of labour not afraid,
A hundred times consider what you've said;
Polish, repolish, every colour lay,
And sometimes add, but oftener take away."

"Clio" will be attended to in our October number.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"The Autobiography of Heinrich Stilling, late Aulic Counsellor of the Grand Duke of Baden," translated from the German, by S. Jackson. We are glad to find that the Harpers have given an edition of this unique and exceedingly interesting work. We had read the English copy, which, besides this narrative of Stilling's life, contained selections from his "correspondence" with many of the most eminent men of his time, in Eu-

rope. We hope the Harpers will give another volume, containing these letters, and also translations from Stilling's works, which are among the best and most instructive, in the estimation of religious people, which have been published in Germany.

Mrs S. C. Hall is engaged on a new novel, which will soon be published.

"Sketches from the Life of Christ," by Mrs. H. V.

Cheney, is a little book which mothers will find of much use in the instruction of their young children. Mrs. C. is a pleasant writer, as her "Peep at the Pilgrims" and "Village Sketches" have shown; but this last work is most in accordance with her own warm heart and lovable character.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, and George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have just published "*Miscellaneous Essays on Christian Morals, Experimental and Practical*," by John Foster, author of "Essays on Decision of Character," "Popular Ignorance," &c. Mr. Foster's reputation as a writer was established some twenty-five or thirty years since, by his masterly essays on decision of character, on the application of the epithet *romantic*, &c. His writings are emphatically *classical*; and this new work will be among the most popular which have appeared since the "Christian Morals" of Hannah More. Speaking of Hannah More, the same publishers have issued "*Domestic Tales and Allegories, illustrating Human Life*," by Hannah More, in a cheap and popular form, which will undoubtedly meet with extensive patronage.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published the sixth number of "*Neal's History of the Puritans*," a work full of curious and instructive matter. They have commenced the publication of the "*Transactions of the Society of Literary and Scientific Chiffoniers, being Essays on Primitive Arts in Domestic Life*." The first number is devoted to the *Spoon*, and it is the richest *jeu d'esprit* of the season. "*The Triumphs of Time*," by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," is all that we might expect from the most vigorous and graphic of the modern writers of fiction. The above works are all for sale at the periodical publication mart of Mr. R. G. Berford, No. 101 Chestnut street, as well as the latest numbers of Harpers' "Pictorial Family Bible," and Hewitt's "Pictorial Shakespeare."

Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published "*Kohl's Scotland*," which cannot fail to attract attention after the author's successful descriptions of Russia and Austria.

Mr. John Allen, of New York, has just published "*The Martyr Wife*," and "*The Temptation*," from the ever interesting and well regulated pen of T. S. Arthur, Esq.

Mr. G. B. Zieber, of Philadelphia, has published "*The Two Sisters; or, Life's Changes*," by the same popular author.

Mr. John Pennington, of Philadelphia, has published "*An Inquiry into the Distinctive Characteristics of the Aborigine Race of America*," by Samuel G. Morton, M. D., author of "*Crania Americana*," "*Crania Egyptiana*," &c., one of the most learned and able writers of this or any other country.

Messrs. Bennet, Backus & Hawley, of Utica, N. Y., have commenced the publication of "*The American Journal of Insanity*," edited by the officers of the New York State Lunatic Asylum. The subject is one of intense interest to every one who has a *mind*, as every mind is subject to derangement. It is treated in a style of enlightened literary and scientific taste, so that the most fastidious reader will find both entertainment and instruction. If the succeeding numbers equal the first in literary merit, this journal will become one of the most popular in the country.

Messrs. Langley, of New York, have published Mr. Gregg's long expected work on the "*Commerce of the Prairies*." It is beautifully illustrated, and written in a very interesting style.

"*Alida; or, Town and Country*," by Miss Sedgwick, has just been received by Perkins & Purves, of this city, and, of course, is eagerly sought. Miss Sedgwick's stories are always popular.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have just published "*Lives of the Queens of England*," by Agnes Strickland, Vol. VII., in a style to match the preceding volumes. All the world now know that this is one of the most interesting biographical works that has ever appeared in our language.

"*Scottish Airs*," No. 6, completes Vol. I. of this de-

lightful collection. Judah Dobson is the publisher, and every body ought to be buyers.

"*Lady's Musical Library*." This excellent work continues to prosper under the judicious catering of Messrs. Ferrett & Co.

Carey & Hart have published in three volumes, and in beautiful style, "*Sydney Smith's Miscellanies*." We need hardly call attention to the writings of this author, as they are so well known. But the reverend gentleman has gained some notoriety, apart from his literary talents, for his fierce denunciations against our state and its institutions.

G. B. Zieber & Co. have published "*Mackenzie's Case*," with a review, by J. F. Cooper. The book is very prettily bound. Who was the binder? They have also republished "*Corinne; or, Italy*," by Madame de Staël. A delightful work.

"*The Spoon*," No. 2, with upwards of one hundred illustrations, has been sent us by the Messrs. Harpers. It is by no means a *spooney* production. Carey & Hart, and Berford, have it for sale.

"*History of the Crusades*," by Charles Mills. An excellent library book—not one of the ephemeral productions of the day, but a real substantial work. Lea & Blanchard deserve great praise for the republication of this standard work.

"*The Life of Beau Brummell*," extracts from which have been so eagerly sought after by the readers of the New York Albion, has been published by Carey & Hart. It is a very amusing as well as instructive book. Captain Jesse might, however, have merely referred to some of the Jo Miller jokes so often related of Brummell. But, perhaps, it was necessary in relating the history of a man so celebrated as he was, to put down all that was said by and of him.

"*Human Health, or the Influence of Atmosphere and Locality, Change of Air and Climate, Seasons, Food, Clothing, Bathing and Mineral Springs, Exercise, Sleep, Corporeal and Intellectual Pursuits, &c., &c., on Healthy Man, constituting Elements of Hygiene*," by Robley Dunglison, M. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, &c., in Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, Lecturer on Clinical Medicine and Attending Physician to the Philadelphia Hospital, Secretary to the American Philosophical Society, &c. We give the above in full—for we think, without exception, that this work by Dr. Dunglison is one of the most able volumes ever published. It is worthy of its amiable author, who is a credit to the profession he adorns.

Miss Ellen Pickering's novel of the "*Grandfather*" is worthy of her reputation. We believe it is the popular book of the week. Harper & Brothers, and Carey & Hart.

"*Morse's School Geography*," got up in the beautiful style of Mayor Harper and his indefatigable brothers, has been sent us through the agency of Carey & Hart of this city.

Carey & Hart have issued "*The Comic Blackstone*," from the London Punch, illustrated by George Cruikshank. We heard one of our judges, a few days since at Cape May, express a wish for its publication. From the extracts he had seen, he presumed it would certainly be in the hands of every member of the bar, as well as those who could appreciate a good travestie.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—We challenge our contemporaries to produce such engravings as "*The Mill Boy*," in our August number, "*Not Invited*," in this number, and "*The Grave Diggers from Hamlet*," to be published in our next. Annuals, domestic or foreign, are included in our defiance. We have also ready to print, "*The Teacher*," by Ellis, "*Portrait of T. S. Arthur*," by W. G. Armstrong, "*A Hard Subject to Paint*," by Welch, with a host of other fine engravings.

Fashion Plate.—The fashions for this month are wedding-dresses, and we think them beautiful. However, we leave our fair readers to judge for themselves.



Engraved by A. D. Dick.

FORT DUQUESNE.

Printed expressly for Soldiers & Mariners by Russell Smith.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1844.

SCENE FROM HAMLET.

(See Plate.)

ACT V. SCENE I.—A Churchyard.

Enter two CLOWNS, with Spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou says't: and the more pity; that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no

ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the scripture? The scripture says, Adam digged. Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well. But how does it well? It does well to those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again: come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clown.]

THE SURPRISE.

BY MARGARET M. DAVIS.

(See Plate.)

So now the secret's out at last,
My gentle sister Kate;
The mystery you held as fast
As stern decrees of fate.

Ah! I have long suspected you,
Despite your cunning wiles,
Your tell-tale face detected you,
Through all your frowns and smiles.

I knew your heart was not your own,
'Twas in another's keeping;

Your murmurs made the secret known
While you were sadly sleeping.

Your lover now is far away,
His semblance still is here;
His letters gently, fondly pray,
That you may hold him dear.

My Kate, I love you none the less,
For delicately hiding
The love that I could not but guess
Was in your heart abiding.

MONADNOCK AND MOONLIGHT.

BY J. W. PHELPS.

THE young moon hangs her taper horn
O'er lone Monadnock's rocky steep,
And still from woods by autumn shorn,
The cricket hymns the swain to sleep.

The low-drawn sigh of breeze and stream
Sounds sadly as the sleeper's breath;
All else is hush'd—the forests dream,
Perchance, of their lov'd red-man's death.

Spirit of Love! Eternal!—how bland
Thou smilest in a scene like this!
The soul *forgets* she cursed the land,
And tastes once more her Eden-bliss.

Mild orb! borne back two thousand years,
I see thy curve o'er Judah's hills;
Thy calm light soothes the infant's tears,
And every heart with rapture thrills.

Glad Kedron murmurs, and the maid,
With merry song, plies at the mill;
The vales, in nature's wealth array'd,
The balmy air with incense fill;

And *all* with life and beauty teems—
In moral beauty, too, how fair!
For lo! Moriah's temple gleams,
And the Great Soul of All is there.

As in some lov'd one's face the rays
Of soul with life immingled shine,
So o'er Judea's heaven-lov'd face,
An ephod-brightness beams divine.

146

The Tartar, Greek and Hindoo came—
He from where Nilus has its birth—
The tongue and race of *every* name
Proclaim'd her "BEAUTY OF THE EARTH."

But now 'tis chang'd—the land lies dead—
A skeleton of rocks she lies;
The soul that quicken'd her hath fled,
And gloom pervades her once bright skies.

Where now the priest, the judge, the seer—
Thy new-moon feasts, proud Israel?
On all her sacred hills appear,
The Moslem hues of Ishmael.

But thou, sooth Light! serene, still blest
Amidst the change of years—to thee
Old ocean heaves his billow-breast—
To thee still throbs humanity.

And Nature here, in all the pride
Of virgin strength and energy,
Glow's at thy coming, like the bride
At hymen's long'd festivity.

And thus, fit scene for paradise,
Soul'd with the pilgrim's creed, remain!
Till that dread day when earth and skies
Shall into chaos melt again.

Monadnock, hail! yon crescent now,
Just bending o'er thy dusky height,
Shines a fair jewel on thy brow—
Lone mount! wan moon! my friends, good night!

ANNA MILNOR:

THE YOUNG LADY WHO WAS NOT PUNCTUAL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I WILL call for you at eight o'clock, precisely," said a young man, as he stood in the door of a house in Spruce street, with the hand of a gentle girl in his. He had taken it as he said "good-bye," and held it longer than usual.

"Very well, I shall be all ready," returned the maiden.

"The cars start at a quarter past eight, precisely. We must not leave here a minute later than eight o'clock."

"Not if we expect to join the private party at ———'s Grove."

"Good night, Anna."

"Good night."

As the maiden responded to her lover's good night, her hand, that lay in his, was gently pressed. That pressure sent a thrill of joy to her heart. Henry Alton had not yet openly declared his love for Anna Milnor, but little tokens of its existence were not wanting. Anna had few doubts or fears on this subject. She felt for him a deep tenderness, and questioned not the fact of its return.

On the next morning Alton was at the house precisely as the clock struck eight. He asked for Anna. The servant went up stairs, and returned, saying, that she would be ready in a moment. One, two, three, four, five minutes passed, and she did not appear. The young man, who was thoroughly punctual in every thing, both from principle and habit, became impatient. The cars left the depot at a quarter past eight o'clock precisely, and it would take at least five minutes to walk there.

It was seven minutes past eight, when Anna at length made her appearance.

"I am really sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Alton," she said. "But I couldn't help it. We have plenty of time to get to the cars, I hope."

"As much as the bargain," returned the young man. "It is now seven minutes past eight."

"Oh! there! I have forgotten my parasol. I will get it in a moment." And away sprang Anna. In about a minute her little feet were heard pattering down stairs.

"I'm all ready now," she said, when half way down. "No! I declare, I've dropped one of my gloves in the chamber." And back she turned.

Very punctual men are usually impatient of delay.

"Too bad!" muttered Alton. "We shall be left as sure as the world. Why will people be so thoughtless?"

Just at ten minutes past eight o'clock they left

the house. To reach the depot in time would require rapid walking. Of course, Mr. Alton would have to appear in a hurry in the street with a young lady by his side, a thing that annoyed him excessively. But there was no alternative. They proceeded at a quick step, in silence. The bell was ringing as they entered the car-yard.

"One moment, driver," said Mr. Alton, hurriedly, as he passed that individual, who was just in the act of speaking to the horses.

"Be quick, then," returned the driver, impatiently. Muttering something in addition about certain kind of people always coming at the last minute, which Alton only half heard.

The excitement and hurry of the two young people caused several thoughtless persons a good deal of merriment, which was rather loudly expressed. Alton's cheek burned, and his lip quivered, when he seated himself, with Anna on the sunny side of the car. The moment he set his foot on the platform, the cars commenced moving.

"Like to been left, Alton. Why, what in the world made you so late?" said a young man, one of the pleasure party that was going out on a kind of picnic to ——— Grove. "We've all been here for at least ten minutes."

"It was all my fault," spoke up Anna, whose face was glowing from excitement and rapid walking. "I had no idea that the morning was passing away so swiftly. I might have been ready in good enough time, but didn't think eight o'clock came so soon."

Alton said nothing. He was worried, and didn't care to let his tone of voice reflect his true feelings.

In a little while they were gliding rapidly away from the crowded city. The puffing locomotive was soon substituted for horses. Half an hour more, and the gay party, consisting of about forty young ladies and gentlemen, left the cars, and proceeded to a fine grove, about a quarter of a mile from the track of the railroad, where they proposed to spend the day.

Pleasant company and a pleasant ride dispelled from the mind of Alton the effect produced by Anna Milnor's want of punctuality. The excitement attendant upon starting had given an unusual brightness to her countenance, and quickened her flow of spirits. She was the life of the company. Every time the young man's eye rested upon her through the day, it was in admiration, and every time her tones reached his ear, they came with sweeter music than before.

"She is indeed a lovely creature!" he more

than once said to himself. The impression made by the unpleasant occurrence of the morning had nearly worn off, so charmed was he by all that Anna said and did through the day.

Time wore on, and the sun ranged low in the horizon. The cars were to pass at about half-past six o'clock, when the party must be at the stopping-place, or have the pleasure of walking home, a distance of nearly ten miles. About half-past five, notice was given by some of the more thoughtful ones, that it was time to be making preparations for leaving the ground.

"Oh, it's plenty of time yet," said some. "It's only a little step over to the railroad."

"But it will take at least half an hour to make all our arrangements for getting away," was replied. "Better be an hour too soon than a minute too late for the cars."

"So say I," chimed in Alton and some others, who took upon themselves the task of getting every thing, as fast as they could, in readiness to leave the ground.

"There's plenty of time," said Anna Milnor gaily to Alton. "Come! you must be my partner in this cotillon."

"I shouldn't like to walk ten miles to-night," was his reply.

"Nor I. But there's time enough. We can walk to the rail-road in ten minutes."

Alton could not refuse Anna's request, and so he joined, though reluctantly, the cotillon. Time sped quickly on. When the music ceased it was six o'clock.

All was now hurry and bustle among the greater portion of the company. But Anna still insisted that there was plenty of time, and actually induced a small number to commence another cotillon. Several remonstrated, and urged the necessity of immediate departure. But they were only laughed at for their impatience. Alton bit his lip with vexation at such thoughtlessness. He saw that Anna was the ruling spirit in this opposition to the prudent desire of the majority to be at the stopping-place of the cars in good time; and this worried him. It brought too vividly before his mind the incidents of the morning.

At last, even she felt that the time had come for making a speedy departure. The little group that had been seemingly governed by her, separated, and commenced hasty preparations for leaving the spot. This took longer than had been expected. Last of all to get away was Anna Milnor. By the time she left, some had nearly reached the track of the railroad.

"There! as I live," she exclaimed, after she had started with Alton, and had gone a couple of hundred of yards, "I have lost my bracelet!"

As she said this, she turned and ran back at full speed. Alton called after her that they would certainly be left behind by the cars. But she did not heed him. His only alternative was to run back, also, and help her to search for the bracelet.

"I've got it!" she cried, in a moment after

reaching the ground, and then came bounding back to meet her vexed and excited lover.

"We shall certainly be left behind," he said.

"Come, run, then, quick," Anna returned, and sprung away like a young fawn. There was not a single member of the party in sight. All had hastened on to the stopping-place of the cars, the most indifferent now feeling alarm lest they should be too late.

"It's nearly half-past six," Alton remarked, glancing at his watch, as he came up to the side of the hurrying maiden.

"We'll soon be there," was her encouraging reply.

"There's not a moment to spare. Hah!—the engine bell, as sure as I'm alive! We are too late!"

"Perhaps not. Some of the party are there, and the conductor will certainly wait for us."

The rest of the distance was traversed with swift feet, and in silence. Fortunately, they reached the stopping-place just in time to get into the cars, but excited, overheated, and panting from exertion.

"Just saved your distance," said the conductor, smiling.

"My shawl! Where is it?" exclaimed one of the ladies of the party, looking around her in alarm, soon after the cars were in motion.

"I don't know. Have you lost it?" asked a companion.

"It was on my arm when we started. But I was so afraid of being left behind that I didn't notice where or when I dropped it."

Quietly seated in the cars, all had leisure now to think whether they had lost or left any thing behind. It was soon discovered that one was short a handkerchief, another a bag, a third a collar, and a fourth a bracelet, and so on. But for these losses there was no remedy. Every moment the swift speeding engine was bearing them farther and farther away from the spot where they had spent the day so pleasantly.

"Well," remarked Alton, in a half laughing, half serious voice, "I hope this will be a lesson on punctuality for all of us. If we had quietly made our arrangements for leaving the ground an hour ago, there would have been none of these losses to regret. We should have been at the railroad track at least half an hour before the cars came along, so that there would have been time enough to have returned for any thing then missed."

"You needn't say any thing," spoke up one. "You were the last to reach the cars both coming and going. A lecturer on punctuality should be punctual himself."

This was said jestingly. But it touched Alton in a tender spot.

"No—no—it's not fair to blame him," Anna spoke up. "It was all my fault."

"I wish it hadn't been," was Alton's mental reply.

When he retired to bed that night, the young

man did not feel happy. His mind was disturbed. Why? He knew of only one cause. Anna Milnor's conduct had not pleased him. There was a defect in her character, with which, let it exist where it would, he had no kind of patience. It was so easy to be punctual, and so wrong not to be particular on this head, that he could find no excuse for it, even in the girl he loved.

It was a week before Alton could feel just in the frame of mind to visit Anna Milnor. Five minutes passed in her presence was sufficient to dispel all unpleasant impressions that her conduct had produced. There was a charm in her person, mind and manners that thoroughly captivated him. He was again a constant visitor.

As for Anna, she waited only a declaration from her lover. Her heart was fully his. But he was not quite ready to make that declaration. Alton had a cool head as well as a warm heart. He was orderly in his habits, and regulated his conduct in life upon fixed principles. In choosing a wife, he would not permit himself to be governed entirely by his feelings. He saw that Anna had defects of character—and one defect that, in his estimation, would have a very important bearing upon his future happiness. Before advancing a step farther, he determined to see how deeply seated this defect lay, and whether there was any hope of its being corrected.

"I will call for you on next Sunday morning," he said to her one day, "and walk with you to church."

"I shall be very happy to have your company," was her pleased reply.

"I will now see," he said to himself, "how deeply seated lies this want of punctuality. Surely, she will regard the orderly observance of external worship too highly to permit herself to be a moment too late. Anna Milnor could not be guilty of disturbing a worshipping assembly by entering church after the services have begun."

Half-past ten was the hour for service to commence.

"Do, Anna," said Mrs. Milnor, as the family arose from the breakfast-table on the next Sabbath morning, "try and get ready in time to go with your father and myself to church. I am really tried at your want of punctuality in this matter."

"Oh, never fear," returned the daughter, "I shall be ready. There is plenty of time."

"So you always say. Go, and begin to dress now."

"Dress now! Why it's only eight o'clock. I can get ready in a half an hour, at farthest. You won't start before ten."

Saying this, Anna took up her little brother in her arms, and commenced sporting with him. An hour after, Mrs. Milnor heard her voice in the parlour.

"Anna, dear, do begin to dress for church," she called down to her.

"It's only nine o'clock, mother. There is plenty of time. I'll be ready as soon as you are."

"I declare! it's half-past nine o'clock, and that thoughtless girl hasn't gone up to her chamber yet," the mother said, as she heard the clock strike the half hour. "Anna! do go up and dress yourself. I am out of all patience with you."

"I'll be ready now, before you will," the daughter said, as she bounded up stairs. A new dress had come home on the evening before. It was not to be worn that day. But as she had not yet tried it on, she felt a desire to do so, and ascertain its fit. There was plenty of time to dress for church. So she tried on the dress. There was some defect about it. Certain folds, somewhere, did not lie just to her taste. These were adjusted and readjusted over and over again. But they were incorrigible. While thus engaged, she was aroused by the voice of her mother.

"Anna, come, it is just ten, and we are all ready to start."

"Don't wait for me, mother. I will be along in a little while. Mr. Alton is going to call for me," returned the daughter, startled to find that it was so late, and hurriedly taking off the new dress.

In about ten minutes afterwards Mr. Alton rang the bell.

"Tell him that I will be along in a few moments," was sent down by the servant, who brought her word of his arrival.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, but the young lady had not yet appeared.

"I am really grieved," murmured the young man to himself. "It seems hardly possible that any one can be so thoughtless. I met her father and mother some distance on their way to church as I came along."

Just then Anna came hurrying down stairs. It lacked but four minutes of church time; and the walk was one of full ten minutes.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," Anna said. "But really, I had no idea that it was so late. I scarcely notice the flight of time."

"We shall be late," was Alton's only reply to this.

"I know we will. But we must walk fast. Oh! I have left my handkerchief."

She glided up stairs, and did not come down again for two or three minutes. They seemed as long as a period of ten minutes to the mind of Alton.

When the young couple entered the church, the minister was reading a portion of the service. All was silence profound and deep attention. Their coming in evidently disturbed the congregation. This was felt acutely by Alton, who never enjoyed public worship so little in his life.

After all was over, he returned with Anna to her home. But he said little on the way. He could not. His mind was too much disturbed. His abstraction of manner was so marked that even Anna could not help noticing it. She never remembered to have seen him so dull. At the door of her father's house he bowed formally, and retired.

"How could you do so, Anna?" her mother said, as soon as she had entered the house.

"Do what, mother?"

"Come so late to church, after all I said to you this morning. And worse than all, to keep Mr. Alton waiting for you until after service had commenced. It was plain that he was greatly annoyed."

"I didn't see that he was," Anna returned, with a slight expression of surprise. "But she now remembered that he said very little while either going or coming. It might be that her mother's suggestion was too near the truth. Anna was not happy during the rest of the day."

"It's no use disguising the fact," Alton said to himself, as he walked slowly homeward. "She will not suit me. I should be worried out of my life by her want of punctuality. Three times has she already subjected me to annoyance and mortification. These have worried me enough. How would it be if I were subjected to such things every day of my life? It would kill me outright. No—no! Anna Milnor!—you are a sweet, fascinating creature. I love you more than I dare confess to myself. But I cannot make you my wife. That would be risking too much."

Thus reason urged. But feeling was not so easily subdued. It pleaded long for the charming girl—but it pleaded in vain. Alton was a young man of decided character. He never permitted himself to take a step that his judgment clearly condemned.

"I haven't seen you with Anna Milnor, lately," said a friend to him a few months afterwards.

"No."

"How is that?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"You used to be very particular in your attentions in that quarter."

"Perhaps I was. But I am not now."

"She is a lovely girl."

"That she is, truly."

"Just the one for you."

"No."

"I think she is."

"While I, the party most interested, think otherwise."

"What is your objection?"

"She comes late to church."

"What?"

"She is not punctual."

"You are jesting!"

"No. Don't you remember the picnic?"

"Yes. And how you and she were late both in going and returning."

"All her fault. I don't want a wife who has not a regard for punctuality. It would annoy me to death."

"But, surely, that is not your only objection."

"I have no other."

"You are foolish."

"Perhaps so. But I can't help it. My wife must be punctual, and no mistake."

Alton showed himself to be in earnest. Much as it cost him, he steadily resisted the inclination that was constantly urging him to renew his attentions to Anna Milnor. As for the young lady, she was unhappy for several months. Then she was consoled by the attentions of a new, and less fastidious lover. She paid as little regard to punctuality as ever, but this was only a defect of minor importance in the eyes of the young man who had made up his mind to offer her his hand.

Alton was invited to her wedding about a year after the date of his unpleasant picnic adventure. A large and brilliant party were assembled to witness the nuptials, that were to take place at eight o'clock precisely. At eight, all the company were waiting, with the minister, the descent of the bridal party. But time passed on, and many began to feel impatient. Mr. Milnor, the father of Anna, came into the parlour frequently, and then went out, evidently worried at the delay, the cause of which Alton shrewdly guessed to lie in the fact that the bride was not yet ready.

"I believe the girl will be too late for death," he heard the old gentleman say in a fretful undertone to some one in the passage, close to the door, near by which he was sitting.

"Thank Heaven for my escape!" murmured Alton to himself, as the party came in about half-past nine, after having kept the company waiting for an hour and a half. "Too late on her wedding night! She would have killed me!"

If this shoe should happen to pinch any lady, whether married or single, we beg of her not to think for a moment that it was made for her foot.

SABBATH EVE.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

THE holy day glides calmly to its close,
Hour following hour serenely,—and the air
That shimmers in the sunlight, thrills with prayer,—
So fancy deems—as brightly sinking, throws
The sun his slant beams over earth. A hush
Rests on the hills, unbroken by the chime
Of bells that cheerily in the morning time

Called to the house of prayer—a conscious blush
Mantles the marshaled clouds, as if each dim
And vapory fold were car of seraphim—
While Nature, in her deep tranquillity,
Seems rapt in worship—a religious awe
Filling her soul, as when her God she saw
And bent before Him the adoring knee!

THE FORTUNES OF THE HOUSE OF FOIX.

THE FATAL GIFT.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," ETC.

It was at an early hour, on a calm, beautiful morning of the first month of autumn, that a gay cavalcade was assembled before the gates of the royal castle in the old town of Pampeluna, at that time the capital of the King of Navarre, better known, in those days, by his well-earned sobriquet of Charles the Bad. All the pomp and magnificence of the most gorgeous and romantic period of the world's history was displayed in the garbs of the cavaliers, in the housings of the fiery horses, in the long train of pages and esquires, glittering with gold and silver, in the escort of men-at-arms, sheathed *cap-a-pie* in burnished steel, every lance decorated with its waving pennoncelle, and a square banner prominent over all, emblazoned with the proud bearings of the Counts of Foix, in right of their descent from the kings of Arragon, or a pale gules! well known on many a battle field of France and Spain; well known to the pagan hordes of Prussia; well known to the base Jacquerie, what time, beneath its folds, thirty-five cavaliers, led by the capital and the count, slew with the sword's edge seven thousand villsins before the market-place of Meaux!

But it was on no hostile errand that the proud banner was now floating upon the breezes of Navarre—it was not as invaders that the chivalry of Bearn were mustered in the courts of Pampeluna.

For many a year, there had been strife between Gaston Phebus, the great Count of Foix, the flower of chivalry, who, though a simple count, was mightier than puissant monarchs of his day, and his fair dame, so well beloved of old,—the famous beauty of Navarre, sister of the Bad King, through whose ill faith and treachery it was that dissension had marred true love, and those had been parted whom God joined together, and no man should have put asunder.

For many a year there had been strife, and though in the high hall of Orthès, the state of the count had been kept up with all its wonted splendour; though his power had increased, and his fame been spread abroad wherever trumpets rang or minstrels chaunted, his hearth had been desolate, his bed vacant; and she, once the idol and the treasure of his soul, was—oh! far worse than dead—estranged beyond the hope of reconciliation, and dwelling afar off with that bad brother, whose will to do had been equalled only by his power of doing evil.

For many a year, I say, they had been parted; and the sole offspring of their once happy union, young Gaston, had grown up from a sweet, curly-

headed urchin, to be as noble and as brave a youth as ever filled a mother's eyes with tears of happy gratitude. He was now sixteen years of age, handsome and tall, "and the exact resemblance to his father in his whole form,"—these are the words of one who had the tale from an eye witness of the facts, and who has left it upon record. Of this father, whom he knew well, and with whom he had feasted many times, that, "although he had seen very many knights, kings, princes and others, he had never seen any so handsome, either in the form of his limbs and shape, or in countenance, which was fair and ruddy, with gray and amorous eyes, that gave delight whenever he chose to express affection."

Such was young Gaston, heir to the principalities of Foix and Bearn, the idol of his father's subjects, brave, gallant, skilful in all exercises and accomplishments, full of high talents and bright and noble aspirations, when, on an evil day, he set forth from Orthès for Navarre, to visit the dear mother for whom he yet retained the liveliest affection, although years had elapsed since he had seen her bland and lovely features, or felt upon his brow the pure and hallowed influence of her kiss.

It was, indeed, an evil day; yet the sun shone as brightly on his young brow as he departed from his father's door, and he hailed the gay beams as rapturously as though it had been the happiest and the brightest of his life. Vain, vain, indeed, are the hopes of men, even when they appear most likely to be realized. His ride through the lovely scenery of the lower Pyrenees, cheered by the hopes of bringing home with him, on his return, that well-beloved, long absent mother, of seeing the vacant place filled by the gallery fire, and his great father's brow calmer and lighter, and less careworn than it had showed within his memory, was one scene of enchantment and delight. His visit, too, though tinged at times by some shade of bitterness and sorrow,—and which, of mortal things, is not so coloured?—was full of blithe and pleasurable moments—moments which, seeming to be light nothings as they pass, yet speak whole volumes to the feelings and affections, and leave behind them traces indelible through years of sorrow; moments which opened to that youth, secluded as he had been, from his childhood upward, from the society and love of woman, a mine of treasures which had lain, even to that day, concealed and unsuspected within his heart of hearts. It was a bitter pang to him, indeed, and it saddened

his affectionate and gentle nature for many a weary hour, when, as the time came round for his return, he found that, for all his entreaties and remonstrances, he could by no means prevail upon her to return home with him. She had, it seemed, imbibed so strong an impression that her husband would receive her harshly and treat her cruelly in consequence of the base conduct of her brother, that she dared not to trust herself with him, seeing that he had not sent her any orders by their son to come back to him. The parting, therefore, between the mother and her boy was almost as sad and heartrending as their meeting had been rapturously happy. Bitter and burning tears were shed, and long embraces interchanged, and promises and pledges given and received; and when they had, at last, said adieu and torn themselves apart, there was a stinging sense at Gaston's heart which he had never felt before—a sense of something nearly akin to resentment against his noble father; a sense which troubled him as many times as it recurred, and which he would have banished by an effort; and yet it scarce was banished ere it returned again, till it had taken a strong hold in his bosom, and was not any more to be dislodged.

They parted, promising each other that before many months they would meet again; and she betook herself to her lonely state, to her dull embroideries, and duller ladies, and he to his sprightly Andalusian's back to pay his last ceremonious visit to his uncle of Navarre, before he should turn his face toward the blue summits of the Pyrenees, and the fair realms beyond them.

It was a calm and beautiful morning, as I have said, and the hour was yet early, when the train of young Gaston was drawn up before the gates of Pampeluna, awaiting only the appearance of their young lord to commence their homeward journey. Yet, early as it was, there were oaths loud and deep among the men-at-arms, and knitted brows and whisperings among the knights and nobles of the train, and chafings and curvetings, and shrill, angry neighings among the spirited and restless horses, for they had waited long already, and, early as it was, the sun had already raised his crown of light above the eastern mountains, and the day's march, which lay before them, was neither short nor easy.

The presents of the Bad King to his nephew and his train had been displayed and accepted duly; and many chargers of the best Spanish strain, with housings regally magnificent, and many mules, laden with suits of the choicest armour, and many Spanish grayhounds, "so handsome and so good there were none like them," and many falcons of renown, attested at least the liberality of the King of Navarre. And all was ready—all had been ready for an hour, yet Gaston de Foix tarried.

To all inquiries of his pages and esquires, and many were made of chamberlain and steward, and seneschal, the answer was returned that the young count was closeted alone with the king in his private chamber; and so, indeed, it was, for after the

morning meal was ended, and the last farewell said, Charles of Navarre had called the boy aside, and led him up a private staircase into his own most secret cabinet, and there, while all the cavalcade without were hurrying and fretting at the long delay, those two sat anxiously, though quietly engaged in deep and earnest converse.

It was a small, square room, completely hung on all sides with crimson cloth tasseled and laced with gold, covering even the doors, and interrupted only by one large oriel window, and a huge wooden mantel-piece, elaborately carved with saints and martyrs; on each side of this cumbrous ornament was a tall cabinet of dark walnut wood, inlaid with brass and secured by several clasps and locks of massy workmanship; and these, with a round table covered with embossed gilt leather, and a pair of huge armed chairs, were all the furniture which the cabinet displayed. On the table lay a few sheets of paper, or parchment rather, with a standish of silver richly gilt, and a manuscript copy of Froissart, illuminated splendidly, between the leaves of which had been inserted, as a mark, a broad double-edged siletto.

In the chair facing the window, with his fine, open features exposed to the full morning light, sat Gaston de Foix, his beardless chin propped on his right hand, the elbow of which rested on the table, gazing a little upward, his whole countenance irradiate with hope, and beaming with pleasure and excitement, yet listening with all his soul to the words of his wily uncle.

The King of Navarre was not, at this time, by any means what we should term an old man, yet in his whole bearing and appearance there were many marks of age, and even of decrepitude; for his shoulders were bowed, and his knees weak, and his hands trembled continually, even when they were supported idly on the table. He had been, in his youth, though somewhat undersized, formed with wonderful grace, and his figure still retained some traces of its former symmetry. His countenance was as beautiful as it had ever been, unwrinkled and serene, and showing little or no trace of the years which had passed over him; but it was not the beauty of a man at all, much less of a king and warrior—it was a soft, voluptuous, effeminate face, with large, dark, languid, sleepy eyes, the principal expression of which was love of ease and luxury—the last face in the world, in short, which you could have imagined to belong to the most turbulent and wily, the fiercest and most merciless person of an age eminently fierce and restless—a person to whom murders the most foul and horrible were every day familiar incidents, things schemed and perpetrated, and never thought of afterward, except for the profit or the pleasure they had purchased him.

He, too, sat by the table, and his head likewise was propped on his right hand, but here all resemblance between the attitudes of the uncle and the nephew ended—for while the young man, conscious of innocence and careless of scrutiny, fronted

the light, and suffered the other to read every thought and feeling as it rose unbidden to his ingenuous features, and merely rested his chin, half carelessly, half thoughtlessly, on his forefinger, the other, partly, it may be, on purpose, but principally from an habitual instinct, had not merely turned his back to the window and bent down his head, but had placed his hand across his brow edge-wise, so as to shade his whole countenance, his dark eyes gleaming out from beneath his palm now and then, as if to note the impression his words made, with a keen, piercing expression, strangely at variance with their wonted languor.

"Well," he said, "Gaston, my fair nephew, it grieves me much that, after all your labour, your pains should be but thrown away; for it is very plain to me that you have come hither, perceiving how unjustly your father hates his countess, and hoping, by your visit, to reconcile them once again. It was well meant, poor youth, it was well meant; and seeing that she is my sister, I am displeased as much as you are—for it is all in vain—"

"No! no!" replied the young man, eagerly, "no, no! I trust not, uncle. My mother would have gone home with me now, had I brought with me any order for her safe conduct. Oh that I had but thought of it! And I hope,—yea, but, by Heaven's grace, I do believe,—that I shall obtain that readily, and for the simple asking from the most noble count."

"Young, young—you are young, Gaston," answered the king, in a voice of well-affected melancholy. "I do remember me when I was young myself, how I was used to believe all that I hoped, and to hope all that I desired;—but all that has passed away, boy; quite passed away from me, as it will pass from you—"

"Now, Heaven forefend!" the young man interrupted him. "Far rather would I die than outlive the power of hoping."

"So all men think at some time," answered Charles; "and yet they all do outlive it ere they die, unless they die very young, or continue fools all their lifetime."

"But have you ceased to hope, uncle?"

"Long ago, long ago," replied the bad king. "I have ceased long ago to hope for any thing which depends for its accomplishment on aught beyond my own power and my own will—and the things which do so depend, I do not hope, but determine! So am I never balked, while you hope—"

"But, uncle, uncle," Gaston interrupted him, with great excitement and eagerness of manner, "this does, in some sort, depend on my own power, and my own will."

"It might," said Navarre, removing his hand from his forehead, and gazing wistfully into his nephew's eyes, "it might, but it does not. It might, and I could show you how—but no," he continued, as if recollecting himself, "no, I will not—and yet it could be done, right easily; but no, no, no, I will not."

"What could be done? How, how?" exclaimed the enthusiastic boy, springing to his feet, and grasping the cold schemer by the hand. "Oh! as you hope for Heaven!—oh! as you love my mother!—oh! by your belt of knighthood! by your crown of king! speak, uncle, tell me, tell me, how might it be in my own power? In my own will, it is! Oh tell me, tell me!"

"It were of no avail," answered the king, with a calm smile, half melancholy, half sarcastic; "you would not take the means, even if you knew them. They are for men, Gaston, for men who dare every thing and dread nothing."

"I am a man, sir uncle," replied the boy, proudly, "and, as the son of a brave man and noble, and no bastard, dare to say that I too am brave and noble!"

"Doubtless," said Charles the Bad; "I meant not otherwise; and yet—you would not use the means."

"I would, I say, I would—use any means, if they were innocent and lawful," Gaston exclaimed, almost angrily.

"If—if!" the king returned, with his fell sneer. "Your *if* is a marvellous safeguard for weak consciences, a very potent ally and assistant to the undecided—and, *lawful*, too! What in the fiend's name do you mean by lawful?"

"Lawful for a good knight, a Christian, and a gentleman, to do without dishonour," answered Gaston.

"Then every thing is lawful," said the king, quietly; "for there is nothing in the world that men desire which they do not believe to be expedient, nothing expedient which they do not hold necessary, and nothing necessary which they do not perform and call honourable. So every thing is lawful!—and if not, Gaston, I do not see how it could fail to be lawful, aye, and praiseworthy, too, in a good son to do any thing, even if it were somewhat perilous, to reconcile his parents after so long estrangement."

"Perilous! Is it perilous?" asked the boy, yet more eagerly than he had done before. "To whom perilous? To me?"

"Perhaps so," said the king. "But come, we will talk no more of this; your train is waiting—the sun is high already in the heavens—you must be moving. Farewell, gentle nephew."

"Uncle," said Gaston, "hear me. I swear to you, by all that I hold most sacred, by the honour of my mother, by the glory of my forefathers, by the knighthood which I trust one day to win, that till you have told me the means by which I may bring my parents once again together, I will not leave this chamber, nor break bread, nor lay me down to sleep—and so may all good saints assist me!"

"Here is a precious springall," cried Charles, as if he was amused at the impetuosity of his young relative. "The next thing I shall know, he will be levying war upon me. Well, well, I suppose it must be so; and yet I had far rather not. But will

you take the means, Gaston, when you shall have learned them?"

"I will, I swear to you, I will, and that very gladly. What is it, uncle—the art magic?"

"Natural magic only, Gaston," answered the king. "I doubt not you have heard tell of philtres."

"Often times, but believed in them never."

"Ah, there be many things, I fancy, which you believe not, my poor Gaston, which, natheless, be most true; and this is one of them."

"But are you sure—are you quite sure, uncle?"

"Mark me, boy—this that I am about to say is scarcely fitted for your years; but then, you say, you are a man, and, besides, great ends justify the means. I am, I care not to deny it, something addicted to the sex. When I was younger and fairer to look upon than I now am, I trusted to fair form and honeyed words to win the charmers; but, as I waxed in years and waned in beauty, nephew, I looked, as every wise man should, how I might best make up my losses—and, thanks to a right learned Moor, a hakim of Grenada, I have a love powder. I tell thee I have tried it scores of times, and, by my honour as a knight and king, it never yet has failed me. Once tasted, the coyest are the kindest."

"Give it me—give it quick!" cried the boy.

"The minutes will seem hours to me, until I can use it. Give it me, quick, good uncle."

"Good uncle!" replied the king, with a sneer.

"You forget—you forget, boy, that they call me bad—Charles the Bad! By Saint Genevieve, a pleasant sobriquet!"

"They lie—they lie in their throats!" exclaimed Gaston, "and I will maintain it on them with my sword! But come, uncle, give me the powder, and bid God speed me, for I am all on fire to try it."

"Well, here it is," said Charles, rising from his seat, and taking from one of the cabinets a small velvet bag, richly embroidered with gold, and tied with strings of gold cord. "Take but a pinch of the powder this contains, and strew it on his meat or sprinkle it upon his cup, breathing your mother's name the while, and no sooner shall he have tasted it, than he will seek her with as much heat of passion as he now shuns her with reluctance; and they two will thereafter so love each other, that they shall never more be sundered. But see you speak of this to no one, for, spoken, the charm loses straight its power; and try it not on any others, for it is so wrought that one parcel will work but on one person. Now, wilt thou do it, Gaston?"

"As I hope to live, will I," answered the boy. "Excellent uncle, best friend, thanks—endless thanks, and farewell!"

"Farewell, my noble boy. Heaven speed you, and send all as I would have it."

And the youth darted down the stairs, bounded to the back of his good horse, and went his way hopeful and rejoicing.

There could not, probably, be found throughout the whole world a more romantic ride, through scenery as various as it is magnificent and charming, than that by which Gaston de Foix sped home-

ward. At first, the rich and diversified lands of Navarre; the vineyards now gorgeous with their purple clusters, and gay with the concourse of the merry vintagers; the grand though dark sublimity of the cork woods, mantling the uplands with a robe of everduring umbrage; the olive groves dotting the southern slopes; and, as he advanced farther on his route, the wild, bare heaths, all redolent of thyme and cistus, haunted by the shy plover, and peopled by unnumbered flocks, under the guardianship of skin-clad mountaineers and shaggy watch dogs; and, in the back ground, the vast purple ridges of the Pyrenees, cutting distinct and cold against the glowing sky, with here and there a solitary peak, towering high above the rest, and glittering with eternal snows. What could be more sublime, and at the same time sweeter and more lovely? The soul of the young man, moreover, who traversed that fair tract, was, for the age in which he lived, unusually liable to the effects and the impressions arising from the lovely sounds and sights of nature. I said, for the age in which he lived; and yet, perhaps, we are wont too much to undervalue the men of those—as we are vain enough to term them—dark ages; for it is certain that in those days there was a mighty source of active energetic poetry, of living, sentient romance, welling out of the hearts of men. Their vices were, indeed, rude and sometimes horrible, but, at least, they were bold and manly; and then, with their vices, they possessed, in no small or mean degree, the compensating virtues, which, abounding in the half-barbarous state, too often vanish utterly before the bar of boasted civilization. Truth, hospitality, faith, charity, flourished in those grim days, as we believe them, because it is their grimness only that has left its trace upon the page of history, as they have never flourished since for all our clearer lights and purer dispensation. Nor can we doubt, I think, if we look to their choice of sites for their unrivalled edifices, convent or castle, abbey or hermitage, or palace, sites evidently dictated by an indisputable taste for the charms of natural scenery, that, if they had not their schools of statuary or of painting, if they could not discourse so learnedly as we of juice and chiaro-scuro, and all the jargon of the studio, they had eyes in their heads to observe, and hearts in their bosoms to appreciate and love all that is beautiful and bright in the works of Him who made nothing but he saw that it was good. And why should it not be so? Is it the dweller in the wood and wild, the follower of the deer on difficult mountain tops, the shepherd of the boundless plain, the sailor of the trackless deep, familiar as these are with every aspect of earth, sea and sky, who undervalue and look coldly on the works of God?—or is it the pent inmate of dull and sordid cities, whose soul, cribbed, cabined and confined, till it has lost both the power and the wish to soar, is chained down to the counter and the till, until it can perceive no pleasure save in the sight of bales and barrels, no music save in the chink of money bags?

Be this, however, as it may, the soul of young Gaston, as he rode along, full of all sweet and generous sensations, full of affection for the mother from whom he had just parted, for the father whom he was hurrying to embrace, expanded to the utmost, felt its own conscious immortality, and burning with high hopes and noble aspirations, which took their colouring, in part, from the bright sunshine which streamed over him, from the soft air which fanned his brow, from the fair scenery which spread around, because almost too happy, too secure, to be proof against strange disappointment.

Alas! alas! for men. Is it not ever when our hopes are the highest, when the fruition of our best wishes is at hand, when all the storms and trials of our life seem to be hushed and quiet, when all the future smiles upon us with bright promise, that some great stunning blow is dealt, changing the tenour of our ways, extinguishing the last spark of our best earthly hopes, and teaching us, beyond all word or precept, "to lay not up for ourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do break through and steal."

But Gaston de Foix thought not of these things as he spurred his high-mettled Andalusian onward. He thought but of the welcome that awaited him at home. He pictured to himself but the joy of his noble father, when he should clasp him to his breast; and beyond that, still in far perspective, of the gratitude and love, and rapturous affection, when, by his means, those beloved ones, who had so long been sundered, should once more be reunited and for ever.

Gay jest and merry conversation, legends of chivalry and love, tales of arms and armours, great deeds and grand devotions, seasoned the hours of travel; and at the pleasant halt at the noontide hour, beside some clear fresh fountain beneath some giant tree, the tinkling of the gittern and the sweet vielay or keen sironte were oft heard resounding from the midst of that armed band, touched, too, by no unskilful fingers, and trolled by no untutored voices. The age of the troubadours and trouveres had not yet passed away, and in the court of the great Count of Foix, himself a passionate admirer of the gay science, and a munificent patron of its professors, there were not a few knights and nobles who could compete with the most famous minstrels of the day.

At night, some feudal castle, perched on its vantage crag, like the eagle's eyry, or some gray convent, bedded in venerable woods, amid broad pastures and calm waters, received the voyagers with free, unquestioning hospitality. On the third morning of their route, they cleared the passes of the lower Pyrenees, having tarried the night previous at Orbaiceta, on the Spanish side, and about noon reached St. Jean Pied de Port, on the river Niol, where they were sumptuously feasted by the Castellan, who held that frontier town—one of the most important, by the way, in the dominions of the Count de Foix. Night found them in the midst of familiar scenes and well recollected places, streams

wherein, oftentimes, Gaston had snared the speckled trout; rocky hills, where his unerring bolt had stopped the bound of the mountain izzard; forests which had rung many a time to the deep baying of his bloodhounds. The moon had risen, and was sailing broad and serene among the scattered fleeces of white cloud which hung like islands in the deep vault of air, when, filing down a steep, precipitous descent, they reached the shallow fords of the Gave de Suzon, and beyond its bright ripples might mark the little town of Mauleon, sleeping in the soft moonbeams, and the huge dungeon-tower of its castles looming up, black and massive, against the starry sky, with one red ray of torch or fire light streaming out from the guard-room lattice, in vivid contrast with the pure, spiritual lamps of heaven.

Of this stronghold the captain rode beside Gaston's rein, the far-famed Bastot de Mauleon, one of the most renowned and fearless champions of the day. He had borne arms for the first time in the great battle of Poitiers, under the mighty John de Greilly, better known as the Captal de Buch, and in the celebrated charge of that great leader with the English horse, had made a knight and two esquires prisoners to his own hand. The next year he had fought in Prussia, against the Teutonic pagans, under the capital still and the Count de Foix, and had shared in the gallant exploit by which the Duchesses of Normandy and Orleans were liberated from the Jacquerie in the market-place of Meaux en Brie. Then, having served as long as an English banner was lifted, or English trumpet blown against the King of France, when the high game of war was ended, he had retired to his own native land, and served beneath the banners of the Lord of Foix, who had advanced him willingly to high preferment, although of Gascon origin.

He it was who now held the Castle of Mauleon, and who now galloped forward to cause the drawbridge to be lowered and the gates raised, to admit the son and heir of his liege lord.

There the gay feast and the light revel followed, and these were in their turn succeeded by the soft slumbers of youth and happiness and innocence. The following morning was yet young, when Gaston, anxious now to rejoin his father at the earliest moment, aroused the sleeping squires, and never ceased from hurrying them until they were once more astrid and in the saddle.

Joy, joy—there was joy in Orthes, as the young heir of Foix came caracoling through the streets, superb in youthful beauty, all life and energy, and happiness and hope. The very consciousness of his own secret aims lending a deeper meaning, a more enthusiastic light to his fine features, he seemed more a man in soul, in bearing, and in gravity of purpose, more fixed of character, more steadfast, and more able, as if by long years of experience, than when he rode forth from the echoing barbican, a little month before, a gay and careless boy. Nor was this change unnoted by the stout veterans who had followed him, or by the glad and

loyal crowd, who shouted themselves hoarse as he drew nigh—for never was there prince more justly popular among the vassals of his feudal sovereignty than the great Count of Foix; and never was there a prince's heir, throughout all France, from the blue waters of the inland sea to the vexed billows of the northern channel, from the impetuous Rhone to the snow-mantled Pyrenees, on whom a people's hopes were set with a more deep reality than the young Gaston.

Trumpet and horn pealed forth their merry notes of welcome, and the clash of presented arms met him with ready welcome; and the glad burghers ran together with loud shouts, and deeper if less noisy prayers; and bright eyes gazed out of high casements, and wreaths were showered down from fair hands as he passed, and many a woman's voice was heard among the lower din of mob congratulation, invoking Heaven's best gifts of wisdom and long life and happiness and virtue for the brave heir of Foix.

Alas! alas! that mortal prayers should be so blindly and so rashly uttered—that they so rarely meet accomplishment on earth, so little do men know what is their real gain, so often do they ask for that which, if gained, were but a worse ruin.

Alas! alas! Long life and happiness for him, whose days were already numbered—the thread of whose fate was drawn to the last hank already, and “the blind fury with the accursed shears,” waiting even now “to clip the thin span of life.” Alas! alas! wisdom and virtue for one doomed to fall by his own folly and the guilt of others!

But now there was no thought of mourning or of sad anticipation—all was fond promise and exulting joy. The very populace, who ran along shouting and cheering by the side of Gaston's charger, caught something of the enthusiastic hope that flashed from the boy's eyes, and when they recollected whither he had lately been, and by whose arms he had been encircled, they too were filled with bright memories of the young, fair and gracious lady, the sweet Blanche of Navarre, whom, in years long gone by, and never, never to return, their liege lord had led through the streets of Orthès, his beautiful bride, and well beloved of all men. They recollected how, for a time, her gentleness and artless beauty had soothed the sternness of the count, and lulled his fiery passions, and how—though he was at all times a just and honourable master—his face had been more frequently arrayed in smiles, and his outbursts of violent and furious passion more steadfastly restrained, while she was shedding the soft influence of female fascination over the scenes of feudal rudeness mixed with feudal magnificence.

They had loved that bright, gentle lady; all ranks and classes loved her—all, from the tiring woman, who was wont to deck her long black tresses, and robe her magnificent and shapely person, down to the varlet who rubbed down her palfrey, all would have laid down their lives for her; and when she went thence, on a visit to her bad brother of Na-

varre, and, after a short space, it was whispered that she would no more return home to her half-orphaned boy, a sadness and a gloom fell over the Hotel de Foix, which never was effaced—no, not by all the lavish and superb magnificence of him whom good old Froissart has described as the most magnificent, courteous and generous, of all the kings, dukes, princes, counts and noble ladies, at whose courts he had been entertained with feats of arms and legends of amours, and all that was most chivalric and honourable.

For there is something in the very atmosphere that floats around a young and lovely woman, which seems to soften and to humanize every thing which is brought into its sphere of contact. Look at the room once frequented by some fair, gentle being, after she has departed, and though the furniture may be the same, the same beautiful scene stretching before its casements, the same glad sunlight pouring its lustre over all, still it is not the same—a glory has departed from the spot, a pleasant perfume has been swept away—all is changed, though the same; and oh, most desolate and gloomy is the impression which that change makes upon the minds even of transient witnesses.

Thus was it, that although the pageantry and splendour of the court had gone on as lavishly as ever, although the minstrel's lute and the *trouvère's* lay rang, as merrily as of yore, through hall and bower; though the hounds ran as hastily through the green woods, though the falcons flew as high and as boldly, though deeds of arms were performed as gallantly to win the kind glances of lady's eyes, and though the eyes of ladies rewarded them as fondly, still there was something wanting—something which not a knight so given up to feats of a battle, not a page so rash and reckless, not a dame or donzel so occupied with her own charms and love passages, but perceived and lamented it.

And now, as her boy came careering through the streets, returning, as all knew, from a visit to that dear mother, with something of her pure, artless spirit flashing out from his broad brows and enthusiastic eyes, there was more than rejoicing, more than congratulation in the hearts of the people—there was a hope, an expectation that this his coming would be but the harbinger of her return, to meet whom all hearts would have bounded gladly, save his alone who should have the most rapturously welcomed her.

This was the spirit which, as young Gaston swept along with his merry train, found vent in the mingled cries, wherein were blended the names of Gaston, heir of Foix, and Lady Blanche—beautiful Blanche of Navarre!

And if the boy's eye flashed with exulting pride, as he waved his plumed cap in answer to his own shouted welcome, the eye was suffused with pleasurable tears, and the lip trembled with unsuppressed emotion, when it was his loved mother's name that met his ears on every side, chiming in joyously and gaily with his most treasured hopes.

And now they passed the far-famed hostelry of

the Moon, kept by the good esquire Ernauton du Pin, who had served oftentimes with Gaston's father, and won high renown, and been for years accounted one of the trustiest men-at-arms that ever laid a lance in rest, until, when he was already old, the kick of an unruly charger had fractured his leg so severely, and the ill treatment of an unwise leech had so aggravated the evil, that he was unable to mount on horseback any more—so that thereafter he became the landlord of that famous inn, whither all knights and noblemen resorted, who came to pay their respects to the Count of Foix, and passed his latter days right cheerily among the clang of flagons and the light clash of knives and trencher, as he had spent his youth among the fanfares of trumpets and the wild din of battle-axes rending steel harness.

Old Ernauton came forth himself in his black velvet pourpoint, with the gold chain about his neck, which he had won many a year before, the ransom of a stout man-at-arms, the Meneant de Sainte Basile, and a white napkin thrown across his arms, halting on his lame leg, which gave him pain at every step and motion, with his long snow-white hair fluttering in the breezy atmosphere, but a bright twinkle in his clear blue eye, and a frank smile on his fine manly face.

"Welcome, right welcome home!" he said, in a voice that well became the jovial landlord, in whom the gallant man-at-arms was now completely merged. "Welcome home, Gaston! Right glad will be the noble count to greet you. But tarry, young sir, tarry for our dear lady's sake, and taste old Ernauton's Bourdeaux. You would not do old Ernauton, I trow, the wrong to pass by his door thirsting—"

"I must on, Ernauton," replied the youth, gaily. "I will drink with you another time, I promise you—perhaps to-morrow. But now I must on to my right noble lord and father. Well might he be aggrieved were I to loiter on the way, and that so nigh his gates."

"You need not tarry, Gaston," replied the old esquire. "There is no tarrying long, I trow, at the Moon, for wine or wassail either; but, by the bones of St. James of Compostella, you must taste of my Bourdeaux this bright autumnal morning! Ho, Clement, tapster, Clement!"

The mantling flagon was produced forthwith, and goblets handed round to the cavaliers, and, without dimounting from their steeds, they quaffed the generous wine; and, with a bounteous largesse to the tapsters and grooms of the hostelry, and a light laugh, and pleasant speech to the jolly host, they rode onward through the narrow streets until they reached the embattled gates and spacious courtyard which surrounded the Hotel de Foix.

There was a sentinel, it is true, on duty at the gates, clad in half-armour, with a heavy broadsword by his side, and a yet weightier battle-axe leaning against the freestone bench on which he was sitting—for peace and a sense of security, generated in part by the great influence of their lord and the re-

spectful terror in which he was held by the neighbouring feudatories, had begotten something of lax discipline. He started to his feet, however, as the train swept up to the gates, and, raising his bugle to his lips, blew a long blast, the peculiar cadences of which announced as plainly as words the return of the young lord to his father's halls. As the shrill echoes rang through the long vaulted passages, and eddied round the sculptured pinnacles of the huge Gothic mansion, and filled the wide courts with their joyous din, a sudden bustle was heard everywhere, and a rush of many feet, and the vast yards and the flights of steps were crowded in a moment with all the motley concourse that constituted a noble household in that splendid period of the world's history. There were knights and esquires, some in half-armour, others in the rich costume of the times, but all with waving plumes and embroidered scarfs, and swords at their sides and spurs on their heels; there were gay pages, with long silky love-locks and flaunting dresses; there were friars and monks in cowl and cord, jesters with bells, and coxcombs, minstrels and *tregetours*, and jugglers, valets and grooms, and falconers with hawk on fist, and foresters with greyhounds in the leash, and archers on the battlements, and yeomen at the gates, and demure looking damsels peeping out with bright eyes and rosy cheeks from the diamond paned lattices—all hurrying, with eager joy, to look upon the people's favourite, the young and glorious Gaston.

Anon there came a shout, just as the leading horseman entered the gate and stooped his head beneath the low-browed arch. "Room, room for the Castellan—room for the Count of Foix!" And with the words, followed by a magnificent army of gentlemen and nobles, among whom there were no less than four bishops, and many knights from Arragon and England, and many sovereign princes, the count himself stood forth to the head of the great outer staircase to meet his gallant son.

Truly he was a noble personage to look at, tall, stalwart, powerfully limbed, round chested and thin flanked, and withal exquisitely graceful, and fuller, as it seemed, of lithe and sinewy agility than of mere brutal strength. His broad expansive brow was perfectly unwrinkled and serene, and his straight, coal black eyebrows lent an air of decision not, perhaps, all unmingled with a touch of sternness, to his fine manly features.

His eyes were large, well opened, and expressive, of a dark liquid gray, which, although sleepy in their ordinary aspect, and calculated chiefly to express the softer sentiments, could at times lighten with intolerable lustre, and, as it were, blight those who dared withstand them with their appalling flash of fury.

His nose was well formed and slightly aquiline; but his mouth, which was, perhaps, the worst feature in his face, though partially overhung by a dark, thick moustache, was indicative of immense resolution, but of sensuality, likewise, and something akin to cruelty.

At this moment, however, it was arrayed in his blandest smiles, as he gazed pleasantly down upon his favourite son—favourite the more that he was the only offspring of his marriage—since the two noble looking youths who stood on his right hand and left, known as Sir Evan de l'Eschelle and Sir Gracien, were illegitimate, and unable, therefore, to succeed to the honours or estates of his proud feudal sovereignty.

"Ho, Gaston!" he exclaimed; "welcome—welcome, boy, back to Bearn. I swear to Heaven I am right glad to greet you!"

At the words, Gaston leaped down from his horse, and, springing up the steps, fell down upon his knees before his father, and catching his hand raised it to his lips, saying—

"Most noble sir, and father, most reverently do I greet you and most joyfully, and thank you humbly for your courtesy to your poor son and servant."

And the count raised him from the ground, and clasped him to his breast, and his full eye melted for a moment, and a tear seemed to swim in it as he made answer.

"My fair and gentle son, well pleased am I to have you near me; for we have missed you at our board, and in our exercises of the field. Your absence seemed, though brief, to me exceeding long and tedious. How left you our kinsman, the King of Navarre?"

"Well at ease, noble father," answered Gaston, "and very kind and courteous. He sent fair greetings to you, sir, and dealt with me right royally and graciously."

"Ha! and what presents did he make you, Gaston?"

"Most noble and most princely gifts, fair sir," cried the boy, his eyes sparkling with delight. "See, father, that proud Andalusian from which I but now dismounted. Is he not a fit steed to bear a king to battle? Look; saw you ever better points, or a rarer blending of high blood with vigorous bone and spirit?—spirit! by Heaven, he is all spirit! I fancied, as I backed him, if you but spurred him hard he would make wings to himself and soar into the blue sky, as minstrels say the Barbary horse, that was backed of yore by Sir Bellerophon, was wont to do when he went forth to battle with the sea monster the magician Neptune had sent to devour the fair daughter of the Soldan! And two mule loads of the most glorious armour—as light as a silk pourpoint, father, and as strong as a castle wall, and as bright as a polished diamond. I saw three tall Castilians hew at it with double-handed swords and axes, propped on a wooden block, and they did not so much as touch the burnish of the plates. And jewels, sir; and four Spanish greyhounds, the finest I have ever seen. Now, by St. Hubert, I long to show you how they run. They are so fleet, that the wightest stag cannot outspeed them on the plain; so staunch and savage, that no wolf or boar alive can stand against a brace of them."

"We will see, Gaston, we will see to-morrow,"

said the count, laughing at the young man's ecstasy. "I fancy I have got some English dogs that will mate them here, to say the least of it, which good Sir William Willoughby has brought me from his great lord the Duke of Lancaster, now lying at Bourdeaux. But tell me, was this all he gave to you?"

"All, noble sir and father," replied Gaston—but as he spoke, the ingenuous blood rushed in torrents to his brow, as though indignant at the falsehood which he told; although he, in the vanity and deceitfulness of his own heart, imagined that such a falsehood was venial, at least, if not praiseworthy, seeing that the end to be gained was good and meritorious. The end—the end! As if it was for such blind worms as we to think of ends; we, who cannot foresee when we rise up in the morning what shall betide us ere the sunset—who say to-day we will be blithe and happy, and lo! before an hour hath flown, our happiness is in the very dust, our merriment turned into utmost desolation! As if it was for us to judge of ends, or dare assume to ourselves the attribute of the Eternal—for us, to whom it is enough to strive with all our hearts to do his biddings blindly, knowing that, as his biddings, they must needs be the best and wisest.

The count observed the rapid flush, and smiled; for he misunderstood its cause, and yet fancied that he understood it thoroughly.

"Ho, ho!" he said; "needst not to blush, fair son, for I did not think to impeach thy uncle's courtesy or liberality at all. For, by my faith, I think he has dealt with you honourably, and as became a noble and puissant king. And so let us to meat—for the board was nigh spread, I trow; when the gate-ward blew the *Bienvenu*, and aroused us from our stools; and here is my good lord, the Bishop of Pamiers, desirous to say grace even now. But how is this? Here be your brethren, Gaston, Sir Evan and Sir Gracien—I trow you have not saluted them."

"No lack of courtesy to them, fair father," Gaston made answer. "But while thou wert speaking to me, to whom all my homage and my reverence is due, it would but little have become me to have eyes or ears for any other. Now, with your leave, I turn to embrace my gentle brethren."

And, suiting the action to the word, he clasped both of his natural brothers to his bosom, and kissed them upon either cheek, and spoke to them graciously and frankly, but more especially to Evan, who was his favourite and his chosen comrade, being within a few months of his own age, and so like to him, both in shape and stature, that they were dressed in clothes of the same cut and pattern, and used one chamber, and were but rarely seen apart, whether in their exercises or their sports.

The rest of that day passed without any thing of note to fix it on the mind—not slowly, for all was pleasant and full of lightsome promise, but equally and calmly. The feast in the knight's hall was followed by the promenade in the gallery, enlivened by much smooth and flowing conversation. Then

minstrelsy and dancing, and the midnight supper; and then, wearied in body, but serene of mind, hopeful and happy, Gaston retired to his chamber, and soon sunk into deep and dreamless slumbers. The sun was high in heaven before he awoke on the following morning, and when he did so, it was with a sudden start—for Evan, who slept, as I have said, in the same chamber with him, had arisen betimes, and was already well high appareled, when their clothes, of the same size and colour, having got mixed together on the bed, he took up Gaston's coat, mistaking it for his own. He was in the act of drawing on the sleeve, when he discovered the bag of embroidered velvet, and, in half boyish, half malicious curiosity, was in the act of untying the gold strings, exclaiming, as he did so—

"Ho, Gaston, hast thou turned monk, or Moresco, since thy departure from our Bearn? Be these the relics of some holy saint or martyr? Or is it, perchance, a talisman to guard you from the evil eye, or to win the hearts of fair ladies?"

Aroused from heavy sleep, with that sentiment of surprise and almost terror which oftentimes accompanies the return to consciousness, Gaston sat up in bed for a moment, gazing about him half bewildered, as if he scarce knew where he was, till his eyes fell on Evan just in the act of opening the precious philter.

One bound carried him clear across the chamber. He seized Evan rudely by the arm, and snatching the coat from him, said, very quickly—"It is my coat, Evan; give me back my coat—for what have you to do with it?"

"Tush, I care not," he replied; "I do not want your coat. I only wished to see what was the powder in it. It is not the philosopher's stone, is it, Gaston? If it be, it is well for me you awoke so quickly, for, in another moment, I should have tasted it, and then I might have been turned into gold, like Sir Midas, when he bathed in the Guadalquivir."

"Nonsense," said Gaston, laughing, and not sorry to get an opportunity of turning the subject, "nonsense, Evan; you know a great deal better than to talk such stuff as that. It was not in the Guadalquivir that he bathed in, at all; it was in the Pactolus, a river in Scotland, which is a part of the island of England;—and it was not the river that changed Sir Midas into gold, but Sir Midas that changed the sands of the river into gold dust. But come, let us go and swim in the Gave de Pan, before breakfast. I will tell you, some time or other, all about this same bag, but now I may not. To do so, would destroy all its virtue."

"Then it has virtue, has it?" cried the other. "I thought so—I thought so. I do so earnestly desire to hear of it. When will you tell me, Gaston?"

"Nay, I know not," replied the other, laughing. "Perchance to-morrow; perchance the next day—but certainly before the world is a week older."

"Ha! then will I be patient. Yet will it trouble me, I trow, when I think of it—but yet I will be patient."

No more words passed at the time. The young men dressed themselves and went forth beyond the gates of the town, and enjoyed their swim in the bright crystal waters that lave the walls of Orthès, and returned friendly and as brothers should, and joined the knights and nobles in the great hall at the morning meal; but the count was not present, for he was not wont to leave his chamber until late in the day—nor did he ever eat or drink much in the day time; but at midnight he quitted his chamber, where he was used to sit reading or writing after evening, and twelve of his servants bore large waxen torches before him in their hands, and placed in as many candlesticks of massive silver, which stood around his table, filling the great hall with a clear and brilliant light; and then he ate heartily and drank wine, and took pleasure hearing his minstrels play and sing; for he was himself no mean proficient in that science—but in the day time, unless when he rode forth to hunt in the forests, or to hawk on the green meadows by the river bank, he was rarely seen by his friends or his courtiers.

The tilt-yard and the tennis-court, the manly exercises and exciting games of the period, consumed the remainder of that and the following days; but it was remarked by all that young Gaston was unusually depressed in manner, and many said that he must have some heavy feeling at his heart—yet none suspected him of any evil, so much nobility had he shown even from his childhood upward, and so much purity of soul, and no touch of any evil.

On the third morning after his return, Gaston de Foix and Evan de l'Eschelles were in the tennis-court, and that fine game had been carried on for some time between the brothers with skill and activity, as nearly equal as is possible—Evan having, however, if any thing, a little the best of the match, and continuing to gain slightly on his opponent, who was becoming a little chafed, and, consequently, began to play at disadvantage.

It was at this period of the game when, both scoring forty, it had been called *deuce* no less than three times in succession, neither party having as yet made two strokes following, that Evan began to joke and taunt his brother.

"Gaston," he said, "methinks you were better don your coat. It may be very well that yon puissant talisman may help you win the game, which, otherwise, you are very sure to lose!"

"Tush!" answered Gaston, sharply, and evidently much displeased; "what foolery is this?"

And as he spoke the word, springing forward to return his adversary's ball, which had fallen nearer to the *dédans* than to the figure 1, at the first rebound, his foot slipped on the pavement, and he fell at his full length.

"Advantage!" cried the master of the game, and almost simultaneously Evan burst into a loud and taunting laugh.

The game recommenced instantly, from the novice side of the court, as it is called, and, in less

than five minutes, Gaston, who was now so thoroughly angry that he could not control himself at all, made two faults in succession, giving thereby the stroke to his adversary, and the advantage game likewise.

"Ho!" he exclaimed, stamping his foot furiously on the pavement, "ho! by the thunder of heaven, you cannot foil me so again!"

"Aye, but I can," said Evan, "twenty times running. Put on your coat, put on your coat, and try what the talisman will do for you."

"Pshaw!" answered Gaston, hastily; "it is no talisman, although it may be a charm; and you, and your mother, too, shall know it one of these days, I promise you."

"Ha! then it is a charm to bring the countess home again from Pampeluna. But she shall never come, I tell you, Gaston; never, I tell you never! For Gabrielle de l'Eschelles shares not the bed alone, but the heart of the great Count of Foix!"

"Braggart, and bastard!" exclaimed Gaston, furiously; "dare you compare your harlot mother with Blanche, the paragon, the peerless of Navarre?" and, with the word, he smote him violently with his open hand on the side of the face.

Evan de l'Eschelles sprang back as the blow reached him, snatched his sheathed dagger from the ground, where he had cast it down with the rest of his clothes when he undressed himself for the game, and, laying his hand on the hilt, glanced savagely for several moments into the eyes of Gaston, with his brow knotted into a dark frown, and his face burning with terrible excitement. For several minutes, it may be said, he doubted whether to bare the blade and avenge the insult in the life's blood of the insulter—but his cold blooded nature, and his deep knowledge of his father's fiery and vindictive humour prevailed, and he cast the weapon from him, shaking his fist almost in his brother's face, and saying, with a bitter grin—

"Tu me la pagherai!"

Gaston laughed scornfully, turned on his heel, dressed himself hastily, and, leaving the tennis-court, mounted his horse; and, riding away into the great woods toward Lourdes, was not seen any more that day until nightfall.

But Evan de l'Eschelles hurried on his clothes, likewise, in no less haste than his brother had done, and ran away, with his cheeks still crimson with the excitement of hot anger, and the tears streaming from his eyes, to the apartment of the count, who had just returned thither from hearing mass.

"Ho! what means this?" asked the count, gazing in wonder on the flushed and tearful face of the boy. "Weeping? Go to!—go to! For shame, thou art too old to weep! Tears are for women and for boys. What ails thee, ha, what ails thee?"

"In God's name, my lord," answered Evan, "Gaston has beaten me; but it is he, not I, that deserves to be beaten."

"Wherefore?" asked the Count de Foix, sharply. "Gaston? Wherefore, I prithee, does Gaston deserve to be beaten?"

"On my faith," answered Evan, "ever since he returned from Navarre, he wears in his breast a bag of powder. What it may be, I know not, nor can I in any wise conjecture; but he told me, this day, his mother should return hither soon, and be more in your good graces than ever she had been before; and that my mother, Gabrielle, should be driven forth for a harlot out of Orthès."

"Ho!" cried the count, angrily; "hold thy tongue, and be sure thou mention not to any man alive what thou has told me now!"

"My noble lord," replied Evan, "be sure that I will obey you."

"Begone then," said the count, "and see that you do obey me."

Then he remained alone in deep and gloomy meditation, until the night had closed in dark and heavy; nor did he then call for lights, as was his custom, but continued to walk to and fro in his chamber, gnashing his teeth and playing with his dagger's hilt, and at times groaning, as if his spirit was about to be divorced from his body.

At length midnight drew nigh, and he came forth from his chamber with his fine features all composed and calm; and, finding his torch bearers waiting in the corridor, with their huge waxen torches ready, he descended the stairs without saying a word, and walked in his accustomed pomp, arrayed as a sovereign prince, with his torches gleaming before him and his minstrels playing loud behind, into the great knight's hall, where, under a canopy of cloth of gold, and on a chair covered with scarlet, was spread the high table for himself and the few chosen guests admitted to his own board—the bishops, namely, of Pamiers and Les-car, Aire and Rou, the Viscount de Roquebertin, a Gascon, the Viscount de Bruniquel, the Viscount de Gousserant, and Sir William Willoughby, the envoy from the English duke, who lay at Bourdeaux, with his powers.

These noblemen and primates were awaiting the arrival of the count, conversing gaily on the topics of the day, in a small ante-chamber, opening from the great gallery into the dining-hall; while all the gallery without was crowded with esquires and knights, the count's guests from Bigorre and Gascony, including many of the first renown in warfare, and yet more of his own knights from his Suzerainty of Bearn—among whom were in waiting, Sir Espaign de Lyon, Sir Siguart de Bois Verdun, Sir Nouvaus de Nouvailles, and Sir Pierre de Vaux, the chief stewards of the hall.

Beside the count's board, stood his own bastard brothers, Sir Ernaut Guillaume, and Sir Pierre de Béarne, while Evan de l'Eschelle and Gracien attended, the one to place the dishes, the other to pour out the wine, and Gaston leaned, moody and ill at ease, on the back of his father's chair, waiting until he should be seated to carve and taste the feast.

Heaven's! what a clang was there of instruments—trumpet and gong, and kettle-drum and cymbal, pealing through the high arches of the vaulted hall,

and making the silken banners, which floated overhead, to shake and rustle in the breath of their strong harmony, as the great count and his guests and vassals entered. The minstrels and the heralds cried "*Largesse! largesse! noble lords!*" and to the cry, the count responded by a donation of five hundred francs in gold, such was his daily custom. But on this day he had clad the six minstrels of the Duke of Tauraine, who were there, in garbs of cloth of gold, bedecked with ermine, each valued at two hundred francs. But little recked he of expense, who was the wealthiest and most prudent ruler of the day, and, by the immense amount of his treasures, no less than by his prudence and sagacity, was able to set all the most powerful kings and princes of the age, his turbulent, ambitious neighbours, quietly at defiance.

The count and his chief guests were seated, and simultaneously the long tables, extending through the length of the great hall, were crowded—the seneschal marshaling every gentleman to his appointed place, and servitors and sewers spreading the boards with all the choicest dainties of the age.

There was a pause, while, at the count's right hand, the Bishop of Pamiers arose, and, in a clear, sonorous voice, distinctly heard in the hush of that noble concourse, asked for a blessing on the meat; and then the clash of knives, the clang of gold and silver flagons, and the gay music of the numerous minstrels, resounded far and wide the notes of social preparation.

It was not long, however, before there was a longer pause, a deeper hush of astonishment and terror; and every eye turned anxiously toward the group upon the dais beneath the cloth of maintenance.

For scarcely were the covers placed, and scarce had Gaston carved a slice from the breast of a huge peacock, which, with its back and claws finely gilded, and its proud tail displayed as if it were yet living, was the chief dish, placed opposite his father, before the Count of Foix was seen to catch at something which hung dangling from the bosom of his son's pourpoint. The boy started back aghast, trembling exceedingly and turning very pale, as if he were completely thunderstruck; but the count kept his hold firmly fixed, and cried—

"Come hither, Gaston; hither, I say—nearer, nearer!"

And drawing him close to the table, he tore the bosom of his pourpoint open, and cut away the velvet bag with his knife, exclaiming—

"What devilry is this? Speak, sirrah!"

But, as he spoke, and before his son had the time to answer him, he opened the bag, and seeing the powder, strewed some of it upon a piece of meat, and calling up a large wolf dog which had followed the company into the hall, gave it to him to eat.

The dog snapped at it greedily, and every eye in the vast concourse assembled there was riveted upon the beast, to see what should follow; but the count's eyes were fixed upon the visage of his son, nor ever were removed thence, until the animal, in

less than a minute's time, so deadly was the poison, rolled up his eyes, uttered a howl of agony, and, falling to the ground, struggled one moment in violent convulsions, and was dead!

Then the count sprang upon his feet, and, with the carving knife still grasped in his hand as when he cut away the fatal bag, he aimed a deadly blow at his own child; but the Viscount de Roquebertin caught him by the right arm, and stayed the stroke for an instant, while others of the knights who sat at meat with him, rushed in between him and the culprit, crying—

"Ah! for God's sake, my lord, be not so rash and over-hasty, but make inquiry first, ere you do evil to your son."

But the count cried aloud in Gascon—"Ho! Gaston, ho! thou traitor! For thee and thine inheritance, which would have come to thee, have I made war and incurred the hatred of the great kings of France and England, Spain and Navarre, and Arragon, and gallantly have borne myself against them, and yet thou wouldst murder me. Infamously bad must thy disposition be! Know, therefore, that this day thou shalt die the death—and by this blow!"

And with a sudden bound he threw himself across the table, still brandishing the knife; but Gaston had retreated down the hall, and all his knights and esquires interfered, some casting themselves on their knees before him, and exclaiming—

"Ah! ah! my lord—for the love of Heaven, do not slay Gaston. You have no other child. Slay him not, for he may be innocent of what the bag contained, and therefore be blameless!"

Then the count paused, and considered for a moment, biting his lip till the blood sprang, and frowning very terribly; but, after awhile, he said—

"Be it so. Away with him to the dungeon, and let him be so guarded that he shall be forthcoming."

And when the youth was removed, he sat him down again to supper, and ate and drank, and conversed, and listened to the lays of the minstrels, as his custom was, and made no allusion more to what had passed, nor did any one of those who were with him, for they well knew that in his mood he was right fierce and cruel, and none desired to anger him against himself, or against his unhappy son.

He sat, as usual, nearly two hours at the table; but, ere he went to rest, he gave order that all those who waited on his son should be arrested, to answer for such charges as might be brought against them on the morrow—and many were arrested, but not all; for, in the hurry and confusion of the time, the Bishop of Lescar escaped and fled the country, and with him several others, who were all grievously suspected; but it was well for them they did escape, for all the others who were taken were put to death, to the number of fifteen, after that they had undergone the question, forasmuch as they had not told the count what they must needs have known, that Gaston wore such a bag in his bosom continually, when they must have perceived, and that

certainly, that he could wear it for no good or loyal end.

Days passed and weeks, but the heart of the count was not satisfied, nor was his rage appeased against his son, whom he assuredly deemed guilty—for he assembled straightway at Orthès all the prelates and high nobles, both of Foix and Bearn, and others of the great personages of the country, and said unto them, when they were all assembled—

“Gaston has done this thing, and surely he shall die!”

But when they had heard him speak, they replied—

“Under your favour, my lord, no! We will not have it so, that Gaston shall be put to death. He is your heir, and you have none other.”

Then the count listened to their words, and determined that Gaston should be kept in durance for some month or two, and then sent out to travel, if he in gratitude, perchance, might repent him of his sins, and return to good conduct.

And those of Foix departed not till the count plighted them his honour, that Gaston should not die for this offence, so great was their affection to the misguided youth.

But what avails man's interference, or to what end is the plighted word of princes, when the Lord of earth and heaven, who alone knows and governs all, has judged a man to destroy him.

For ten days, the unhappy Gaston lay in a dark room of the dungeon, knowing not what should come of it, expecting only death to end his miseries, untended, wretched and alone. At last a moody, melancholy madness grew on the miserable boy, that he would not put off or change his raiment, nor taste bread nor wine, though both were brought to him daily.

It was on the tenth day that the warder, entering with food, said to him—“Gaston, here is meat.”

But he raised not his eyes, as he sat on a low stool, leaning against the tapestried wall, gazing upon the floor sadly, with his hands folded on his lap, but said, in a dolorous tone—“I care not, put it down.”

Then he whose charge it was to wait on him, cast his eyes round the chamber, and saw that all the food he had brought on the past days, lay there untouched; and, shutting the door hastily, he ran to the count, who was sitting moodily in his own private cabinet, with a page combing his long curled hair, while he pared his nails with a little

knife, listening the while to one of his secretaries, who was singing to the music of a lute.

“My lord,” cried the warder, as he entered, “for God's sake, look to your son; he is starving himself in his prison—for I believe he has not eaten any thing since he has been confined.”

Then the count started to his feet furiously, and swore a fearful oath, and, in an evil hour, rushed to the dungeon, without saying one word more; and he went not by the great staircase, but by a private way, wrought in the thickness of the wall, that entered into the chamber where his son Gaston lay, behind the tapestry.

He held the knife in his hand as he went, scarcely knowing that he held it, grasping it by the blade so closely that scarce a groat's breadth of the point appeared beyond the fingers of his right hand. Yet so impetuously did he rush in and dash aside the tapestry against which, as if the whole had been foreordained, the boy was leaning, that the point entered a vein in Gaston's throat, though he knew it not.

The youth started back as he felt the prick, and stood gazing in terror, dreading he knew not what, on the stern aspect of his father. But he, not knowing that which he had done, and, perchance, daring not to trust himself, only cried—“Ha! thou traitor, why dost thou not eat?” and turned on his heel instantly and left the dungeon.

But the poor boy, terrified by his father's sudden entrance, and weak withal with fasting, fell instantly upon the floor, and was dead almost ere his father crossed the threshold—so that the count had barely reached his chamber before the news was brought him that his son was dead.

It was long, long ere he could believe it; but when he was convinced that it was so, and that his own rash hand had done the deed, he cried—

“Bitterly, bitterly, oh Gaston, has this turned out for thee as for me. Never shall I be happy any more!”

And though he was great, and opulent, and powerful, and famous, and renowned throughout all the realms of Europe, he said truly—“He was not happy any more.”

Such was the fate—and who shall say it was not fate—of Gaston, heir of Foix. It was a father's hand, indeed, that slew him, but the guilt must remain, and the retribution fall upon Charles the Bad, King of Navarre.

OUR NEW FASHION PLATE.

It will be observed that our fashion plate for this month is executed in a style as novel as it is delicate and attractive. It is a new mode of printing in colours, in which Pinkerton has surpassed all his former efforts. It is printed in colours, and, for

artistical effect of light and shadow, is universally admired. We like to be first in presenting all the various novelties of this kind to our readers; as the variety which, they say, is the *spice of life*, is, to a periodical, *life itself*.

HONOURS TO THE DEAD.

BY PROF. WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

"Beauty doth twine
Her votive wreath, and eloquence and song,
In eulogy burst forth."

"How fit reward for greatness and for virtue!"

FUNERAL and sepulchral honours have always claimed the admiration of mankind. The instance of no tribe nor nation, in ancient nor modern times, in savage nor civilized society, furnishes an exception to this universal rule. Imagination may follow the sun, as he careers in majesty and splendour through the broad arch of heaven, but it will find, in all its limitless wanderings, no individual, the beatings of whose heart are not responsive to this pious sentiment of our nature. Who has not witnessed a funeral procession? And where is the people or the nation among whom the practice does not, in some form, exist? The hearse, with its deep flowing folds of black; the coffin, with its exquisite workmanship, its polished sides and its ebon border; the measured tread, the easy and graceful movements of the mourners, and the deep and poignant anguish depicted on every countenance—these all affect with power the hearts of the living, and constitute a fitting tribute to the memory of the dead. How wretched and disgraced is he esteemed whose remains are followed to the tomb by no surviving friends, who linger awhile over the new made grave, and pour their tears like water upon the coffin, ere the clods of the valley conceal it from the view forever. Ah! we are anxious that the affections of those we love should follow us to our final home. And this feeling goes further still—it longs for more. Turn we to the cairn of the Gael, the Scythian tumulus, the Asiatic mausoleum, the pyramid of Egypt, or the green hill-top and unlettered head-stone of our country's primitive children; they present so many imperishable evidences in favour of our position.

Respect and affection for the dead, as expressed in the solemn pomp with which they were entombed, and the tasteful memorials that were reared over their inanimate dust, existed in pre-eminent simplicity and beauty in the earliest periods of the Jewish history. How touchingly delicate and affecting is the conference of Abraham, the venerable patriarch, as recorded by the pen of inspiration, with the sons of Heth, respecting the purchase of the cave of Macpelah as a place of interment for the deceased Sarah. "And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying, I am a stranger and a sojourner with you; give me a possession of a burial-place with

you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight. And he communed with them, saying, if it be your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight, hear me, and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zolar, that he may give me the cave of Macpelah, which he hath, which is in the end of his field." How simple and beautiful is the allusion of the sacred penman to the death of Rachel, and the religious care with which the disconsolate Jacob erected a pillar over the spot of her final repose. "And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave: that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." The descendants of these illustrious men, when taking their departure from the land of Egypt, for centuries the bloody arena of their cruel and unmitigated bondage, removed from the "consecrated catacomb" the ashes of Joseph, their eminent preserver, and carried them from the learned and luxurious realm of the Pharaohs, the theatre of all his glory, to the iron mountains of the north, that they might honour his bones with an imperishable monument to his memory. It would be easy to trace the existence and operation of the same feeling in every succeeding age of the history of the world. How admirably it is exemplified in the burial of the blessed Saviour of mankind! "And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre and departed."

Even the savage tribes that wander over the wastes of Tartary, and repel with scorn the idea of a settled residence, most tenderly feel and most piously reverence the sacred ties of that particular spot, which is hallowed by the monuments of their ancestors. Thither they make their annual pilgrimages, while their hearts soften, and their bosoms glow with sensibility over the ashes of their honoured dead. And this constant and distinct amen, uttered by the wisest and the best equally with the vilest and most degraded of successive generations and of every clime, exhibits the most conclusive evidence that this feeling is deeply rooted in the elements of our nature.

The original and irrepressible desire that the alluvion of time may not obliterate our image from the memory of surviving friends, but that it may

be choicely garnered up in the storehouse of the affections of those who live after us, to be recalled, with a melancholy pleasure, long after the turf has sodded upon our graves, is one of the strongest passions that can possibly agitate the human breast. The most remote apprehension that all remembrance of ourselves and our virtues will be as ephemeral as the existence of these perishable bodies, would be more than sufficient to render the pilgrimage of life a scene of unmingled bitterness and woe.

"For who, to dull forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being, e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the grave the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

All the associations which infancy inspired, and the gradual development of intellect and principle has matured, compel us to recoil from the prospect that the black wave of oblivion will ever dash over the hallowed repository of our ashes. This, truly, would be *annihilation* in one of its most frightful and repulsive forms.

Although the sentiments expressed in the preceding suggestions may appear to be, as they emphatically are, the genuine offspring of our social constitution, and may operate as living influences in every bosom; and although we cannot but conclude, *a priori*, that every description of honour conferred upon the worthy dead will result in the happiest benefits to the living; yet it is by fully establishing the *positive* advantages of the practice that objections and cavils must be principally repelled. Man had rather listen to experience than to reason. Of the numerous benefits which inevitably result to society from a proper disposition of funeral and sepulchral honours, it will be well particularly to mention the ardent patriotism they inculcate and cherish.

The desire of posthumous renown by some has been treated with contempt, and by others has been stigmatized with the degrading epithets of weakness and vanity. Yet this same feeling has ever glowed, with peculiar intensity, amid the most magnificent attainments. It has flourished, indeed, with the rankest luxuriance, side by side with the noblest virtues that have adorned our race. Genius, real, sterling, brilliant genius, cannot exist and act unless in subjection to its control. It was with a full assurance of this truth and of its sovereign authority, that the wise legislators of antiquity used every exertion to render such honours subservient to the public weal. In the very frame-work of their laws, they incorporated the most salutary provisions on this subject, so sensitive were they of its vast importance. They knew full well that "the sparks of a generous emulation are naturally enkindled to a living splendour by memorials of deceased merit." By this powerful enchantment on the minds of posterity, did the images of Harmodius and Aristogi-

ton—those immortal defenders of liberty—stand as the perpetual champions of Athens, and for ages keep alive the holy flame on the altar of freedom. Hence, too, the splendid orations of Pericles, Isocrates, and a host of others, the most brilliant orators of antiquity. These funeral addresses produced a wonderful effect. To cite a pertinent illustration, after the famous battle with the Samians, Pericles, on his return to Athens, pronounced the celebrated funeral oration in memory of those who had perished in defence of their country, which produced an effect so electrical upon his audience, that the women crowded around him and wreathed his temples with flowers.

Trained in the centre of circumstances like these, with every thing calculated to awaken into action the noblest feelings of their nature; living in a ceaseless contemplation of the honours conferred upon the illustrious dead, with the various evidences of a nation's gratitude incessantly before their eyes, the ancients instinctively imbibed the pious zeal of their forefathers. The triumphal arches, the fretted columns, the images of the great and good, the eulogy and the elegy, these all conspired to weave around the eye and the heart a sacred fascination; while their marble ancestors seemed starting into life, and beckoning them on to fame and immortality. Hence the bold ambition of every generation to contest the palm with their immortal progenitors. From this source flowed the manly tears of a rival Alexander over the sepulchre of Achilles.

And the influence of these testimonials of a nation's gratitude is not at the present day sensibly diminished. They still operate with tremendous power upon the genius of a people. They constitute "the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night," to almost all who are seeking distinction in any of the walks of life. The same anxiety that the memory should be embalmed in the records of history and the treasures of song, or that the name "should be enched in giant characters upon the everlasting flint," which swelled the hearts and nerved the arms of those who lived in the "tide of time" centuries ago, still lives in the breasts of men, and exerts the same subduing effects upon their conduct. The monumental obelisk, towering in stately and awful sublimity, and holding in sacred deposit the dust of some canonized worthy, can hardly be surveyed by the meanest individual without expanding his heart with the inspiring recollection that, by equal deserts, he may insure for himself an equal immortality. With what emotions of rapture and veneration do we gaze upon the mingled grace and dignity, and divine expression of the noble bust of Washington, whose marble brow reflects the exalted virtues of his heart. These scenes of august and sacred imagery are, indeed, "a school for the public mind." They are the national galleries, furnished and adorned, not with specimens of rare art, but with monuments of exalted worth.

History and poetry, biography and eulogium, all

of which are embraced in the scope of our subject, people memory with the distinguished millions of past ages. They give us a bird's-eye view of the orators and patriots, the philosophers and statesmen, the historians and poets, the great and good of by-gone centuries. They may be properly said to make up one vast museum, within which are stored away the choicest specimens of whatever was precious or valuable in the boundless past. How correctly was it said of the Greek and the Roman, "half our learning is their epitaph!" And the fact that the recorded exploits of their statesmen and heroes have imparted a generous enthusiasm to the reader, has caused the literature of those countries to flow like a sea of glory over all succeeding ages.

Another and a still more important advantage arising from the honours of the dead, is that they render us peculiarly susceptible of religious impressions. Whenever we cross the threshold of the consecrated cemetery, we are forcibly impressed with the weakness and the frailty of human life. Who that has wandered among its gloomy and sequestered aisles, has been able to suppress those thrilling emotions that, at such a time, will force themselves upon the heart? With what fleetness do we hurry in imagination across the hours of advancing time, and lose ourselves amid those stupendous realities to which we must pass through the gateway of the grave? How irresistible is the conviction of every mind, at such an hour, that our tomb will one day be to us the threshold of happiness or woe! Such solemn and affecting scenes we have all seen, and all experienced. The great resting place of the dead, dotted over as it is with frail memorials to perpetuate the names of those that are sleeping quietly beneath the sod, presents to us at once, in the elegant language of Dr. Blair, "the termination of the inquietudes of life, and sets before us the image of eternal rest."

"Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease;
In still, small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

Here it is that we learn the import and beauty of that wonderful specimen of elegiac eloquence—"Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, return, ye children of men!" What a perfect and inimitable illustration of the divine aphorism, "Our life is a vapour!" faint as the wreath that just appears on the mountain's side, and then vanishes in the sunbeam. Now we discover the emptiness and vanity of all terrestrial things—we feel the un-

satisfying nature of every object of earthly desire. And were the most tempting object that was ever offered to human ambition, though every beauty of the earth, and every excitement of desire were collected in it as in one glowing centre of attraction, and should beam in a flood of glory on the eye, in such circumstances laid at our feet, we would despise it as the veriest trifle of childhood. And now, if ever, we feel our need of "that sublime and consoling philosophy," that beams in such lines of living light from the pages of the Word of God, and irradiates the darkness of the grave with the felicities and glories of "a new heaven and a new earth."

Who can stand by the sepulchres, within whose speechless walls are urned the ashes of the mighty dead, and not be inflamed with a quenchless longing to be enrobed in the mantle of their virtues? As we mingle our tears of sorrow and regret upon the "silent yet eloquent marble," that bends in lines of grace and beauty over their remains, we are brought at once to a perception of our common allotment, and are taught to realize our own mortality. In the midst of our gratulations that such men have lived, we shall have before us the memorial that such men have died. Indeed, the mausoleum and the statue seem to form a kind of gloomy frontier between the two worlds—"the great world of the living, and the greater world of the dead." There is about them an eloquence and poetry of feeling, fathomless and mysterious as the seats of life.

Thus are funeral and sepulchral honours the fruitful source of the highest political and religious advantages. They shine, like an unfading rainbow, above the columns of life's darkness, and beyond the rage of its tempests, to awe and allure. Possessing in their very nature a spring of honorary incentives, unequalled in purity and sublimity, and throwing an affecting and inspiring charm over the soul, the state may, through their instrumentality, call in requisition the constant exertions of its choicest spirits. Standing as silent monitors on the very verge of life, they remind us of the brevity and uncertainty of all sublunary things, and point us forward to that world of endless bliss beyond, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Thus will the spontaneous emotions of our nature become the grand means of exalting and purifying it. And thus will the honours of the *dead*, empty and transitory as we are wont to call them, reflect solid and lasting, and glorious benefit on the *living*.

CLAIRVOYANT SKETCHES.

LOVE AND JUPITER.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

THE existence of mere physical animal magnetism, or nervous sympathy, and consequent nervous repulsion between certain persons, is now pretty generally admitted by all intelligent people. Not so, however, with *clairvoyance* and its attendant phenomena, which seem at the same time to insult reason and startle religious faith, by the bold and arrogant insight into the spiritual world which is claimed through them.

Every sophomore is aware, indeed, that what is now called "Mesmerism," was not unknown to the Romans at the time of Plautus, who hits at it in one of his plays; and the testimony of Stobæus would lead us to infer that the oracles of Greece were sufficiently familiar with this singular species of homo-electrical excitement; while, from the treatment which Van Helmont received from the Inquisition, when he published his experiments in magnetism, two hundred years ago, there is no question but that it must have been at the bottom of the monkish miracles which so often bewildered the credulous of benighted Europe, and that the persecution of Van Helmont arose from his daring attempt to throw the beams of science into the dark jugglery of a crafty priesthood.

Still, modern science, incapable of explaining, and baffled even in comprehending these singular phenomena, refuses to admit them within her severe circle, and passes them by as impatiently as if, in the three thousand years which have been ripening her strength, since Herodotus made the first allusion in history to this mystical subject, science had not yet gathered force enough to lift the theme from the Egyptian arcana, where the earliest and most simple-minded of Greek historians indicates its existence.

Clairvoyance, obstinately banished thus from the domain of science, still has a natural refuge for its phenomena in the sphere of art and imagination; and here these phenomena, having been, from time to time, vaguely exhibited to human observation, will ever keep their place—unless, indeed, the progress of knowledge shall, in some future age, lead to the discovery of some natural law upon which they are founded, and thus pluck them from the debateable ground of fancy, to be finally firmly planted in the field of accepted truth.

In a word, this theme—thanks to the incredulity of the scientific world—this theme, so fruitful and suggestive, is still the honest property of the poet and periodical essayist. And, for my own part, when I think of the biscuit-like crisp and matter-

of-fact character of the age, I cannot but believe that the revival of clairvoyance is a special god-send from Apollo, for the benefit of his dejected votaries. Of old, it did them many a good turn at *Delphi*. Why may it not serve them now in *Philadelphia*? Dear lady, you who read and I who write, must haste to make the best use of it; for no one knows how soon, in the present march of mind, this wild theme of clairvoyance may be filched from us by the philosopher, and consigned to the worldly packing-box of mere useful knowledge.

I confess that it is this last consideration chiefly, this natural alarm lest a favourite topic shall be stripped of its delightful vagueness, its most alluring uselessness, its dear exclusiveness, its most eccentric separation from all customary human experiences, and, above all, its three thousand years of still recurring and ever freshening novelty; it is the fear, I say, lest clairvoyance may be stripped of all these wild charms, and brought, at last, within the iron pale of common sense and ordinary habits of practical thinking which impels me, before it is too late, to share some pleasant experiences with the reader. Alas! the *facts* which I am now about to let her witness for herself, will have lost much of their peculiar interest if, perchance, some new discovery of physiology or psychology should make them perfectly croible before this invitation reaches you. Reader, gentle and fair, let us hurry. My friend, the excellent Dr. Van Witehem, has promised me an interview with one of the most interesting of his clairvoyant patients this very morning. I pray you, madam, give me your hand at once—only for a single moment, I assure you. Nay, we are already in Mesmeric relations with each other. This is the house—this one with a night-bell and green door. The back room, eh? The patient must be here before us. Doctor, I have brought a friend with me—the beautiful and intelligent Miss —. [Fill up that blank for yourself, lady fair, while the worthy doctor establishes the proper communication between the patient and your humble servant.]

"Pulse 80,—age the same, you say, doctor. Remarkable coincidence, eh?"

"Organs of 'form,' 'ideality,' and 'sublimity,' in a state of excitement."

"I should think so, with all that pulse power bearing upon them."

"'Causality,' 'comparison' and 'eventuality,' suspended."

"My dear sir, haven't you concentrated too much

magnetic steam upon a few functions of the man's brain? Let me pray you to give a little Mesmeric action to the faculties you have just named. Thank you, thank you, my dear sir. Now, just touch up 'locality' and 'language' for me, and let's see where we are—for I have already, in imagination, traveled some millions of miles with the patient—"swift as meditation or the thoughts of love."

[Hist! lady fair; never mind my hackneyed quotation—listen to the patient.]

"Where are we, my good sir?"

"Among —"

"Where are we, I say? Where do you find yourself at this moment?"

"Among—the—"

"Doctor, a few passes over the region of the epiglottis, if you please. His utterance is difficult. Thank you—I should think that would be ample."

[Now, madam, if you have finally arranged that curl, I'll try him again.]

"My friend, I wish to know exactly where we are at this moment?"

"Among the stars! We seem to have visited them all. You know this as well as I—for have we not wandered for years together through the regions of space?"

["Eventuality" and "time" must be, indeed, "suspended." Why, my dear madam, *you* know at least that I have not been ten minutes in the room; and as for this old fellow, 'pon my soul, I never saw him before in my life. Queer, isn't it? What will he say next?]

"Well, my good sir, say on. We've traveled, you say—well?"

"Yes, we have travelled; both have traveled—yet only *one* of us knows it. For thou who wouldst trace the soul; thou who wouldst so presumptuously ascend to the fountains of thinking, dost not, it seems, take cognizance even of thine own thought. Thou wouldst seek the well-spring of mind, yet heedest not the river from it that rushes by thee—ay, even when thine own brain and bosom supply the channel."

"Upon my word, this is very tiresome, my good sir. I have a young lady here with me who does not care a hair-pin for metaphysics. Tell us only where you are. Describe the society of the place, their dresses, their manners, their scandal; tell us something of this kind—something that every body would like to know."

"We are at this moment on the planet Jupiter. There is no scandal there—for there are no *women*."

[Cool that, really. Don't mind him though, madam. 'Tis only an old fellow who has outlived his manners.]

"What! do no women belong to this planet? It must be a melancholy place, my friend."

"By no means. Each 'belt' of the planet is formed wholly of women. Nothing can be more cheerful."

"Dull, though, for the ladies, I should think?"

"They do not find it so. Each ray of light that shoots from the bright centre is a *soul-link* that

brings them into the closest spiritual communion with their lovers, whose every thought and feeling is thus known and shared."

"But—but—my very good sir, this cold—I mean this want of—[I beg your pardon, madam.]—this mere spiritual contact must bring but little comfort to hearts of tenderness."

"It brings the soul—place of exclusive appropriation of the beloved object—a sense of bliss and repose which jealousy never can mar."

[Something in that, certainly, madam.]

"But these accommodating rays of sympathy, don't they sometimes get a little mixed; don't they get confused now and then—cross each other by accident, as it were, and thus *generalize* this particular spiritual arrangement somewhat?"

"Never."

"Really, now, does nothing of this kind ever happen among the Jupiterites, or Joverians—which ever they may call themselves? Tell us truly—truly—on your word, my friend."

"The clairvoyant *cannot* bear false witness. Those rays of spiritual sympathy are changeless and eternal in all other worlds save that whereon you dwell!—and, even in this, though often blended with grossest lights, they sometimes truly gleam—gleam, not purposely to mislead the yearning soul of man, although so fitfully do they shine through our distorted atmosphere of error, that they cannot but often lead astray."

[A slap at Platonics, that, my dear Miss Blank, isn't it? We won't mind him though—a poor old fellow.—Certainly—an excellent question. I'll put it to him forthwith.]

"The young lady wishes to know, sir, if the Joverians have no amusements—no pleasant ways of passing time, in which both sexes participate?"

"Amusements? Why, these spirits bathe forever in a sea of satisfaction. Their life is one ceaseless dream of rapture. For *their's* is *endless sympathy*!—a sympathy that compasses all possible moods of thought and feeling—fusing two beings into one, while preserving the full identity of either."

"Upon my word, my good friend, I don't see exactly how that *can* be."

"Canst thou not think, and, at the same time, have consciousness of thy thought? Even as thy soul can take cognizance of the operations of thy mind, even so do those intimately wedded spirits merge their beings in each other, yet preserve their own individuality."

"Pshaw! metaphysics again?—[Don't be impatient, madam.]—But how do they amuse themselves? That's what we want to know. Are they literary, musical, or pic-nic-ish, in their pleasures? In short, what *variety* of enjoyment have they? For even the spiritual raptures that you speak of, though an excellent thing in their way, must get to be a sort of *toujours perdrix* entertainment after awhile. Hush, he speaks."

"I have told thee more of the *blessednesses* and *satisfactions* of those who live on the planet Jupi-

ter, and thou mockedst at them. Still, I will point to thee their *delights*. Know, then, that while the favoured habitants of that planet were once *earth-ites*, or wayfarers in this world, like thyself, and that, while imagination is there even more vivid than reality is here, they live over again each pure and pleasant hour—each innocently happy moment that they ever knew in their brief existence here: live them over again now linked, each together in a chain of continuous happiness, and now arranged into still newly recurring combinations that present them ever fresh to the soul."

"By George, I thought there was no getting along without novelty, and this seems a good invention for getting it up second-hand."

"Man, man, this charm of their existence is not a supplying of the actual *needs* of those spirits, but springs only from the affluence of the bounty which delights to minister to them. The law of being requires not novelty as an element of happiness among the Joverians. Care and anxiety come not nigh them, as they seem to walk the earth, in this second existence—for these things spring only from the imperfect and impure condition of merely mortal man. The Joverian is perfect, because his ultimate destiny is fulfilled. He is pure, because the sympathy that absorbs his soul leaves no room for evil desires. And, as he lives over the happy hours of life again, with a being blent with his own—a radiant creature, who reflects every emotion of his

soul—each scene and object, endeared to past association, has a double zest; while those which, even while they charmed, once disturbed him by awakening some indescribable want, now that that want is supplied, become wholly delightful."

"What a *material* old sinner."

"No, stranger; it is thou who art the materialist. Thou who, with a Lucifer-like craving for *knowledge*, seest thy blessed hereafter only through the *intellect*, yet deem'st thyself far elevated above the worldling who beholds it merely through his senses. Mind and sense are but attributes of sentient beings. Love is the very essence of their souls. To the clairvoyant, a blessed hereafter presents itself only through the affections."

[I don't wonder—I don't wonder, my dear madam. I can't understand a word neither. I suppose he's talking what they call transcendentalism. —Certainly, I will, or any other question you choose to suggest.]

"The young lady wishes to know, sir, if you are not a *bachelor*?"

"—— My dear doctor, how could you wake up the patient just as he was on the point of answering that most meaning question——"

[It would, indeed, my dear madam. I understand you, perfectly—it would have been uncommonly interesting to have established the fact that these were the real opinions of a *married man* of eighty.]

A LAY OF GRATITUDE.

For the sweetness of this summer scene,
For the living light that flows,
Through the foliage of velvet green,
Where the radiant sunshine glows;
For the odour which the wild wind brings
From every lonely flower,
For the swelling symphonies he sings
To the quiet evening hour;
For the shades which chase the sunlight o'er
The long and wavy grass,
For the gorgeous clouds which melting soar,
And like strange visions pass:
For all that makes such wondrous joy, to thrill through-
out the frame,
I bless thy hallowed name, O God! I bless thy hallowed
name.

For my home, my cottage home, for all
The love that home contains,
For the altar where on Heav'n we call,
And offer grateful strains;
For the mercies of my own still room,
Where thought can freely rise,
Gathering from happiness or gloom
Fresh incense for the skies:

For the joy of gaining holy truth,
And light, which thou dost cast
To brighten and to bless my youth,
From wisdom of the past:
For all that makes my soul to burn with an aspiring
flame,
I bless thy hallowed name, O God! I bless thy hallowed
name.

For the cool, sweet draughts I often taste
From affection's crystal spring,
Which, were the world a wearier waste,
Would rest and gladness bring:
For the happy hope of entering where
We could not wish for change,
Where neither sin nor sorrow there
Among the blest can range:
For the bliss that faith in Jesus gives
To a contrite, broken heart,
For the thought of living where God lives,
And never to depart:
For all that, through thy spirit, can save from endless
shame,
I bless thy hallowed name, O God! I bless thy hallowed
name.

CAROMIA.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

"Lift thy palsied head, shake off the gloom
That overhangs the borders of thy tomb;
See nature gay as when she first began
With smiles alluring her admirer man."—COWPER.

CHAPTER I.

It was a night in December. The scene was Washington city. The moon was up, her light dimmed by clouds, but ever and anon she broke forth in all her splendour, brightening the marble buildings of the Capitol with a silvery lustre. The weather was raw and unpleasant, and the dark clouds of the west seemed to threaten an approaching snow-storm. The few persons in the streets—for the hour was late—hurried rapidly along, apparently anxious to get within doors. And yet the night was not without its beauty and its moral. The clouds rolled slowly on in detached masses—now dark and lowering, and for a moment shutting out the light of the glorious moon, which only shone forth with the more beauty when they passed from before her face. Thus it is with many of the shadows of human life. The light of truth—the glory of virtue may be darkened for a moment, but they will only shine out the purer and brighter in the end. While musing in this strain, and wandering thoughtfully along the great avenue of the Capitol—now with eyes directed to the scenes above, and now meditating upon the political storms and shadows in which the destinies of the country were measurably involved, a figure came reeling from a public house. It was that of a man of thirty-five. I paused for an instant, and soon discovered that the object before me was not only unable to walk with any thing like steadiness, but that every new effort seemed to grow more desperate.

"Only a drunkard," briefly observed another passer-by, and hastened on.

"Only a drunkard!" I mentally exclaimed. "But the night is cold and bleak, a storm threatens, and the miserable man, unless cared for, may be a stiffened corse before morning. I am a stranger here, too—away from friends and home; and is it not a possible case that this poor wretch may be some disappointed office-hunter—some unfortunate applicant for justice at the hands of the nation, who, heart-sick and hopeless, has permitted himself to be overcome in a weak and reckless hour by the fiend of intemperance. Despair may have madened him for the time. He may have a wife, a mother, at home—friends who love and cherish him, and he must not be left to perish."

Musing thus, and rapidly, and touched more, it is possible, because Washington was a strange place to me, I approached the reeling man with the object of ascertaining, if possible, who he was, to what extent he was intoxicated, and where he lodged. At the instant, a cloud which had hid the moon passed on, and the light of the queen of night shone directly into the face of the drunkard.

I started back in surprise. Can it be? I asked myself. The features were greatly distorted—the eyes glared with brutality—and yet I was not mistaken. Before me stood the Hon. George Wallingford—one of the most gifted members of Congress—a man to whose eloquence and wit and argument I had listened only the day before in the hall of the House of Representatives with delight and pride—delight produced by the splendour of his genius, and pride that one so young should not only be able thus to address the assembled representatives of the nation, but that he should so nobly vindicate the principles and the beauty of republicanism, and hurl back in trumpet tones upon our libellers the scorn of a justly indignant and truly patriotic spirit. On that occasion he was "the observed of all observers." The galleries were thronged with beauty and fashion—all ranks and ages drank in his strains of eloquence—many envied him his rare talents, and all accorded him praise of the warmest kind. The effort throughout was masterly. Even his best friends were astonished as well as delighted, and when he closed with a peroration that thrilled like a trumpet through the hearts of his countrymen, and brought the blood with a richer glow to the cheeks of the fair creatures who bent their eyes upon him, his colleagues hurried around him with eager looks and warm expressions of congratulation. That speech alone was calculated to win him a high character as a statesman and an orator; and although his abilities had before been appreciated by his immediate constituents, they would now be made known to the multitude of millions throughout this broad republic. I remember well the feelings of that hour. All seemed roused, excited, and carried away for the time. The name of the member from *Georgia* was in every one's mouth; some of his finest expressions were on the lips of all who paid attention to such subjects; and, except when the dark spirit of envy would embitter the heart

and palsy the tongue, his eulogy was universal. I returned to Gadsby's that afternoon with a subdued opinion of myself. I felt that I had been in the presence of one of the nobler spirits of the times—of one who possessed a peculiar gift of mind—who enjoyed the high faculty of moving by the magic of his eloquence, the hearts of thousands of his fellow-creatures.

Imagine my feelings, then, when I saw this being before me on the subsequent night—unable to articulate a single sentence distinctly—paralyzed in mind and in body—God's noblest work brutalized—the soaring principle of genius darkened and degraded—the idol of another hour now a scorn and a disgrace to civilization and humanity. Never did the horrors of intemperance appear in colours so vivid—never was the dreadful power of the rum fiend made so distinctly apparent.

I took the arm of the miserable man, and asked where he lodged. Some time elapsed, and in vain I endeavoured to make out his answer. He was utterly lost to propriety and a sense of shame, and, instead of exhibiting a willingness to be taken home, was eager to return to the tavern. His reason was wholly blinded. His tongue refused its office. His body seemed fastened by some awkward mechanism to his legs, and in his efforts to move he reminded me of the wooden toys made to amuse children during the Christmas holidays. It was now near midnight, and the spectacle was most melancholy. He could not walk; the tavern in which he had passed the evening was closed; he could not describe his place of residence, and it was impossible for me to carry him to my lodgings. Thus-situated, a servant came by—one of Gadsby's—who, on being questioned, said that the Hon. Mr. Wallingford had rooms at the house of Mr. Jones, about three squares off, and that his *mother* also resided there!

"His mother!" Heavens, what a shock to have her son borne to her in such a condition! Exulting, too, as she no doubt had been, with all the love of a mother's heart, at the triumphant effort of that son the day before! How soon was the cup of joy to be dashed from her lips! With what an agony of grief would she note his appearance and condition! He was her "only son, and she a widow!" How readily would she yield up her life to know him freed from that one infirmity—that dark curse which hovered about him like a fiend, and touched, as with the scathing desolation of the lower world, the glory of his brightest moments. Oh! what had she not dreamed since his triumph of yesterday! How it would stimulate him to avoid the rock on which he had so often been wrecked, when he knew that the eyes of his whole country would be directed towards him—when his constituents should hear of this master effort—his indulgent constituents, who had so frequently overlooked his youthful indiscretions! Yes—she felt convinced that he would reform—that he would avoid the tempting cup—that he would remember his dead father's former name and fame—his mother's unbounded affection—his own promising career!

These, and thoughts like these, thronged through the brain of that delighted mother! Heaven seemed to open its brightest hopes before her, and she fell upon her knees and thanked God for such a son, and prayed that he might for the future avoid the fatal habit which had already weakened his frame and impaired his character. She rose from her bedside, and looked wistfully, and not without some misgivings into the wide avenue before her window.

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"Hark! what sound is that? Merciful Heaven—what forms are those? Three figures—one of them borne in the arms of the others. A little longer support me, Father of mercies—God of the fatherless!"

"This way—this way!" and before the straining and almost maniac gaze of that devoted mother was laid the unconscious form of her gifted, but drunkard son!

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CHAPTER II.

I WAS detained in the city of Washington for several weeks. Claims upon government—applications for office, are not passed upon there with very great haste in most cases. Cabinet members are sometimes difficult of access, except to the favoured few, and they soon learn the courtier art of postponing from day to day every thing like a definite answer, while they delight—such is the perversity of power and of human nature—in fanning the desires of the heart with just sufficient force to keep them from expiring. Alas, for the victims of hope delayed! Alas! for the children of despair who have gone to the Capitol for justice, and left with shattered constitutions, exhausted purses, and bitterness of spirit. I have seen gray-headed men lingering for hours around the doors of some of the favourites of momentary power, or, having gained access to the presence of the great for the time, frozen almost speechless by an iciness of manner—an assumed formality, which cut to the quick, and repelled every thing like promise or expectation. It is so, perhaps, in all countries. It may be, too, that the dispensers of public office and bounty are compelled, by the force of circumstances, by the number of claimants, and the many impostors and pretenders among them, to be brief, formal, and often harsh in their interviews. But they should remember, nevertheless, that the diffident and meritorious only are to be driven from their objects by such a course. The bold and reckless—the vain and profligate, understanding the ways of the world and the arts of political aspirants, anticipate and are prepared for such treatment. They are not to be rebuked by a single repulse, but bide their time, seek their opportunity—discover the weak points in the great—the secret channels to their favour. Thus it is that our public stations are occasionally dishonoured by men who have

little reputation with those who know them best—mere adventurers, who make politics a trade, and who are ready to fawn and play the parasite at any footstool. A stranger, therefore, to these arts, and this description of trick and management, who went to press the suit of another, found it, at the time of which I speak, exceedingly difficult to reach the fountain head of power, and in such a manner as to enable him to tell the whole truth, and state his case fully and with a consciousness of having discharged his duty. Thus it was that the writer of this sketch lingered week after week at the seat of government, frequently at a loss for means of proper occupation. One evening his attention was arrested by the announced visit of a band of WASHINGTONIANS, among them one or two able speakers. A meeting was to take place at 8 P. M. The promised history of one who had passed the years of his young manhood in gaiety and dissipation—who had wasted a large fortune—who had recently become a convert to the water principle, and who now battled earnestly in the good cause, excited no little interest in the minds of many; and, at the appointed hour, I found myself amidst a throng of hundreds, some animated by curiosity, others by new-born zeal in the great reform, and others, again, by the desire to mingle in and be seen in a crowd. The opening speakers made only a slight impression. What they said was well enough; but it was an old story, told in the old way, with the usual form, and their remarks indicated little fire or enthusiasm, and were without a ray of genius. The third speaker was a reformed spendthrift, rake and inebriate. His name is now as familiar to all who have paid the least attention to the subject, as household words; but at the time of which I write, he had but recently entered the arena, and his reputation was but rising into a just appreciation. He was now to speak for the first time in the city of Washington, in the presence, it might be, of some of the distinguished representatives of the nation—men who were familiar with all the arts of oratory, and who could detect an impostor or a pretender with the first five sentences that he uttered. This view evidently impressed and influenced the Washingtonian. His personal appearance was manly and dignified; his voice was clear, powerful and musical; his mind, it soon became apparent, was richly stored and polished, while his whole soul seemed devoted to the good cause. He had not been fifteen minutes upon his feet before the eyes of the audience brightened under the influence of his eloquence, and the blood passed through their veins with a more rapid motion. His figures were apt and natural; his gestures graceful, easy, and forcible, while the air of earnest truth and deep conviction with which he enforced his positions, maintained his arguments, and appealed to the hearts and minds of his hearers, thrilled, agitated and delighted. The cause under his advocacy became that of religion, virtue and humanity. The smiles of Heaven were made to rest upon it and its friends; the rapid approach of the millennium

was identified with its progress, and the world seemed to glow and brighten with good deeds and pure principles, as the white banners of Temperance were borne in holy triumph among the nations. His own history was detailed. His reckless boyhood; his vicious manhood; his disregard of paternal counsels; his neglect of friends and family; his sacrifice of reputation; his loss of fortune; his degradation of body and mind, until he became hateful to himself and a disgrace to all of his name! And then the fiend of self-murder more than once whispered frightful subtleties to him. Love and friendship and kindness and charity, all abandoned him, and he hurried to the intoxicating madness of his destroyer to dim and darken the thoughts of his own mind. In his early time he had loved, deeply and tenderly, and the passion had been returned with all the fondness and truth of a virgin heart. But even this darling dream of his soul was dispelled by his brutalizing devotion to the rum-fiend, and he gradually abandoned beauty and truth and virtue, for the blasting, bloating, and crime-provoking monster of intemperance. In the maniac embraces of this demon, he was lost for a time—ay, for months and months; and the audience, could he give a faithful picture of what he was in his darkest hour, would not recognize the same being in the individual who addressed them. But he was never wholly forsaken. At times his better genius whispered—"all is not yet lost. Life still remains. The path of reform is still open. Awake, arise—burst the bonds of the tyrant, and be free again." This voice grew fainter and fainter as he descended the downward path. Often, in his momentary gleams of virtue and penitence, he determined to retrace his steps. But the task was, indeed, difficult. His nerves were tremulous; his strength was as a child's, and death seemed but a short distance in futurity. Thus situated, he was seized with a frightful illness, and lay upon the bed of a benevolent friend for weeks. His constitution was an iron one, and gradually his strength came back to him. Then it was that the visions of the past thronged upon his brain. Then he saw the deep abyss over which he had trembled. Then shame, pride and all the nobler feelings of his nature appealed to him. He knew his danger. He knew that he must become a pledged man before he left the chamber, or he was lost. Even at that hour, the craving fiend that he had created within struggled for the mastery, and with a power that none but those who were or had been drunkards could appreciate. Once more among his dissolute companions, and his resolutions of amendment would fade like the mist in the morning sun. He knelt by his bedside and invoked the aid of Heaven. He acknowledged his infirmity, confessed his weakness, and sought assistance from above. His prayer was answered. A new strength seemed infused into his being. He sent for his friend, and subscribed to the pledge in the most formal manner. "From that hour,"—and here his figure rose to its full height, his voice gathered fresh power, and his

eyes brightened with rekindled fire—he continued,—"I have felt myself a *man*—a being above the brute—the possessor of a mind and a soul—a candidate for immortality."

"Think me not a fanatic," he proceeded; "believe me no impostor. I feel that I am but yet an insignificant object in the vast scale of creation—a creature, once prostrate and degraded, but now animated with the spark of intellect and the attributes of reason imparted by the Creator for wise and benevolent purposes. These godlike gifts were perverted, misdirected, for a long portion of my life; and in the effort to win from the downward path of intemperance the hundreds who have gone astray, who are still vainly struggling to escape the meshes of the paralyzer, I do but manifest a proper appreciation of my own reform. Are there any such here to-night? Any who have mothers, wives, sisters, to whom they still cling with affection in their hours of sanity? Any who are gifted by the Deity with minds of light, knowledge and power, intended for the benefit of their fellow man, but weakened and palsied by the curse of the demon from whose embraces I have so recently escaped? If any such hear me, let them profit by my example—let them come forward; now is the time, this is the hour. No man need be ashamed of throwing off the black robe of the drunkard for the white garment of temperance. Let us triumph over ourselves. Let us live for those who love us. Let us rejoice that we are men, and prove ourselves worthy the attributes of intellect, of reason and of civilization."

With these words, the speaker descended from the platform, and took his station at a table that had been prepared for the purpose. The hundreds in attendance were touched and excited, as much

perhaps, by the manner as the language of the orator. A buzz of approbation passed through the room. Several young men, whose feelings had been interested, were already at the table attaching their names to the pledge. Spell-bound, in some measure, by the scene, and anxious to notice the effect still further, I moved toward the group. Many had already signed. And now a sensation of no ordinary character ran through the assembly. All eyes were directed to one quarter. A tall, thin figure approached the stand. The astonished crowd bent forward with anxious looks and held their breath in suspense and interest. The object of so much notice was Charles Wallingford, the gifted representative from Georgia—the orator whose speech in the House had won such universal eulogy—the stranger whose almost lifeless form I had assisted in bearing to the chamber of his mother.

"Will he sign—will he sign?" was the exclamation, half suppressed, but still audible, which broke from many a lip.

His step was firm—his resolution decisive.

"Room—room for Mr. Wallingford!"

With a faint smile playing upon his features, he took the pen that was so cheerfully tendered him, bowed slightly, and, in acknowledgment to the kindred spirit whose eloquent appeal had so moved him, affixed his name to the *Pledge*, and stood up before the world a redeemed man!

But who shall paint the feelings of his aged mother, at that glorious consummation of her dearest hopes? The tears of joy rolled down her time-worn cheeks, as she bowed herself in gratitude and thanked the God of the fatherless that he had heard and responded to her prayers—that he had saved her son!

TO "MARY."

BY DR JOHN C. MCCABE.

Thou hast asked for a lay, but my harp is unstrung,
And sad was the last tone that died on its string;
'Twere not meet that the names of the lovely and young
Should blend with the numbers I only may sing.
Yet for thee, sweetest lady, its chords would I sweep,
Till spirits of beauty should come at my call,
And like the bright angels their vigils should keep
Round the heart and the harp that would yield to their thrall.

Take my song, then, "Enthusiast," and with it my prayer:
May thy pathway through life, like some beautiful dream,

Be bright, tearless and calm; not a shadow of care
To darken an instant hope's star-lighted stream.

There are spirit-tones heard from the Æolian at night,

When the many-voiced winds 'mid its strings are at play,
And they come wildly beautiful bidding the light
And giddy thoughts fly from their music away.
May the sweet voice of mercy thus break on thy ear,
May it woo thee and win thee to list to its strain,
And kind Heaven, in pity, will hallow the tear
Of repentance, and bid thee ne'er sorrow again.

And when, like a bird that is winging its flight
From its prison-house back to its wild-wood so free,
Thy spirit shall soar from this region of blight
To its home far away, may its latest song be
Like the swan's dying lay, when its last sweetest note
Lapses faint on the ear as 'tis tremblingly given—
While angels' sweet symphonies round thee shall float,
May'st thou blend thy last hymn with the ransomed in heaven!

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A MINISTER AT LARGE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

NO. II.—THE WEDDING.

THE bright and the dark in life are intimately commingled. The same vale bears on its bosom the floating shadow of the jagged cloud that comes athwart the sun, and the splendour of the uninterrupted ray. The starving beggar wraps his rags about him in the chill winter wind, and sits to rest his weary limbs on the steps of the mansion of opulence. The hearse bears away the confined remains of the loved and cherished from the one dwelling, amid sable weeds and the tears and moans of bereaved affection, while there enters the next, in bright array, amid smiles and joy, a bridal pair to their home of hope.

So the hopeful or ludicrous is ever contrasted with the painful and revolting in the pathway of him whose eye is upon the current of human existence. And as my former story was one of suffering and grief, I have selected from my note-book to follow it, one whose characteristics are strikingly diverse.

I am about to relate the incidents of a wedding—the first, by-the-by, at which I was ever called to officiate. It was, therefore, an event in my ministerial life; and its peculiarities are the more firmly stamped upon my mind. Oh, ye fair votaries of the romantic and sentimental, who have invested the hallowed wedding-day and wedding-service with associations of the most elevating and interesting character; with whom the charm of married life would be painfully broken, if it lacked a fair and alluring outset; who see secret visions of bridesmaids and bridesmen, and floating veils and an august ceremony, I pray you read this little tale of unadorned reality, and smile or shudder as you may.

I was sitting at my table, on a Sabbath afternoon, subsequent to the public service, preparing myself for the duties of evening. It was in the month of April; and while thus engaged, I heard the door-bell ring. When I opened it, a man presented himself, whose flushed face, heavy eye, and, above all, the fumes of spirit assailing me from his breath, were convincing evidences of partial intoxication. He saluted me very courteously, and immediately announced his errand.

"Can you come down street a little way, and marry a couple—friends of mine? I'll tell you how it is. They were published by Mr. Jones, and expected, of course, to have him marry 'em, but when I came up arter 'im, I found he'd gone out of the city to preach; and the minister that preaches

for him, is from Massachusetts, and can't marry 'em. So I thought I wouldn't disappoint 'em so much as to go back with nobody, seeing they're all rigged and ready, and calculating on the matter—so I stopped to get you to go. I suppose you can tie 'em as tight as Mr. Jones could?"

"I suppose I can tie them fast enough," said I; "and, if they would be disappointed at delay, will be happy to go with you."

"Yes, they would," he replied; "for they've set their hearts on having the thing come off this afternoon, and no mistake."

"I will be ready in a moment," said I.

We were speedily on our way up the street. My chaperon was sufficiently talkative, and had a knowing wink for one and another of his acquaintances whom we passed at the corners. We soon turned into a by-lane, and I was conducted to the house—a low one-story tenement, of humble pretensions, over the door of which was the sign, "Abram Watkins, shoemaker." Passing through a narrow entry, I entered a small apartment, the most prominent object in which was a cooking stove, that occupied the centre. Around, against the walls, were seated sundry men and women of various ages, who received me with no testimonial of courteous greeting, unless a steady and expressive stare may be so considered. This created a feeling of sympathetic astonishment in my own mind, until I interpreted it to be in consequence of expectation to see Mr. Jones, and wonder that I should apparently have usurped his functions; so I quietly seated myself in a vacant chair, and was no sooner settled comfortably down than I saw my chaperon thrust his countenance—wearing a very significant expression—through a crack of the door, which he carefully held ajar, and beckon to one or more to come out to him. Thereupon, men and women started to their feet and rushed into the entry. The only one who remained was an old fellow in the farther corner. He did not move from his position all the while that I was in the house, but sat with his hands interlocked above his head, on which he wore a dilapidated fur cap, and his feet perched up on the rundle of his chair, that was tilted back, at an angle of forty-five degrees, against the wall. The door was closed behind the retreating party, but I could hear from the entry the progress of a most earnest confab, carried on in whispers. Thus some ten minutes elapsed, the old fellow in the corner remaining all the time as mute

as the black-featured stove between us, whose pipe I had to dodge to get a look at him. Finally, swing went the door again, and the posse marched in to the same seats which they had vacated. The illustrious individual, who had first enlisted my services on this romantic occasion, and who seemed to act as master of ceremonies, then came beside me, and said—

“Well, elder, I guess we’re all ready to go ahead. That”—here he pointed with his finger towards a very pretty girl of sixteen or seventeen, dressed in tawdry finery, who sat twirling her fingers by one of the windows—“that is the woman, and *that*—is the man.”

His finger, as he pronounced the last words, rested in the direction of the old fellow in the corner. Well, thought I, if these are the parties, there is something wrong here, and I shall decline to officiate. But before my ideas on the matter had time to assume a definite shape, the master of ceremonies burst into a loud laugh.

“No—no,” said he, “not he. Fact, I must be a little blind this afternoon, or else it’s precious dark here. No—that’s the man,”—and he laid his hand on the shoulder of a youth beside him, the most attractive in looks and manners of all the group.

At this stage of the proceedings, I instituted some necessary inquiries as to whether the requirements of the law in the premises had been complied with; and receiving satisfactory replies, expressed my readiness to proceed. There was then a significant pause in progress—one looking at another, in a state of the most ludicrous hesitation. Thereupon, a middle-aged woman, who had hitherto remained inactive in the back ground, jumped hastily up, and running to the bride, seized her by the arm, and posted her in the middle of the room. She then performed a corresponding manœuvre with the groom, planting him beside his betrothed. She was, for a few moments, in doubt, by-the-by, on which side of the lady the groom should be placed, and shifted them to and fro sundry times, with a jerk, to which they submitted like martyrs or puppets. Then she beckoned the remainder of the company to her, with the exception of the old man in the corner, and shoved them into line—the males and females respectively on either side of the high contracting parties, according to the rules laid down by the best authorities. Lastly, having taken a final look of inspection, she posted herself on the extreme right, smoothing down her apron, which had been a little rumpled by her efforts, and fixing her arms down by her sides, with head elevated, like a drill soldier under a martinet.

Upon this, I rose and proceeded with the ceremony. I exerted myself to infuse into it a due degree of solemnity and impressiveness—but the reader will allow that the preliminaries I have narrated were not especially conducive to composedness and serenity of mind. However, all proceeded well; the benediction was pronounced, and the parties severally resumed the seats they had previously occupied.

But ludicrous as all had been to me, it was a serious matter to the bride, who, at this crisis of emotion, was at a loss what to do with herself. She seemed to be in the most painful perplexity whether to laugh or cry. The former contingency finally won the day; so, turning her face to the window, she greeted us with a burst of hysteric laughter, which continued with unabated vigour, ascending and descending the gamut,—not very musically, however,—for some minutes. This musical finale was received in perfect silence on the part of the company, with the exception of the master of ceremonies, who accompanied the shrill treble of the girl’s voice with a succession of sonorous grunts. This *dolce concerto* being ended, the latter mentioned personage went into a closet, and, by his fumbling among glasses, seemed to be preparing some refreshment.

In the mean time, the old man in the corner, who had thus far maintained the most imperturbable silence, thought proper to make utterance. His words came forth in the thick, irregular enunciation of intoxication.

“I say, that ‘ere ain’t Mr. Jones, is it?”

“No,” replied one of the women; “Mr. Jones is out of town, and this gentleman has come instead.”

“I s’pose it will be all the same to ‘Mely?” continued the old man. This was the extent of his interference, except that, at intervals afterwards, he muttered, unnoticed—“I s’pose it’s all the same to ‘Mely.”

The master of ceremonies now appeared from the closet, with a small waiter, on which were six glasses. Here was a fresh source of merriment to me. There had not been wine enough to fill them all; so two were nearly full, two were about half full, and the remaining two had been honoured with but a few drops in each. These were studiously arranged in the order of their contents—the full ones occupying one end of the waiter, which was carefully extended towards me.

Being a decided teetotaler, and satisfied, moreover, that to drink wine is a poor way of commencing married life in any class of society, or under any circumstances, I declined to take the proffered glass. This left two full ones for the bride and groom, while the two half filled were passed to the women, and the men had to content themselves with putting the empty ones to their lips for form’s sake. The old man in the corner got no glass at all.

After the distribution of cake by the same dexterous attendant, which, in default of plates, had to be handled in a very primeval manner, I took my leave.

I shall not readily forget this, my first solemnization of the marriage rite. And I commend this simple tale of unvarnished reality to those who live in an atmosphere of sentimentality, and whose visions of life are all tinted *coulour de rose*.

Nor shall I soon dismiss from memory the parties concerned in this matrimonial affair. I shall

watch over their progress with intense regard;—and, in this republican country, who knows what may come of it? Who knows that the offspring of this humble pair, thus funnily fastened together,

will not, in after years, sit down in the famous “White House” its honoured master? If he becomes the great high candidate in my day, I shall certainly vote for him!

THE QUEEN OF THE DESERT.

BY MISS MARY ANNE BROWNE, OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

The following poem was written on hearing of the death of Lady Hester Stanhope, who was often called the “Queen of the Desert.”

QUEEN of the Desert! in that name there seems a thrilling spell;

It floats across the poet's heart like a mighty trumpet's swell:

I see the countless multitudes in flowing robes arrayed,
I see the glittering scimitars and the banners broad displayed;

I see the horses, black as death, with long manes floating wide,

And hoofs that spurn the burning sand, in conscious power and pride;

I hear the wild horn shrilly blown, I hear the cymbals clash,

And with a shout I see the troops to the mimic conflict dash;

Each horseman striving for the prize smile and approving turn

From her who bade the pageant be, our peerless Amazon!

Queen of the Desert! at the words another dream is framed;

A stately woman sits enthroned, “Queen of the Waste,” proclaimed.

Her palace rises proudly up 'midst mountains bare and old,

And her presence chamber doth display “barbaric pearl and gold;”

Her maidens gathered from the world like flowers from every land,

With silver woven veils, behind and round her footstool stand.

She only with uncovered brow, and an unquailing eye,
Beholds where loyal subjects wave the flashing sabre high;

She only sits in stately ease, with calm, majestic mien,
While turbaned thousands bend the knee to hail the Desert Queen.

Queen of the Desert, who didst own that name of thrilling sound,

It was not thus, oh! 'twas not *thus* thy dwelling-place was found.

No regal circlet crowned thy brow, and those who owned thy sway

Were a menial train who every hour could cast thy yoke away.

Thou wast a wilful exile from the country of thy birth,
There was not near thee *one* who knew that fairest spot of earth;

A single pillar on a plain in lonely grandeur placed,
A stately solitary palm upon a dreary waste;

A lily of the wilderness, lifting its pure white brow
Above the weeds and thorns around, such desert queen wast *thou*.

Queen of the Desert! lone and drear thy span of life has past,

But for thy aspirations on to fancies wild and vast,

The dreams of future glorious times, that e'en thine eyes should see,

The perfecting of holy works began in faith by thee;

Thy heart was not of that soft mould that often doth despond,

Thy soul o'erleaped the present cloud, and saw the light beyond.

I doubt not that the radiant stars, still burning as they roll,

Sent down a thousand messages into thy fervent soul;

I doubt not that that soul had learnt on eagle's wings to rove,

But didst thou never feel the want of some sweet human love?

Queen of the Desert! now that heart and throbbing pulse are calm,

Thou liest in the lonely tomb beneath the feathery palm.

Thy spirit shadowedst forth a dream, until it grew thy creed,

And still the dull world plodded on, nor seemed to hear or heed;

Thou and thy dreams have passed away, thy star of life is set,

And the dull world plods on the same, nor seemeth to regret.

Oh wasted life! Oh aimless aim! Tillage of seedless soil!

Like one who twisteth ropes of sand with never-ending toil

Queen of the Desert! Of thy realm where shall we find a trace,—

Thy slender sceptre broken lies and none may take thy place.

Queen of the Desert, happier thou if thus it had not been,
If in some blessed English home thou hadst been shrined a queen—

If children with their smiling eyes had gentle homage brought,

And faith in God's own promises had from thy lips been taught.

If *one* true heart had shar'd thy love, and strengthened thee to bear,

When sorrow should have crossed thy soul, or thy brow been dimmed with care,

Then mourning friends had gathered round to soothe thy dying hours.

Then 'neath our English skies thy grave had bloomed with English flowers,

And passing from the world in faith, with soul and smile serene,

Thou hadst left a dearer fame behind than ever graced a queen.

THE HEIRESS.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," ETC.

"For the sensitive plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower:
It loves, even like love—its deep heart is full."—SHELLEY.

CHAPTER I.

"Who is that dark little girl you have been talking to, Ainslie?" asked Tom Hawthorn.

"That little girl," as you call her, is the bride, Mrs. Levingsworth, for whom this party is given. Have you not seen her before?"

"You don't mean to tell me that that is Fred Levingsworth's wife?" replied the other, in an accent of almost incredulity, his eyes still fixed upon the lady who had called forth the inquiry.

"Yes—certainly. Why should you doubt it? There is nothing very surprising in the fact, is there?"

"That Fred Levingsworth's wife?" repeated the other, once more. "He who has always been so fastidious that he never could admire any woman whose beauty was not indisputable! And this is his wife, is it? Well, there is no accounting for marriages!"

"Heaven bless your simplicity," replied Ainslie, laughing. "There never was marriage more easily accounted for than this, and no impeachment on Fred's taste, either—for, mark you, I never said he admired, but only married Miss Lane. She was an heiress. Do you understand the mystery, now?"

"Ah, an heiress!" rejoined Hawthorn, in a tone which said "I comprehend." "And is she very rich?"

"Immensely so, I am told; and you may be sure Fred would not go 'cheap.' He would not sell his tastes for nothing."

"I saw you talking to her," continued Mr. Hawthorn; "does she seem intelligent?"

"The dullest little soul you ever saw," replied Mr. Ainslie. "I could not get any thing out of her but 'yes' and 'no,'—or rather 'no,' for it was 'no' to every thing I asked her. She seems to have been nowhere, seen nothing, and know nobody."

"Where did Levingsworth pick her up? I never heard the name before," said Hawthorn.

"Somewhere across the Bowery—I don't know exactly where."

"Well," rejoined the other, "he will spend his money like a gentleman. I give him joy."

"That he will," replied Ainslie. "Fortune is all he wanted. Fred is a clever fellow," and the speakers turned off different ways, and mingled with the crowd gathered together in honour of the young wife of Frederick Levingsworth.

"Julia, have you been introduced to the bride?" asked Mrs. Lawrence.

"Yes, I have done my duty," replied the young lady. "I was introduced, and made all manner of pretty speeches about Levingsworth and the family intimacy, and all that. And, by the way, he ought to be ashamed of himself. What an ugly, stupid little thing she is!"

"My dear," said her mother, "remember Levingsworth was poor."

"And if he was, he need not have made such a sacrifice—a spirited, noble, handsome fellow as he is. It is a shame."

"What is a shame, Miss Lawrence?" asked Mr. Ainslie, who came up just as the young lady pronounced the last words with more emphasis than caution.

"That we are not all heiresses," she replied, smiling.

"Fortune places her gifts on the right hand and on the left," replied the young man. "If beauty be the boon of some," he added, fixing his admiring eyes on Julia, "is it not fair that wealth should fall to the lot of others? You would not exchange with Mrs. Levingsworth," he continued, in tones of the most persuasive flattery, that contrasted oddly enough with the careless, worldly, off-hand tone in which he had discussed the subject with his friend Hawthorn.

"Well, Emily, what do you think of our new sister?" inquired Mrs. Fenwick of Miss Levingsworth, the morning after the party just alluded to. "Will she improve upon acquaintance, think you?"

Miss Levingsworth shook her head sadly as she replied. "I fear not, Mary. Beauty I did not expect, for that one has scarcely a right to hope with such a fortune; and, besides, Fred told me she was not handsome, from which I concluded she was plain. But air, manner, education,—something I certainly did expect, and wofully am I disappointed; for, between you and me, she seems to me as dull as she is plain, and I fear there is nothing in her to make any thing out of her. I see no ground to hope for improvement. Poor Fred! She will be a dead weight upon his hands forever." And the sister sighed as she thus pronounced sentence on her brother's young bride. "And how well he behaves," she continued. "I looked at him last night in admiration. Animated and joyous as usual, he received the congratulations of his

friends with all the cordiality of a man who might truly feel himself the subject of such felicitations, and introduced his wife as if he really was not ashamed of her."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fenwick, "I never saw any thing better carried off. Poor fellow, I felt for him, for there is no denying that it is a melancholy sacrifice. But what could he do? Situated as he was, ready money was indispensable to extricate him from the embarrassments into which he had got himself involved. With his generous nature and liberal habits, he must have wealth. He does not know how to economize, nor do I think, with his warm and impetuous character, he could ever have learnt. An heiress, therefore, was his only alternative. Ellen is that—and, alas, only that. But the whole of her large fortune, with the exception of her uncle's legacy, which is small, passes at once into Fred's hands, for she refused to let her guardian settle any portion of it on herself."

"Of course," said Miss Levingsworth, somewhat indignantly. "I wonder what that stupid old Dutchman could be thinking of when he proposed otherwise? Did he think Fred was to get neither beauty, accomplishments, wit nor beauty? And what a match it is for Ellen. To be married to a man like Frederick—handsome, agreeable, generous, who brings her at once into one of the best families in the union, and into a society so superior to what she has been accustomed to, that I should think she would feel as if she was translated. Indeed, I don't know what more even old Mr. Grotz could have expected for her."

"I doubt whether he values all these advantages," replied Mrs. Fenwick. "He only looks to the money. Of course Ellen must, although she does not show it. Do you know, I sometimes think she is not at her ease with us—that she is afraid of both you and me. I have observed that her hand was cold and trembled as I took it."

"Think so?" said Miss Levingsworth, carelessly. "I doubt it. She seems to me cold and calm enough. Depend upon it, if her hands are cold, it is constitutional. Her sensibility won't disturb her, I'll answer for it."

And thus were the newly-married couple discussed by their friends generally, and the sisters in particular, without the most distant allusion to the pure and warm affections that came with the dower of the young bride, or one thought of the "warm and generous nature" of the groom, who had so avowedly sacrificed himself for wealth, other than of sympathy and affection; for, accustomed to judge from appearances and dwell in externals, it never struck them that there might be that on the part of the wife which was, perhaps, more than an offset against the more brilliant qualities of the husband. In fact, Frederick Levingsworth was one of those charmed individuals who win hearts without merit, and captivate without effort. Handsome, animated and agreeable, he had those lively sensibilities and quick sympathies which pass for strong feelings and warm heart, until tried by the test of action,

and which are apt to deceive not less the possessors than superficial observers. In short, he was social and popular. Every body liked Fred Levingsworth, and every body was glad he had married well. He was what his sisters had called "generous," that is, always ready to give, and quite as ready, it must be admitted, to borrow. Expensive and reckless, with no habits of industry, and no idea of self-denial, that he should soon have involved himself in embarrassments was not surprising. It was the first and natural step of such a character; the second, to make the best of the good looks, good name and good manners his stars had conferred upon him by seeking an heiress, followed as a matter of course. Chance had thrown him in the way of Miss Lane. An orphan, with no one to control or oppose her, she was worth winning. Young and new to the world's ways, she was easily won. And thus was she "translated," as Miss Levingsworth had expressed it, after a few short weeks' acquaintance, from the quiet and hum-drum circle in which her guardian lived, to the more animated and brilliant sphere in which her husband and his family moved. Had he, by any of those accidents or freaks of nature which sometimes do overtake young men, fallen in love with Miss Lane, he might then have felt some embarrassment for the deficiencies in manner and appearance which he knew must strike his family and friends in presenting his bride among them. But having married her for money, he felt that that fortune was apology and explanation for any imputation otherwise resting on his taste. His wife was an heiress, and he knew the gay circle into which he was introducing her well enough to know that she would be received, not without comment and criticism, for that happens to none, but with flattery and attention. For her, therefore, he had no fears—of himself, no doubts. Consequently, when his sisters mourned over his sacrifice, and gave him credit for sustaining himself and wife so well, under what they considered a trying and painful situation, they endued him with sensibilities he did not deserve, and sufferings he did not experience;—while to his young wife, who was quivering in every nerve under the newness of her position and ignorance of all around her, the same hasty and one-sided judgment denied the sympathy that had been so readily accorded to a more graceful manner and winning exterior. In fact, the "translation" was one rather of pain than of pleasure to the bride. Brought up rather in accordance with the simple tastes and plain habits of her father's early life, which had been passed in obscure and laborious toil, than with the brilliant fortune he had been enabled by those habits of toil and gain to bequeath his only child, she had no accomplishments to fit her to adorn, nor tastes calculated to enjoy the gay circle into which she found herself suddenly thrown. Naturally diffident and silent, she saw herself surrounded by strangers who addressed her on topics she did not understand, and upon pleasures in which she could not sympathize. Her range of mind was limited, and culti-

vation had not enlarged it. She knew nothing of music, was ignorant of foreign tongues, and, indeed, was no great proficient in her own. She looked up to her husband with an affection that bordered on idolatry, and an admiration that amounted to awe; but from his sisters, whose wit and high-bred manner came unsoftened and unmitigated by the homage which he had addressed to the heiress, she shrank in absolute fear and trembling. With his fashionable friends, she had no subjects in common; and, diffident by nature and ignorant by education, she timidly withdrew from the new acquaintances around her, and longed to retire from the gay circle into which her husband had introduced her, for a more quiet and domestic life, where she only asked the privilege of devoting every energy of her heart and soul to the happiness of the one being she idolized. But this was denied her. Levingsworth had not sacrificed his tastes and married an heiress to lead a life of retirement and obscurity that necessity, with a more accomplished and beautiful wife, would scarce have reconciled him to. Under the present circumstances, of course, it was not to be thought of; and, therefore, scarce hearing, and not at all heeding her half-uttered objections to some of his arrangements for their new establishment, he only said "they must do as others did;" and she yielded with a sigh, but without a word. His wishes were thus carried into execution, and house furniture, horses and carriages, were all in keeping with the fortune of the wife and tastes of the husband. A few short months, therefore, from the time of her first acquaintance with Levingsworth, and she found herself placed at the head of an establishment, the style and elegance of which were as dissimilar to the simplicity of her early home as the habits of those around her were at variance with her previous education and tastes. But too affectionate to oppose his wishes, and too diffident to urge her own, all their measures were taken in accordance to his views, and without consulting her feelings. Not that Levingsworth was unkind, but only careless. What he liked, he supposed she did; or, at any rate, what he liked he must have, and, therefore, she soon found herself launched in a vortex of fashionable gaiety, and involved in a series of brilliant entertainments which exhausted without exciting her. She looked forward, however, to the close of the gay season, for that quiet which would restore her to the tranquil routine of domestic life, and the full enjoyment of her husband's society, which her heart so earnestly craved. In the mean time, she accommodated herself, as far as she knew how, to his tastes and wishes. The habits of order and method in which she had been educated under Mr. Grotz's guardianship, made her an admirable housekeeper; and her elegant establishment was kept up with a degree of comfort and regularity that enhanced all its luxuries. Naturally taciturn, and habitually quiet in all her movements, her husband was not at all aware of the constant though silent efforts she made to gratify his wishes. She never talked of what she did,

and, consequently, he did not know that she did any thing; for, with the carelessness natural to selfish persons, he took every good as a matter of course, and only observed any deficiency in whatever he might happen to want. Having accompanied his wife to every engagement, and duly introduced her into society, he gave himself scarcely less credit than did his sisters for the full and handsome manner in which he had so far fulfilled the duties of his married life. But now that Ellen was fairly launched into the circle that surrounded her, and well acquainted with the new routine of life just opened to her, he deemed his duty done, and that he might now again return, in some measure, to the clubs and sporting habits of his bachelor days.

"Ellen," said he, one morning, "I told Emily you would take her to-night to Mrs. Ashland's. I suppose you do not care about my going with you, as you have been there once already?"

The surprise and disappointment experienced by Mrs. Levingsworth at the question, deprived her, for a moment, of all power to reply.

"Go alone?" she gasped out, in a few minutes—she, whose only pleasure in frequenting such scenes was in accompanying her husband, and whose only motive for going at all was to please him—"Go alone?"

"Yes, why not?" he said. "Hawthorn will see you to the carriage whenever you want to come away. To-night is the club night, and I have promised to meet the old set."

"If you are engaged, let me send an apology," she urged.

"By no means," he replied. "I wish you to go; and, besides, Emily expects you to matronize her."

The tone of decision in which this was spoken settled the question. In fact, nothing short of the exigency of the case could have urged Ellen to such a point of opposition as she had already shown. The readiness with which he had made separate engagements for her and himself, besides her constitutional dread of strangers, unsupported by his presence, shot a pang through her heart; but she submitted in silence, as was her custom—nor was her husband aware of the sacrifice she was making, nor the bitterness of feeling such a trifle occasioned her. What was thus begun soon became a matter of course. He wished her to keep up her position in society, but it was a bore for him to accompany her there more frequently than appearances required; and, consequently, whenever his sisters had the same engagements, he left her to go with them. Sad and dispirited, therefore, while yet bent on pleasing her husband in all things, poor Ellen went night after night to assemblies for which she had little taste, and where she received no enjoyment, and for which the only credit she got was, that Emily told Mrs. Fenwick, in confidence, "that she thought Ellen was growing duller and duller every day."

"Ellen, why do you not use the carriage oftener? Those horses are getting ruined for the want of

exercise," said Levingsworth. "Shall I order it this morning for you?"

"If you please," she replied.

"If I please?" repeated he, laughing. "I don't please any thing about it, as I am not going. I want you to do just as you like best. If you are not fond of riding, pray walk. It is all one to me."

"It was all one to him!" And there was the sting. If he would have driven her, Ellen would have been too happy to ride, or to walk, if he would have given her his arm. But alone, who can find pleasure? "Happiness is born a twin."

Thus uncared for and neglected, closed the first year of her married life—finding herself unappreciated by her husband, misunderstood by his family, desolate and alone in the midst of all that should adorn and enliven existence.

CHAPTER II.

"Noble vengeance! Ille tailla pour Dieu le diamant brut rejeté par l'homme."—BALZAC.

THE sad and weary months had passed in that flat and cheerless lassitude which follows the first disappointment in married life, when a new era was opened to Ellen in the birth of a daughter. The feelings which had been chilled and repressed by Levingsworth and his family, now gushed forth over the little being whom she clasped to her breast and covered with kisses, with more even than a mother's love. Here her loving but proud heart could pour forth the treasures of its affections without fear or shame. She dreaded no coldness in those young eyes; no playful mockery round that little mouth; and the crowning smiles that returned her caresses were hailed as the sympathy for which her overburdened heart craved, with rapture, by the young mother.

The cares and somewhat delicate health attendant on the birth of a young infant, formed also an excuse for her withdrawal from the gaiety which had always been distasteful to her, that was readily comprehended and received by her husband, whose careless good nature made him always willing to oblige and gratify the wishes of his wife when he could do so without inconvenience to himself, and which he would have done more frequently had he always known in what those wishes consisted. But Ellen's, as we have said, though a loving, was a proud heart; and what her husband did not divine, she never told. Instinct, sympathy, love revealed his wants to her, and if no answering feeling betrayed hers to him, her lips never should. Here she was wrong. A more frank and communicative disposition would have won her, perhaps, more affection from him, and certainly more comfort for herself; but this was not in her nature. Too delicate and too proud for the careless and common characters around her, she suffered in silence, and made sacrifices as unknown as unappreciated. A new light, however, was now shed

over her existence, and the happy hours she passed in her nursery made amends for almost every other disappointment.

The summer and autumn months glided rapidly and happily on, and winter had once more returned. Levingsworth had invited his sister to pass the winter with them, and his wife had, with her usual gentleness, assented, although it was not exactly what she would have preferred, as she was somewhat afraid of the quick wit and lively turn for satire of her fair sister-in-law, and, besides, had hoped for a more quiet season than her sojourn with them would permit.

"Fred," said Miss Levingsworth, a few mornings after her arrival, "do you hold yourself in readiness to go with us to-night to Mrs. Ashland's?"

"Are you going, Ellen?" he said, turning to his wife.

"No," she replied, "not unless you particularly wish it. Emily is going with your sister Mrs. Franklin."

"If Mary takes you, Emily," he said, "I need not go with you. You do not care about it, do you?"

"Yes, to be sure I do. Franklin can't or won't go with us, and I always like to have a beau of my own to call the carriage and look after me, particularly when he is such a stylish one as you are," she replied, gaily; "so you need not think to get off."

"Nonsense," answered he, though smiling. "You don't want me."

"But I do," persisted his sister, "and you are going."

"Well, if you say I must, I suppose I must, for you were always wilful, Emily, about having your own way," said Levingsworth, half impatiently, though half flattered by her pertinacity, while his wife looked up in surprise at the hardihood that combated her husband's wishes, which was succeeded by a sigh at the playful and affectionate familiarity before which those wishes so readily yielded. What would she not have given to have dared address him so? Why was she not privileged to speak thus? And she was almost jealous of the frank and fearless affection that subsisted between the brother and sister.

Emily was very pretty, and Levingsworth was proud of her; and, therefore, although forced to Mrs. Ashland's against his will, he returned animated and in spirits. Ellen gladly availed herself of every opportunity to yield the task of chaperoning her sister-in-law to others, and it soon became a matter of course, when discussing any party, to say, "You don't go, I suppose, Ellen?—then Fred must." And Levingsworth no longer remonstrated when Emily called upon him to accompany her into society; for, proud of her beauty, and flattered by the admiration she excited, and without his wife, who had always been more or less upon his mind in those gay scenes, old feelings returned with the old circumstances, and he rather enjoyed the parties he had so lately voted a bore. Ellen marked the change; and the "you don't go, I suppose, Ellen?"

which, at first, had been a relief to her, became a source of irritation and pain, as it became a matter of course. Not that she wished to go, but she was deeply wounded by the carelessness with which she was left at home.

"Ellen does not like this," and "Ellen does not like that," was settled by the brother and sister without any reference to Ellen herself; and it was not that, on the whole, they decided wrong, but that the thoughtlessness and inattention with which the decision was made, pained her. She would have been gratified had she been sometimes asked, and delighted had she ever been urged to accompany them, as, in fact, she would have been, had either of them cared about her going. It was this indifference, this selfish forgetfulness, that drew tears from her eyes night after night, as her husband drove off with his sister. Soon, however, this feeling gave place to one of a far quicker and sharper nature. It happened that she had heard Emily and her husband allude frequently to a Mrs. Asden; and some one of their lively guests, one day, had spoken of her as "Levingsworth's new belle." The phrase was accidentally used, but jealousy was roused, and she thought she saw at once the reason why she was so quietly left at home, and why Levingsworth had become all at once so good-naturedly Emily's escort to every place of gay resort; and, emboldened by the tortures of this new feeling, she resolved to join her husband and his sister on the first occasion, where she might see her she fancied her rival.

"Invitations from Mrs. Ashland again," said Emily. "I shall go; so remember, Fred, and keep yourself disengaged. Shall I refuse for you, as usual, Ellen?"

"No," said Mrs. Levingsworth, quickly; "I will go."

The decision with which she spoke gave almost a sharpness to her tone, that caused her husband to look up with surprise, as he said—"This is something new."

She coloured deeply, as she answered—"It is so long since I have been out, I should like to see a ball-room again."

And Emily only thought—"What caprice is this, I wonder, that she has taken in her head?" as she answered the notes.

"Show me Mrs. Asden," said Ellen to her sister-in-law, when they arrived at Mrs. Ashland's.

"There she stands, just by the pier-glass."

"That dark woman, with the crimson fez?"

"Yes."

"But do you think her handsome?" pursued Ellen, in a tone half of disappointment and half of relief.

"Handsome? No, certainly. Who does call her so?"

"Why, Frederick. Do you not think Mrs. Asden handsome?" she said, eagerly turning to her husband.

"Never dreamt of such a thing," said he, laughing. "What put that in your head? You may

have heard me say that she dressed so well she almost passed for it. But she is plain—would be so, decidedly, if it were not for that."

The relief Ellen experienced on hearing these words can scarcely be imagined. And the new light, the new hope, too, they inspired. Here was a woman who was avowedly ugly, confessed to be very plain, and yet who excited admiration and produced an effect. There was something, then, that would supply the place of beauty. What was it? Dress. And anxiously did she study that of Mrs. Asden. How her heart throbbed with hope and delight as she gazed upon her. The next morning she drove to Mrs. H's and ordered a head-dress in the same style as Mrs. Asden's, and procured a dress as nearly like as possible, without being the same, and impatiently awaited the next party to try her new experiment. It soon occurred, and, dressing herself with unusual care, she prepared for Mrs. Franklin's.

Levingsworth was, as usual, a little late, and, consequently, the ladies were already cloaked before he joined them, and his wife had no opportunity of judging of the effect of her dress upon him until he saw her in the full blaze of Mrs. Franklin's wax lights. She then saw him glance at her with a look of surprise, and heard him say, with a smile, in a low tone, to Emily—"What on earth has Ellen got on her head?" At which, her sister-in-law looked at her with an expression of amusement, as she made some answer, the words of which she could not catch, and turned away. Ellen felt herself colour deeply, although she knew not why, and her husband approached with the same peculiar smile that had startled her when he spoke to Emily, and said—

"Where did you get that head-dress?"

"At Madame H's," she replied. "Do you like it?"

"No," he answered, shaking his head; "I cannot say I do. Pray, never wear it again."

"I thought you admired Mrs. Asden's," said his wife, deeply mortified, "and so I ordered one like it."

"I don't think her's was like that," he said, carelessly. "It certainly looked differently."

Any one who has ever dreamed that they found themselves in a gay assemblage, and then somehow awoke suddenly to the consciousness of having their night-cap on, may, perhaps, have some faint idea of the sensations experienced by Ellen, as her husband turned away unconscious of the pain he had inflicted. Mortified and abashed, Ellen knew not why that which had been so much admired on another, should produce so contrary an effect on her. She saw that there was no particular admiration on her husband's part towards Mrs. Asden to blind him, and, consequently, her inability to please him struck her more deeply and painfully than ever. The truth was, that Mrs. Asden, although far from handsome, was a very stylish-looking woman—that kind of person upon whom odd and peculiar things produce an effect that fail on others; and the

head-dress that Ellen had chanced to see her in first, was one of those marked things that, worn by her, was striking and piquant, but, on poor Ellen, was only *outré*. Not having that discrimination which only education or a quick eye can give, to discern all this, Ellen had, therefore, in departing from her usual simplicity, when she was safe in her insignificance, boldly touched upon the absurd. Humbled and heart-stricken, she returned home, her visions having failed her, without any farther desire of again accompanying Emily and Levingsworth; and once more centering heart and soul in her nursery, she tried to withdraw her mind from the trials of her lot, and in the fulfilment of her duties find that consolation which her sorrowing spirit needed.

As years went on, the added cares of a larger family engrossed more of her attention and occupied her mind, and, perhaps, would have secured her much of happiness, had not new troubles darkened about her. Levingsworth had, in the first novelty of coming into possession of so large a property, been content with merely expending the income in horses, entertainments, &c. But as habit somewhat blunted the zest of these pleasures, and wanting new excitement, he easily became the prey of those who are always ready to hang upon and flatter the unwary and rich, to enter into speculations which were, in fact, only a more respectable kind of gambling. These, from being at first successful, soon became ruinous, and the large fortune which Ellen had brought him was now slipping from his fingers with alarming rapidity. Desperate, he madly struck at every thing instead of at once withdrawing from a contest with sharper wits, for which he was most unequal. Ellen was only aware that some of her husband's investments had been unfortunate, and, therefore, she retrenched in every branch of the household economy that fell within her department. All she could do, however, was but a drop in the ocean—for it had been one of her trials, and one that her husband never suspected, to be always cramped for money. Now, this was one of the evils of her proud and reserved nature. Levingsworth was one of the most liberal men in the world when he had money, but with the carelessness so common to selfish characters, he seldom thought of offering his wife that which she never asked, and she was too proud to ask for what was not offered. This asking for money is a more painful thing to women than men are always aware of. To Ellen it was torture, and she never had recourse to it except when impelled by household necessities. The income of the legacy left her by her uncle had always been paid into her own hands, and that she had made use of for her own and children's personal wants. Thus, in the midst of abundance, she had always been in the habit of exercising a strictness of economy which had sometimes attracted her husband's attention, and at which he had only laughed without divining the cause, and which had made his sisters shrug their shoulders, and settle between themselves "that Ellen was very mean."

There was but one point on which she had never yet been willing to economize—the education of her children. It was curious to see the attention and anxiety she bestowed upon a subject, the importance of which most persons would have scarcely supposed her a competent judge. Her great desire seemed that they should be highly accomplished, and she took the utmost pains to secure them the most approved masters.

"What chatter boxes those girls are," said Mrs. Franklin, one day, as Ellen's two eldest daughters sat at the farther extremity of the room talking together.

"Are they?" said Ellen, looking up with an expression of extreme pleasure. "I am glad you think so."

"Why?" inquired Mrs. Fenwick, with some surprise.

"Oh, it is such a happiness," said Ellen, earnestly.

"What, to talk?" said Mrs. Fenwick, laughing.

"Yes," continued Ellen; "they will tell all they think and feel." And she looked at her darlings with an expression that, for the first time, gave her sister-in-law some faint insight into the peculiarities of her character.

Levingsworth's pecuniary difficulties continued to thicken about him, and, at last, the crash came; and Ellen learnt, not without bitter sorrow, that the bright inheritance of her children had passed away. But still, her deepest regrets, her warmest sympathies were for her husband. Her children were yet young, and wealth, she well knew, brought with it no happiness of itself. She had still a competence left for them. But her husband—how would he bear the privations he must now endure; and she thought, too, of his mortifications in feeling himself to have thus wasted the birthright of his children, and she grieved for him in spirit. Here, however, she invested him with sensibilities he did not experience. Levingsworth looked upon himself as unfortunate, but not blameable.

To change the whole style of their establishment was a matter of course, and their quiet and simple manner of living now comported better with Mrs. Levingsworth's tastes than with that of their more prosperous days. Surrounded by a growing family of sons and daughters, whose enthusiastic affection for their mother surprised their father's friends, Ellen would have asked no more, could she have seen her husband happy. But privations suited ill with his selfish and luxurious habits. In vain did his wife deny herself, and exert all her womanly and housewife skill to supply him with the comforts he had been accustomed to. In vain were her many and nameless sacrifices made. They could not restore him luxury at home and consequence abroad, and the change was deeply felt—souring a temper naturally exacting.

By-and-by came one of those sudden and fallacious bursts of prosperity, when stocks rise and fortunes are made (or said to be) from nothing, and Levingsworth chafed and then rebelled against the

powerless inactivity he had felt at first to be his lot. Now, a few thousand dollars might retrieve the past, if fortune was taken at the flood. "His wife must sign off." The idea no sooner occurred to his mind than it was seized upon with avidity. Ellen would have remonstrated had she dared, but her courage failed her when her husband said, impatiently—"It is but a trifle." She had never been used to oppose him, and it seemed scarcely generous now to take advantage of her power to thwart him—but her heart died within her as she put her signature to the paper.

Ellen's mind was narrow and contracted, as we have said, but it was true and upright; and she had a vague and general sense that her husband's views were scheming and unsafe. But with no power of expressing this inward conviction—no capacity for clothing her instinctive but just feelings in a tangible and outward form, what could she do but submit, as she had always done, in silence. What was thus done once, she was called upon again to do; and, although the sums were comparatively small each time, yet an alarming inroad was soon made upon their little principal. Her old friend and early guardian, Mr. Grotz, now called upon her, and, as her father's friend and her own trustee, remonstrated seriously with her on the course she was pursuing. He reminded her of the duty she owed her children, and that the beggary with which they were now threatened would be her own act.

She wept bitterly—for her conscience told her that the reproaches the old man did not spare her were merited. She felt that she had let the feelings of the wife prevail over her sense of duty as a mother, and that she had been unjust to her children rather than oppose her husband; and Mr. Grotz did not leave her until he had exacted a solemn promise that she would be firm for the future, and not call upon him again.

Soon, however, was this resolution put cruelly to the test; for Levingsworth, ever sanguine and speculative, would once more try his fortune in some new scheme. The painfulest of all trials now awaited her—to adjust opposing duties and conflicting affections; and had she not been bound by her promise to her guardian, she would probably have yielded under the contest.

Astonished at this opposition on her part, her husband gave way to a burst of passion that almost overwhelmed her; and, with more self-command, returning soon again to the subject, condescended, for the first time in his life, to explain his views and enlarge upon his hopes; but she could only weep and answer—"I cannot consent to beggar my children of the little that remains." To which he impatiently exclaimed—"Can't you understand that it is to benefit them as well as us?" And then he commenced again the whole argument, with added irritability and minuteness, as if he thought her dulness of comprehension the only obstacle in his way. Poor Ellen was cruelly wounded, for she felt keenly what his manner implied; but she knew not how to tell him that she distrusted the

judgment which had deceived him so often, and felt no right to embark their little all in a vision. The subject was renewed again and again, and each time with similar results; and Levingsworth's passion rose high, and the muttered words "stupid, obstinate fool," escaped his lips, and then Ellen felt as if she could have laid her down and died.

Soon was she attacked in a new shape, and one for which she was not prepared. Her husband asked her signature for that which he told her was no sale; and then he talked of trusts and mortgages, and made use of business terms which she did not understand—but ended in distinctly, though somewhat impatiently, assuring her she was not parting with her property in signing the paper he placed before her. She complied; and the next day brought her old guardian, Mr. Grotz, with grave looks and severe words, to reproach her with breach of faith in having violated the promise so lately given him; and then Ellen eagerly attempted to explain that which her husband had told her, and earnestly assured her guardian it was no sale.

"Then, my child," said Mr. Grotz, earnestly, "your husband has deceived you. I tell you you have parted with your last and richest farm; and, untrue as Levingsworth has always been, he has played you false in this. Promise me to put your signature to nothing another time until you have seen and consulted me."

With pale and quivering lips, the promise was given, and firmly was it adhered to—but from that day forth the springs of life were sapped. Ellen's upright mind and strict principles were horror-stricken at the deception practised upon her, and her heart revolted against the injustice done her motives. The passionate love for her children, and her consciousness of fulfilling her duty, had sustained her until now. But the object for which she had lived and struggled—the education and independence of her children—was now partially attained, and she felt that she could endure it but little longer—that the end was near. And never were the sacrifices of a mother's love more devotedly and enthusiastically returned than by the family for which she had suffered and loved so much. Young and unsophisticated hearts will yield affection for affection, and requite sacrifices with devotion. Others looked on in surprise at the excessive attachment of Ellen's children, and Levingsworth almost resented the affection which he could not understand, and of which he felt himself thus defrauded as of his due. Weaker and weaker grew the so idolized mother; and, at last, her gentle spirit passed away, and she sank to that rest for which her whole life had been a preparation.

Passionately was she wept and long was she mourned by her children; and when she was no longer there to minister to his comforts, and watch his wishes, and anticipate his wants, did Levingsworth begin to feel "that he had entertained an angel unaware."

"But tears are a most worthless token
When hearts they would have soothed are broken."

THE CENTRE-TABLE.

NO. IV.

BY MISS LESLIE.

MRS. CHASTNEY, the aunt of Mrs. Wayland, arrived from Boston. This lady had certainly grown old with a good grace. Her clear, healthy complexion, lively eye, and figure still erect and symmetrical, though somewhat *embonpoint*, gave her the appearance of being considerably younger than she really was. But, with regard to dress, she had long since given up to old womanhood, though very prematurely in the opinion of her friends. She wore her own silver hair plainly and smoothly parted on her high and still unwrinkled forehead, and over it a cap of clear muslin, bordered with fine lace, (she was curious in laces,) and trimmed with ribbon of one of the numerous shades of slate, lavender-colour, and gray—but, though small and simple, nothing could be more becoming than her caps. Her gown was always black, of chaly, alpaca or merino in winter, with a cape or pelerine of the same, a broad, black, velvet collar, and an under-handkerchief of French cambric, with a standing frill finely pleated. In summer, her dress was of black silk, with a square muslin 'kerchief folded in half and pinned on outside of her gown, which for many years had always been made unchangingly in a convenient and sensible fashion, suited to her age and figure.

The third of her late husband's property had placed at Mrs. Chastney's disposal a handsome income, of which she made a liberal use—keeping her house genteely and hospitably, and doing all possible acts of kindness to her relations and friends.

Mrs. Chastney was a native of Philadelphia, and only sister to Mr. Suffield, the father of Mrs. Wayland. While she was Miss Suffield, her artist brother took her with him to Europe, when he went thither to improve in his profession; and she passed some very happy years on the other side of the Atlantic, enjoying much, seeing much, and remembering much. Soon after their return to America, Miss Suffield was married to Mr. Chastney, a Boston merchant, who had been one of their fellow passengers in the ship that brought them home. Her brother was subsequently united to a very charming young lady, who inherited considerable property on the death of her father. Mr. Suffield, however, did not in consequence relinquish his profession, but taking his family with him, (including his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Wayland,) he made a second visit to Europe, where he profited greatly by witnessing the improved state of the pictorial world, and examining the works of the best living artists.

The venerable Mrs. Chastney was blest with a memory of extraordinary power and correctness; and she loved to gratify such of her auditors as delighted in listening to reminiscences of what is called in America, the olden time, and which generally means the period that began with the Revolution and ended with what we hope will continue always to be designated as "the last war." The friends of her niece united in rendering Mrs. Chastney's visit to Philadelphia as pleasant to her as possible; and round the cheerful and intelligent old lady was frequently found a larger assemblage of young people than that which encircled the reigning belle of the season.

One evening, at the centre-table of Mrs. Wayland, when Mrs. Cottinger had been remarking upon that fruitful subject, the inconvenience and ungracefulness of certain late fashions, Mrs. Martlet observed—"These things must seem very strange to you, Mrs. Chastney, compared with those of the good old times?"

Mrs. Chastney.—I have met with a copy of Goldsmith in which, at the line in the "Deserted Village,"

A time there was ere England's griefs began,
some person had written on the margin—

When could that time have possibly been?

In like manner, I may reply to you that, with regard to female attire, I recollect no period when the times were *good*, and when comfort, convenience, and, indeed, true elegance were not too generally sacrificed to the senseless caprices and arbitrary dictates of fashion. Feet were always pinched, waists were always squeezed, hair was always elaborately drest, and the habiliments of our ladies were always too warm for an American summer and too cold for an American winter—following blindly the modes of France and England, without reflecting that in those countries the temperature of the seasons is more uniform, and the extremes of heat and cold are rarely felt as on this side of the Atlantic.

Mrs. Pelby.—I am sure I wish little bonnets would go out of fashion and never come in again, for they freeze my face in winter and broil it in summer.

Mrs. Wayland.—But, my dear Mrs. Pelby, you are not obliged to wear those very small bonnets.

Mrs. Pelby.—Oh, there is no help for it as long as other people do. You may say what you please,

but you know my maxim is—" 'Tis as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion." To be sure it is very uncomfortable to have one's bonnet coggled up straight from one's forehead, rearing bolt upright, and exposing not only one's whole face, but nearly all the back of one's head. My skin is so fine and thin, that between sun and wind I have had it nearly all peeled off, beside using oceans of almond cream to make it feel better. And, one day, my principal hair-pins came out, and down fell all my hind hair, the back of my bonnet being so reared up as to be no safeguard, and there is no such thing as wearing a cap under them. I did not know it till I got home; and there I had been trailing my long hair down my back all the way up Chestnut street. One's hair is always a great plague to one.

Mrs. Chastney.—But much less so now than in the bad old times. I remember when it was the fashion to plaster the hair with pomatum and powder, frizzing it all around the face into the semblance of a thick white fog, or twirling it with heated irons into multitudes of stiff, hard, regular curls, arranged horizontally. The hind hair, if worn down the back, as was sometimes the mode, (not only for young ladies but for their mammas,) also underwent the discipline of the pomatum roll, the curling irons, and the powder-puff. Generally it was turned up underneath, forming a deep broad fold, which rested on the neck behind and descended to the top of the gown-back. Sometimes a black velvet ribbon was passed through this immense loop of powdered hair, and encircling the neck was fastened in front with a brooch.

Mrs. Wayland.—Think of such a massy *chevelure*, thickened with pomatum and powder, being worn in Philadelphia in the dog-days.

Miss Olivant.—Yes—and, according to the testimony of our ancients, the dog-days were then much dogger than they are now.

Mrs. Chastney.—And the winters proportionately cold. To make hair-dressing less tedious, (and it frequently occupied two hours,) those who could afford the price adopted immense cushions, almost large enough to cover a chair-bottom.

Miss Brookley.—But on what part of their heads did they put them?

Mrs. Pelby.—Not at the back certainly.

Mrs. Chastney.—No—at the front; rising perpendicularly from the forehead more than a quarter of a yard, and spreading out as widely at the sides. The best cushions were stuffed with horse-hair, enclosed in a strong covering, and made as hard and firm as possible. They were then covered closely with a profusion of human hair, cut all of equal length; and this hair was either frizzed *en masse*, or curled all over in regular tiers, row above row, the whole being powdered very white. These cushions were tied on with strings that passed beneath the real hair at the back of the neck.

Miss Brookley.—But could bonnets be worn over such huge things?

Mrs. Chastney.—They could not. To admit a

cushion, it was necessary to put on, when out of doors, an enormous calash, resembling a gig-top. These calashes were worn in full promenade dress, and were made of very handsome silk, pink, blue, lilac, pea-green and other gay colours, and trimmed with lace. To steady the calash, it was expedient always to hold in your hand the two ends or corners that met beneath the chin.

Miss Brookley.—And what was the most fashionable material for gowns?

Mrs. Chastney.—Silk, satin or brocade; the last especially. The ground was generally light, with large vines of large flowers wandering largely over it, interspersed with straggling green leaves. Some had detached clusters or bouquets of flowers; others had flowers in baskets.

Mrs. Cottinger.—I regretted to see that, a few years since, our young ladies were taken with a whim of reviving their grandmothers' brocades, and wearing them to parties with very little alteration in the form—retaining even the tight sleeves, descending below the elbow, and terminating in a ruffle. I saw married ladies who, in addition to these antiquated and ungraceful dresses, disfigured their heads with tall, high-crowned caps, having broad pigeon-wing borders. They must have been likened, by all who remembered her, to the stage-dresses of that excellent actress Mrs. Francis, when she played Miss Lucretia Mactab, Mrs. Malaprop, and other ancient spinsters and dowagers.

Miss Olivant.—I was glad, however, to see that this revival of old silk gowns had but a very short reign. I cannot but think that the chief cause of even its partial success was the opportunity it afforded of showing what the grandmothers had been, and thus proving that the family had once had gentle blood in its veins—or rather money in its pockets; and that the grandfathers *must* have been persons that "were well to do in the world." I have heard that, in the times to which they belonged, the price, by the yard, of these thick, heavy flowered silks, was counted, not in dollars, but in guineas.

Mrs. Chastney.—True—yet in those times, as in the present, there were people whose extravagance far exceeded their income; and there was the same disposition to dress expensively *coute qui coute*. The wife of a small tradesman or mechanic, by dint of pinching and screwing her household, and teasing her husband, sometimes succeeded in obtaining one of those costly brocades; which, it was true, would last her as a holiday gown for the remainder of her life, and could then be bequeathed in good preservation to her daughter.

Mrs. Pelby.—Well, I have one of those brocades, and it is so stiff and thick that it absolutely will stand alone. It is one of those with a white ground, and green leaves, and large red flowers going all about it. I would have had it fixed up, and worn it to parties the season the old silks came into fashion again, but my husband said it looked like wall-paper; and I gave it up when he offered me a new velvet dress instead of it. But my grandmother was really somebody.

Miss Olivant.—I do not in the least doubt it.

Mrs. Pelby.—I have often been told that I look myself as if I had been something all my life.

Miss Olivant.—Certainly—any one can see in a moment that you are something.

Mrs. Pelby.—I am glad to hear you say so, for I have always considered you an excellent judge of people.

Miss Brookley.—Mrs. Chastney, how did the little girls dress when you were one?

Mrs. Chastney.—We wore very full-skirted, full-bodied frocks; the body and skirt all in one piece, confined at the waist with simply a casing and a drawing-string. These bodies fastened at the back, having another drawing-string round the neck. Sometimes, when the waist was very long, there was still another casing or drawing-string half way down the waist, looking a little like one body above another. The frock skirts were always open behind and the petticoat such as could be displayed. The sleeves were called short ones, but they descended to the elbows or below them—always, when tight, an ungraceful length, for it makes the upper part of the arm look too long and thin, and the lower part too short. If a tight sleeve covers the elbow at all, it should come quite down to the wrist, or it will give an effect of oldness and awkwardness to the arm.

Miss Brookley.—And how did the little girls wear their hair?

Mrs. Chastney.—I am sorry to tell you that, in the days of my early juvenility, the hair was cut straight along the forehead—a large square lock being left at each side to hang over the ears. Behind, a portion of the long hair was gathered into a handful just below the top of the head, and tied back with a pink, blue, or green ribbon; the remainder hung loose on the neck. Happy were the little girls whose hair curled naturally; they escaped the nightly process of putting up in papers the earlocks, and the hind-locks, and of sleeping uneasily with these hard knots or twists of paper rubbing about under their night-caps, and hurting their heads. On great occasions, our hair was curled with heated tongs, and a turn upwards given to that which half-concealed our foreheads; and we were much delighted when the powder puff was unsparingly applied as the last finish. Our common frocks were of English chintz that would now be considered remarkably ugly, though it was four times the price of the American calicoes that are now so handsome and so cheap. In winter, our common dresses were a twilled worsted, called by the strange name of wild-bore, the colours generally crimson, green or dark blue. Our best frocks were of white tamboured muslin, and our “better-most-of-all” of muslin tamboured with coloured silks. Thin muslin frocks were worn over coloured petticoats, generally of blue or pink durant, a very stiff, glossy, worsted stuff. Sometimes a muslin tamboured in colours covered a complete underdress of pink silk. Our shoes were generally red morocco, the straps fastened by silver clasps or buckles.

Miss Olivant.—The shoes, at least, must have been pretty.

Mrs. Chastney.—I recollect perfectly the dress I wore at my first tea-party. It was a white tamboured muslin over a pink durant petticoat. The frock was bound round the neck and sleeves with pink satin ribbon, and there was a sash to match. My hair had gone through the operation of the curling tongs and been well powdered; and it was tied back with the same pink ribbon, decorated with a large cockade on the top.

In those days, when a little girl had a tea-party, it was customary to invite all her schoolmates, who, on that occasion, were always indulged with a half-holiday. A note was prepared for each of the girls, and distributed at school by the party-giver herself. The fashion was for all to assemble in full dress at the school-room, by two o'clock in the afternoon. From thence they marched in procession to the residence of their young hostess—she heading the troop, accompanied by a sister or daughter of their teacher. Unless in winter, they walked unbonneted and unshawled, in all the magnificence of gay-coloured petticoats, thin muslin frocks, bright ribbons, and powdered heads; each holding or seeming to hold, a spread fan before her face. The boys at the corners complimented them by “hurrahing for the tea-party.” At my first *fête*, I was honoured by the company of two little French girls from the West Indies. Adèle and Fanfan were in great vogue at the juvenile entertainments of that season, because, as was regularly specified in talking of them, “they could not speak a word of English,” and they always, to a new acquaintance, said something which we called “Pollywoo Francey,” for which we listened impatiently.

Miss Olivant.—Even in our own times we see foreigners successfully going the rounds of society, when their only qualification seems to be that of not speaking a word of English.

Mrs. Martlet.—Add one other—that of being “bearded like the pard.”

Miss Olivant.—True—or rather like “most patriarchal goats.”

Mrs. Cottinger.—The first time my little niece Lucy saw a gentleman with a long bushy beard, she jumped down from the chair on which she had been looking out of the window at the city sights, (all being novelties to her,) and running into my room, exclaimed—“Oh, aunt, dear aunt, I have seen a prophet go by!”

Miss Brookley.—And now, Mrs. Chastney, how did the little French West Indians look?

Mrs. Chastney.—They were very dark-complexioned, and their long jet-black hair was platted in one tail, Chinese fashion, and reached nearly down to their heels. Coming from a tropical climate, they were dressed entirely in white muslin, made loose like slips, and in their ears were immensely long ear-rings, of purple and gold. When these children were seen in our tea-party procession, the boys added to their usual acclamations—“Hurrah for the Creeowls.” In those days boys

were generally excluded from the juvenile tea-parties, their habits being entirely too boisterous. I remember being at a Christmas dinner-party given entirely to children, by a lady and gentleman who had none of their own, and who thought the only way to make young people happy was never in the least to control them. To this party the brothers of the girls were invited. Our entertainers were persons of great wealth, great profuseness, and great indulgence towards every human being; and as there was no check upon the exuberance of animal spirits evinced by the young gentlemen, you may be sure the fun went "fast and furious." After the cloth was removed, and wine and fruit placed on the table, (for the boys would have been highly offended had there been no wine,) one of them, a stout youth about twelve years old, went down into the hall, equipped himself in his hat and a long, thick, greatcoat, quite wet with rain, and mounting on the mahogany table, ran along its whole length, swaying the heavy coat from side to side, and sweeping off the plates and glasses with it, his eyes being fixed on the ceiling with an air of the utmost *nonchalance*. This was considered a capital joke, and with all its roughness, I must say the effect was so ridiculous, that even our host and hostess could not help laughing, notwithstanding the destruction of their glass and China, and the overturning of the fruit and wine. Of the girls, some were diverted and some were frightened at the reckless havoc among the table things. The plays and amusements of that afternoon, in consequence of the boys participating, were naturally characterized by an immense quantity of what is now called excitement. There were unbounded scamperings, prancings, tumblings, chasings, scramblings and shoutings, seasoned with chair-breakings, stool-crushings, hand-bruising, forehead-bumpings, finger-pinchings by door-slamming, tread-on-toeing, dress-tearings, and little-girl-demolishings—some of those "tiny elves, for fear," looking as if they could "creep into acorn cups and hide them there." One who, having no brother, was unpractised in this way, said to me—"Oh, Fanny, boys are dreadful creatures!"

When we, the girls, had our parties all to ourselves, they went off very pleasantly. We played prettily, and generally kept "within the limits of becoming mirth," and the longest afternoon appeared short to us. Towards its close we were all seated at a very long tea-table, and regaled with cakes, sweetmeats, and various good things. In summer, we always got home before dark. In the winter, our parents sent for us about seven o'clock, and we went to bed very happy and very tired; and the last tea-party served for conversation with our companions till the next came on.

I recollect one party which gave great dissatisfaction from circumstances which we pronounced "even worse than the boys." Among the pupils of Mrs. Ellison's school was Miss Mary, commonly called Molly Malden. In those days it was too customary, even among the most genteel people,

to use very ungenteel diminutives for proper names. Even in the best families, Marys, Elizas, Eleanors and Margarets, were called Mollys, Betsys, Nellys and Peggys; and very elegant young ladies were often allowed to grow up with those undignified appellations. There were also among our fashionable belles, Sallys, Jennys, Nancys and Kittys.

Miss Olivant.—*Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* Yet I confess I am often rather disgusted to see, in some of our late novels, a silly whim of reviving this old-fashioned coarseness, and giving the heroines (lovely, refined and delicate as heroines always are,) such names as Bess or Kate.

Mrs. Martlet.—You know, in the early part of the last century, the daughters of noblemen, the Lady Elizabeths, Lady Barbaras, and Lady Arabellas of that period, answered to the titles of Lady Betty, Lady Bab, and Lady Bell.

Mrs. Chostney.—By way of reconciling us to the quaint abbreviations of other days, we are told by old Virginians that Martha Washington was known in her girlhood as Patsy Dandridge. But my schoolmate, Miss Molly Malden, already testified a just preference for the name of Mary, and would have exacted that title from all the *tiers état* of Mrs. Ellison's school, only none of them were willing to "set her up with it," particularly as she was considered very proud and full of airs, talking greatly of a ship, and a coach, and a negro man called Cupid, that had all been owned by her deceased father.

Miss Molly Malden brought her invitation notes to school, and gave them round to all of us, excepting four or five who were the children of mechanics. This filled us with generous indignation, and Mrs. Ellison's daughter declined going in consequence of the affront put on a portion of her mother's pupils. Nevertheless, all others who were invited, accepted. For my part, I had much difficulty in getting permission from my parents to attend Miss Malden's party—my father having a mortal contempt for every species of false pride, particularly when accompanied by insolence, and this feeling he endeavoured to cherish in his children. However, as Molly Malden had given great hints about the glories we were to expect at this her first party, and informed us how many dollars it was to cost, I was really very anxious to be there, and finally persuaded my father to permit me to go—my mother remarking, in my behalf, that children were but children, and to them a party was always a party.

Though it was in midwinter, the hour specified was four o'clock; and it was so late before Miss Molly came to head the procession, that much of its display was shrouded in the gathering darkness of twilight. We were ushered into a large parlour, where the furniture, though once very showy, was now faded and worn out. Here we were received by Miss Jenny Malden, who was beginning to take the name of Jane, a young lady of fifteen, of whom we had heard much from her sister Molly—Miss Jenny being a pupil of Mrs. Bourdeau,

whose very fashionable boarding-school was situated in what would now be the rear of the Pennsylvania Bank, in Second street. After we had all taken our seats, Miss Jenny volunteered "to play the harpsichord to us." She seated herself at the instrument, and performed a succession of pieces, in which we vainly tried to discover something like a tune, and which one of the little girls remarked "went every how." These things her sister Molly informed us were sonatas; and that they had just come into fashion, and that in a short time tunes would be vulgar.

O'Keefe's little opera of *The Poor Soldier* was then in the full tide of its first success; and the excellence of its music had been proved to the utmost by that infallible test of being sung about the streets by the boys. After much consultation in low voices, I was deputed by half a dozen other children to humbly petition Miss Jenny for "*The Rose-tree in Full Bearing*," or "*The Twins of Latona*." But the young lady tossed her head, and said she had never heard of the things, and commenced another sonata. I consoled myself by standing near the harpsichord and watching Miss Jenny, as, with elbows "outstretched like wings," and hands flapping up and down, raised high and thrown back at every alternate note, she laboured through a composition which, to the unsophisticated ears of her juvenile audience, "had neither shape nor feature." When it ceased, she turned round and asked us if it was not delightful. Being but children, we had so little sense as to giggle all round at the question; and Miss Jenny and Miss Molly exchanged looks, and then left the room together as if planning a punishment for us. There was, as you may suppose, a great outbreak of laughing and talking as soon as we saw ourselves alone. Presently, tea was brought in by a black servant, whom we found to be no less a personage than the identical Cupid. He was followed by the ladies of the family; and we were somewhat scandalized at seeing Mrs. Malden disrespectfully arrayed in a dark calico wrapper, and a large morning cap which entirely hid her hair. This costume of the lady of the house we considered a slight to her daughter's tea-party. Tea was handed round by the said Cupid, alternately with a tray furnished with toast, bread and butter, soaked crackers, and a basket of federal cakes, which, notwithstanding their patriotic title, are deservedly unpopular with all lovers of sweet things, on account of their extreme dryness and insipidity, and their producing a sensation like chewing and swallowing sawdust. There was no other sort, and that evening we were all particularly good haters of federal cakes. Nevertheless, we ate them, justly considering that cakes were cakes.

Now, as some of the children were very small, and had never in their lives had their tea away from a table, they were much embarrassed in managing the business of taking it from a cup and saucer held in the hand, at the same time balancing a plate on their laps. One poor little girl overset her

cup, and the tea poured all down the side of her skirt. Mrs. Malden, who had not before spoken, now started from her chair, followed by her daughters, and ran to see if any of the spilt tea had splashed on the carpet; and expressed her joy at finding it had all gone through to the child's silk slip. Another unfortunate infant let fall her plate, and with it a slice of toast, which, (as has been truly remarked,) of course "fell on the butter'd side." Mrs. Malden again started forward, declared that *this* time the carpet was ruined, and said—"Really, when children don't know how to behave themselves, and have never been taught to take their tea in a genteel manner, their parents should have sense enough to keep them at home."

The little delinquent, (whose eyes had been filling and lips quivering from the moment of dropping the plate,) at this rebuke burst into tears, and her young companion in misfortune, she of the spilt tea, now gave audible vent to her own grief and mortification, and the unhappy children both sobbed in concert. "Why, this is dreadful!"—exclaimed Mrs. Malden. "Cupid, take those naughty children out of the room, and carry them up stairs, and don't let me see them again. They are disgracing my daughter's tea-party. Who are they? Who do they belong to? Molly, did not I desire that your company should be select?"

Molly now whispered the names of the parents, and Mrs. Malden found that the fathers of the children were both members of Congress. "Take them away for the present!"—said Mrs. Malden to Cupid—"they *must* have *some* punishment for their future benefit. When they feel quite good, they may return to the parlour."

The two little girls at first increased their cries, pulling back when Cupid attempted to lead them away; but on his stooping down, and whispering something, they accompanied him with the quietness of lambs. I must tell you, *par parenthèse*, they informed us, next day, that the kind-hearted Cupid had mended their broken hearts by the promise of a comfortable tea in the kitchen. To this place he conducted them; and, on being consigned to the cook, she seated them at a little table, over which she spread a clean towel, and regaled them with an ample supper of much better things than they had seen in the parlour. Feeling quite good after this, they ventured back, and took lowly seats in a corner.

The little culprits were scarcely removed, when another ill-fated child, whose attention had been riveted on the scene, and whose mind, perhaps, was still absorbed in thinking of it, suddenly dropped both her cup and saucer, and in her consequent fright, started up and let her plate fall from her lap. This time, cup, saucer and plate, all were broken, but luckily they chanced to be empty. "Good gracious!"—exclaimed Mrs. Malden—"how they are demolishing my property!" Then, turning to Miss Jenny—"Is not this the child?"—said she, in a half voice—"that you pointed out to me as Judge Greenlaw's daughter?" "Yes it is"—replied

Jenny—"and, therefore, she cannot be punished; but for fear of more accidents, I advise that this tea-drinking shall be stopped." "Cupid, tea is over"—said Mrs. Malden, aloud, to the man who had just returned to the parlour. "Carry out the waiters."

After tea was stopped, we, the children, hoped to have some play, but Molly Malden told us her mamma would not permit anything that would occasion romping and scampering. So we decided upon "Uncle Johnny sick a-bed." And taking hands, we commenced singing the delectable and rhymeless verses belonging to that now obsolete pastime. As we all sung at the top of our voices, Mrs. Malden first stopped her ears with her hands, and then called her daughters to a conference, which ended in the lady leaving the room, and Miss Jenny informing us that while we stayed we must sit still, and employ ourselves in telling riddles, or some such quiet amusement.

We sat down and went to riddles, but we could not guess any except those that we knew already. Children rarely can. I remember we were all shocked at a terrible one repeated by Miss Jenny, who said she had learnt it from an English under-teacher at Mrs. Bourdeau's. "The Duke of Northumberland sent to the Queen of England a bottomless vessel to hold blood and bones in."

When we gave up, (which we did almost immediately, impatient for the additional horror of a dreadful explanation,) we found it to be nothing more than a gold ring—the blood and bones signifying the finger it was to encircle.

In the midst of our riddles, Mrs. Malden, who, it seems, had been half drest under her wrapper, now came down in *grand costume*, habited in a new-fashioned jacket and petticoat, of green and red-striped silk, trimmed with a quilling of green satin ribbon. Instead of a cap, she now wore a great frizzed cushion, well powdered, the space at the back of her head being occupied by a large bow and long lappets of black lace. We were quite glad that she had paid us the compliment of dressing for us at last. She went round among the children, informed them that they were sleepy, and consulting a watch that hung at her side, secured by an immense gold hook, which also sustained the weight of an infinite variety of seals, keys, and trinkets, she assured them it was time that all good little girls were in bed, and inquired if they did not expect soon to be sent for to go home. We knew not what to say. As so late an hour in a winter afternoon had been appointed for our assembling, we had not expected the party to break up before nine o'clock, and it was now but seven. Presently, a loud knocking at the front door was heard, and it was followed by successive other knocks, and the mother and daughters kept looking at each other. In a short time, numerous ladies and gentlemen entered the parlour by twos, by threes, and by fours, all in full dress, and all, as they came in bowing and curtsying very low. These réverences were duly returned by Mrs.

Malden; and Miss Jenny exhibited a new sliding curtesy, preparatory to which the left foot was first extended and then brought into "the second position," the right hand grasping and holding back the skirt of the dress. We admired this curtesy, (notwithstanding the unpopularity of Miss Jenny,) and practised it next day.

As the company assembled, and chairs became scarce, we poor children were dislodged from our seats. Even those who sat on low crickets were required to relinquish them to fat ladies that liked footstools. So we stood about wherever we could, seeming always in the way.

The fact was, that Mrs. Malden, with the wise design of killing two birds with one stone, had planned to have her own annual party of grown people at the same time with her daughter's juvenile tea-party, and of this we had not been apprized. We soon perceived that we were all considered *de trop*, and that there was great impatience to get rid of us; and, children as we were, it made us feel very uncomfortable. Presently, the sound of a fiddle was heard in the entry, and our faces brightened, and some of us who had learnt dancing, exclaimed—"A dance—a dance! Let us choose our partners." But we soon found that the dancing "was not for the like of us." A mulatto man who played on the violin at balls made his appearance, and then was seated just within the parlour door. And, not we, but the big people, as we called them, took partners. Miss Jenny led off as first couple with a young gentleman in a white satin tamboured waistcoat, and a grass-green coat, his hind hair tied in a double twist, and his side locks immensely frizzed, and the whole excessively powdered.

At Mrs. Malden's desire, we made ourselves as small as possible, which process we accomplished by huddling into the corners, that the dancers might have ample room and verge enough. At first, we derived some amusement from looking on, but with that amusement we were soon satiated; and we became very tired of hearing the monotonous tones and gazing at the monotonous figure of a country dance of those days, which has since been revived, and glorified with the title of "The Morning Star." Like most country dances, it seemed to be never ending, still beginning, and we were very glad when the bottom couple took places at the top. Mrs. Malden resumed worrying us about our being sleepy and going home; and, indeed, we heartily wished that the sending-for would begin. It began first with the smallest children, who rubbed open their half-closed eyes, and when taken out of the room to be equipped for their departure, whimpered almost unconsciously; and murmured fretfully that it was very hard to go home before they had a bit of pleasure. By nine o'clock, a large group, comprising all the girls who yet remained, found themselves in the entry, where the servants were waiting that had arrived to take them home. Just as we had finished preparing for our immediate departure, we saw Cupid and another coloured man carrying into the parlour trays

with pound-cakes, sweetmeats, whipt-creams, custards, and various other nice things, such as were in vogue at the parties of that period. This was the unkindest cut of all. To have had no amusement but Miss Jenny's harpsichord; a paltry, uncomfortable tea, or rather only half a tea; to see the poor unlucky little girls distressed for accidental misdemeanours; to have learnt but one new riddle, and that a disagreeable one; to have been literally "pushed from our stools" by the big people; to be made sleepy by their tiresome dancing; and now, after all we had endured, to think that we were compelled to go home without even a taste of the good things—it was too much. Never were children more disappointed in a tea-party; and children feel disappointments much more keenly than grown persons suppose. Some of us bore it with silent dignity—biting in our lips, erecting our heads, and marching firmly out of the house, too proud to complain. Others vented their displeasure in audi-

ble terms as soon as they got into the street, beginning with—"Shame! shame! Oh! what a shame!" We all of us, on comparing notes, came to a conclusion that we never *had* liked Molly Malden—indeed, that we almost hated her. And I remarked, that as that was the case, we ought never to have gone to her party; and that, having done so, the treatment we received was no more than we deserved. But we all concurred in disliking Miss Jenny still more than Miss Molly, and their mother worse than either. Abby Jackson wondered if Molly would presume to show her face at school the next day. But Mary Williams set that question at rest, by giving us the welcome information that she had heard Mrs. Malden tell another lady that, her quarter being up at Mrs. Ellison's, Molly was next week to be transferred to Mrs. Bourdeau. Had we been boys, we would have greeted this excellent news with three cheers.

FORT DUQUESNE.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.

(See Plate.)

WE have deemed it most appropriate to the design of the Lady's Book, to give, in connection with the view of this celebrated spot, a summary history of the place itself. It was in the year 1752 that, many reports of the hostile proceedings of the French on the frontiers having reached Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, he determined to ascertain their truth by a messenger appointed especially for that purpose. A person was accordingly sent in the character of a trader, with presents of arms and ammunition for the Indians, and instructions to sound their dispositions and designs, and discover the movements of the French. Owing to the incapacity of the messenger, the scheme failed—that person merely bringing back the exaggerated accounts given by the Indians of the force and operations of the encroachers. During his absence, however, thirty pieces of cannon and eighty barrels of powder arrived in the colony, having been sent out by the British government for the use of two forts, to be built near the Ohio river. The disputed territory was now in the hands of the French governor of Canada, who had been equally farsighted with the British ministers, and had pushed bodies of men over the lakes and from New Orleans to the neighbourhood of the Ohio. Major Washington, then twenty-one years old, was entrusted with a mission to the French commander, summoning him to retire from the lands on the Ohio, which belonged to the King of England. On the last day of October, 1753, he set out from Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, and in fourteen days ar-

rived at Wills' Creek. Here he found Mr. Gist, who willingly consented to act as his guide on the journey. Leaving Wills' Creek, the party, consisting of eight persons, commenced a perilous journey, in the midst of winter, through a trackless wilderness and over the snow-covered Alleghanies. They at length reached the point where the Monongahela and Alleghany unite to form the Ohio. The military eye of Washington was struck with the importance of this place as a fortified post, as much for defence against the Indians and French as for a place of deposit for stores. The party moved on to Logstown, where, after some delay in hearing and making speeches for the purpose of learning the disposition of the Indians, he was joined by four of the warriors. From that place, they marched one hundred and twenty miles to the French commandant, M. de St. Pierre, who treated Washington with marked courtesy, but declined complying with the requisition of Governor Dinwiddie. "It did not belong to him to make treaties, but to obey the orders of his commander, the Marquis Du Quesne, Governor of Canada, to whom the communication should have been sent." Washington, having received his answer, again took up his painful march for Williamsburg, where he arrived on the 16th of January, after an absence of eleven weeks. The journal kept by Washington of his journey, having been published by Dinwiddie, aroused the public mind to the importance of having a proper military force stationed in the disputed territory; and two companies of one hun-

dred men each were raised for the purpose of building one or more forts on the Ohio, before the French should acquire possession of it. In compliance with the recommendation of Major Washington, one of them was to be erected at the fork of the Ohio; and when, at the meeting of the Assembly, ten thousand pounds were voted for the furtherance of this object, the military force was increased to six companies and put under the command of Colonel Joshua Fry. Two companies having been collected at Washington's headquarters at Alexandria, he marched for Wills' Creek, where he arrived on the 20th of April, having been joined on the way by another company. About forty men, part of Captain Trent's first company, had marched before to the Ohio, and commenced a fort, but they were summoned to surrender by a party, represented as consisting of one thousand men from Venango, with eighteen pieces of cannon, under Captain Confreccœur. The fort was given up, and the small garrison permitted to retire. They joined Washington at Wills' Creek, with the news of the loss of the fort. "This," says Sparks, "was the first open act of hostility in the memorable war of seven years that followed. The French enlarged and completed the fort, which they called Fort Duquesne, in compliment to the Governor of Canada." The battle of the Great Meadows soon followed, and, in consequence, Washington was compelled to capitulate the small stockade Fort Necessity. Captain Van Braam and Captain Stobo were detained as hostages for the release of the French prisoners previously taken at the Great Meadows, who had been sent into Virginia. In their correspondence, they gave accurate accounts of the strength of the French and Indians, and probably contributed much to produce the expedition against the post, which must have proved successful under any other leader than the presumptuous Braddock. Great must have been the anxiety and distress of the commander of Fort Duquesne, when he received intelligence of the advance of the powerful army. Inferior in numbers, and holding a post totally untenable against the lightest field-pieces, Confreccœur appears about to have retired without resistance, when the brave Captain Beaujeu volunteered his services in endeavouring to avert the impending calamity. He was very popular among the Indians, and he hoped to persuade them to go with him. Twice did he meet them and explain his plan to no purpose—they pronounced his scheme hopeless and refused to go. He finally announced his determination to meet the enemy alone, and asked them if they would permit him to go unaccompanied. This appeal proved successful, and they immediately commenced the necessary preparations. On the 9th of July, 1755, Captains Beaujeu, Dumas and Lignery, with twelve inferior officers, and the band of French and Indians, left the fortress on what even the most sanguine considered a perfectly rash expedition. Holding in contempt the Indian manner of fighting, Braddock advanced without care or caution into

the very centre of the snare laid for him. Himself and nearly sixty of his officers were killed or wounded, and he lost nearly all his fine train of artillery, his large supply of ammunition, his baggage wagons, provisions, cattle, &c. The defeated troops retreated to Fort Cumberland, whilst the victors, laden with spoil, slowly returned to Fort Duquesne. The brave Beaujeu fell at the first fire, and his death was revenged by his savage friends by burning twelve of their unfortunate captives. Captain Confreccœur soon after left the fort in command of Captain Dumas, upon whom the command devolved when Beaujeu fell. In June, 1757, Lieutenant Baker went from Fort Cumberland to Fort Duquesne with a scouting party of twenty men. He succeeded in taking a few prisoners, from whom he learned that Captain Lignery was in command, with six hundred French and two hundred Indians. The year 1758 witnessed the exertions made by Pitt, who was then first called to be premier. General Forbes was to lead the grand expedition against Duquesne. An advanced party of eight hundred men under Major Grant was first met and defeated at a hill which now bears his name. But no partial success could uphold the falling empire of France in America. General Forbes slowly advanced to the Ohio, and, on the 24th of November, 1758, the French set fire to the fort and left it. The works were temporarily repaired and named, in honour of the new prime minister, Fort Pitt. During the next year, General Stanwix arrived, and, says a letter written by one of the garrison, "employed the army in erecting a most formidable fortification, such a one as will to latest posterity secure the British empire on the Ohio. There is no need to enumerate the abilities of the chief engineer, nor the spirit shown by the troops in executing this important task—the fort will soon be a lasting monument of both." In 1764, Colonel Bouquet built a redoubt outside the fort, which is still standing. During the previous year, the Indians captured nearly all the English posts on the frontiers, but Fort Pitt made such a gallant resistance that they abandoned the siege and retired to their towns on the Muskingum, where Colonel Bouquet dictated a peace to them in 1764. In 1770, Washington states the sides of the fort toward the country to be of brick, the others stockade. During the Revolution, Fort Pitt was fixed upon for the head-quarters of the generals who were in command of the troops raised for the defence of the frontier. We cannot better close this article than by giving the following comment upon the above-mentioned letter, from the Pittsburgh Gazette, republished in Day's Historical Collections. "How short-sighted is man! Scarcely sixteen years elapsed from the writing of this letter before this 'formidable fortification,' and the country around it, passed from the British empire, and became a constituent part of a great and independent republic. Scarcely seventy-two years have yet elapsed, and now this 'lasting monument' of the skill of the engineer, and the spirit of the

troops, has already become one of those things that have been. The spirit of improvement and the enterprise of our citizens have almost entirely defaced every trace of this 'formidable fortification.' One redoubt alone, of all the results of the labours and genius of Britons, now remains; and it is a circumstance, perhaps, not unworthy of notice, that this *only* remnant of a British *engineer's* works of defence against *French* hostility, is now the peaceful domicile of an industrious and merito-

rious *Frenchman*—an indefatigable and accurate surveyor and *civil engineer*." This paragraph was dated in 1831. At a later period the magazine of Fort Pitt was the only relic remaining. It was then that the sketch, from which our engraving was made, was painted by that eminent artist, Russell Smith. We understand that even this is now destroyed. So pass away the monuments of American history.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun" was the saying of the wisest of men, ages ago; yet still people will expect originality, and complain if constant novelty is not attempted for their amusement. Nature, in all her operations, sets before us the example of making new things out of old materials. Not a particle of matter has been added since the creation—so philosophers say, and so, probably, all people believe; and yet, by means of different combinations of substances, and different mediums through which they appear, and the different circumstances and moods in which we see the world and its works, what a rich variety of scenes is displayed; what new, wonderful and glorious inventions and improvements, both in nature and art, are constantly going on!

We have been led into this train of reflections by a letter we received not long since, complaining that one of our contributors had been guilty of a "gross plagiarism," even amounting "almost to sacrilege." But we will give an extract from the letter, which is dated "Montreal, Canada," and signed "Clio."

"In the May and June numbers of your *Lady's Book*, I notice a piece purporting to be from the pen of George Broome; on perusing which, a friend of mine remarked its similitude to a poem by the Rev. H. H. Milman, (published some twenty-seven years ago), entitled 'Samor, Lord of the Bright City;' and having a copy, I immediately referred to it. The result I now lay before you. Page 68, Book IV.—comparing it with Part II, *Vortimer and Lillian*, June number, G. Broome.

"Rev. H. H. Milman—

"What deep thoughts, young *Vortimer*, have place within thy secret breast?" * * * &c.

"Or is't that gentle maid by Derwent lake," &c.

"How pleasant after war and journeying fleet to Britain," &c.

"Once more to see her early gliding foot
Skimming the morning dews; to hear her voice,
As artless as melodious, melt on air," &c.

"What floateth down the stream a deep, dead white,
Amid the glittering moonshine, where the stream
Runs black beneath the thicket boughs, still white,
Still slowly drifting, like a dying swan
In snowy beauty, on its watery bier?" &c.

Last five verses—

"To fasten misery—I laugh at fate,
For I am past its wavering malice now," &c.

"Thinks she with hollow gauds of fame," &c.

"No, hang thou there my broad-barr'd shield;
Rust on yon bank—one duty more

To shape the smooth turf of my *Lillian's* grave," &c.

"My grave shall be my field of fame; my wreath of pride
The flowers the courteous spring shall lavish there," &c.

"Not yet—the cold earth must not part us yet;—
One glimmer more from thine eyes dark fring'd blue;

One throb, one tremor, though it be the last,
In thy soft limbs—dead, sightless, icy dead!"

"I hope that you will excuse the liberty I have taken in addressing these lines to you. My only plea is—ignorance of Mr. G. B.'s address; for, had I known it, I would not have presumed to trouble you. If not inconvenient, I would beg the favour of your acquainting him of the *discovery* made in the north, as it is to be hoped that *he* will profit by it. In conclusion, I might as well state I am a subscriber to your esteemed '*Book*,' and hail with a great deal of pleasure its monthly arrival."

Now, in reply to "Clio," we acknowledge that, at first, we felt inclined to give up George Broome to his merited chastisement; but, on looking over the poem again—"Vortimer and Lillian,"—we are convinced that the author intended no plagiarism, nor do we think that he has committed one. He intended, evidently, what he has most successfully accomplished—the making of a popular ballad from the long and somewhat stilted poem of Milman. There are repeated instances of this kind to be met with in English poetry. There have been "Shakspeare ballads," by Mary Howitt, we believe; and a beautiful ballad, entitled "Shylock," appeared in *Blackwood* a few years ago, in which the speech of the Jew was done into rhyme in metre and style similar to this ballad of George Broome. On the whole, we think the only circumstance to be regretted is, that the writer for the *Lady's Book* did not intimate that the subject of his poem was an episode, or scene from Milman's works. Perhaps, however, he thought, as the matter was so open, no one could mistake his intention—as Shakspeare himself, it is notorious, worked up the old ballads of his day into new plays. But as "Clio" had referred to the subject, and it might be misunderstood, also, by others, we have given this explanation, which we think sufficient to exonerate our contributor, and satisfy, we hope, our "subscriber."

Among the many intellectual advantages which the young ladies of our country now enjoy, we would call the attention of our readers to a plan of social improvement (we think that is a good descriptive term) which the pupils of the Albany Female Academy organized some three years ago. The young ladies, when their term of education at the school is closed, enter into an association, called the "Alumnæ of the Albany Female Academy," and agree to write, during the year, either a prose or poetical composition, which production is submitted to a committee of "literary taste," who determine their relative merits, and select the best "poem," "prose essay," "essay in French," and "moral tale." To the respective authors of these, a "gold medal" is given, and the articles are published in a pamphlet form.

We have received the third of these very interesting books, and find the sentiments of the president of the

association, Miss H. T. Bull, so very sensible, that we must give a sentence or two.

"Woman should not take her intellectual standard from the other sex. The minds of the two, though essentially alike, have many points of difference. The one possesses more energy of thought, more vigour of conception; the other more refinement and delicacy, with a keener perception of the beautiful. These differences ever mark their efforts, and cannot be removed. What though ours be a less elevated standard, remember the old adage, which, by common use, has almost lost its sense—*'Act well thy part, there all the honour lies.'* Be willing to take a lower place in the world of mind, but occupy that place with dignity and propriety, without striving for that which can never be yours. Herein has woman too often erred; she has neglected that sphere in which she might have excelled, placed herself in the ranks of master-minds, and has hitherto failed.

"Woman's intellect is God-commissioned, and has its work to do. It is in vain to talk of a state of society in which the asperities of man's nature shall be so softened and the energies of woman so exalted, that one field of action may be common to both. Such, from the very constitution of our nature, can never be the case. The intellectual pursuits of the sexes may run like parallel lines, but, like those lines, can never meet."

But the poem is what we chiefly designed to notice, as its merits are those we deem most often neglected by female writers—we mean the "polish of careful labour." The object of such an association should be, we think, to encourage this care, and the industry and application which perfect literary effort, rather than to reward genius. There is a tendency in every imaginative mind, the woman's particularly, to despise or disregard those little details which severe criticism requires, and, if a striking effect is gained for the moment, to consider trivial that perfect finish which would insure a lasting preeminence. This propensity must be corrected before female literature will take its highest station as a model of taste, as well as a mentor of morals. The poem in question represents the writer as coming, in a dream, "from some bright sphere to earth," and finding that the "life pulses of the world," and all its inhabitants, "had ceased to play." This is one scene—

"In each gay city hush'd was all the din,
The war, the restlessness, the woe and sin,
That weighing heavy on the harp of life,
Break its frail strings, unequal to the strife;
Or make strange discord, where high-toned should rise
The heart's sweet music, incense to the skies.
The silent street, throng'd with its motley crowd,
Was a strange spectacle; for there the proud,
Who erst turned coldly, with disdainful eyes,
From the wan beggar and his faltering cries,
Had, by the God who looked on them with scorn,
Been made as friendless, helpless and forlorn.
Those with the fearless soul, the daring might,
Those with foul hearts, black as a starless night;
The rich, the poor, the coward and the brave
Together stood—the earth one mighty grave."

And here is a thrilling picture—

"Hid 'neath its mantle of thick ivy green,
In a lone cottage that could scarce be seen,
On a low couch I saw a mother lie,
Whose soul had fled before the blast swept by.
Calmly and gently it had passed away,
As sunbeams melt at close of summer day.
The placid brow was beautiful in rest,
The snow-white linen lay upon her breast;
But there was kneeling by that bed of death—
One who had bowed 'neath sorrow's fearful breath;
Stirred with its agony intense, her soul
Had heaved like waters when the tempests roll;
And wildly thrilled each quivering spirit-chord,
Swept by the angel's snowy wing, that soared
To bear Heaven's richest, holiest gift away.
A mother's love, back to its own spring day.
Upon her pale and hueless cheek there lay

The woe-wrung tears, like drops of ocean spray;
Her hands were tightly clasped in strong despair;
Her eyes upraised, as if on wing of prayer
The soul had sped. Blest seem'd the God of love,
So soon to call her trembling soul above.
Who can endure to live, endure to die,
Without a mother's smile and love-lit eye?"

One more extract, and we must close with the remark, that we hope the author, Miss Phoebe D. Gardiner, will continue to cultivate her genius with that assiduous care which is necessary to excellence in herself, and the permanent power of pleasing and improving others.

"I saw pale students whom the long, still night,
Ever found gazing by the taper's light
O'er some worn page. One was a boy in years:
Thought brought him manhood, not life's doubts and fears.

His marble brow, untouched by care, was graced
With the deep lines that early thought had traced;
The thickly mingling waves of dark brown hair,
Carelessly beautiful, were resting there.
And all too bright seemed his clear, serious eye,
Though death had borne its glory to the sky.
No sordid wish for earthly fame, I knew,
Had led him thus to search life's secrets through;
To fathom many a mystery of the soul,
With thoughts that rushed as racers to their goal;
But the wild longing, the strange thirst within,
For something more than we on earth can win—
Longings that may not cease till at God's shrine
Heaven's truths unfold with clearness all divine."

We wish similar associations could be formed in every school of young ladies, and by the ladies of every village in our land.

To Correspondents.—"To Memory" is declined. "The Man of Taste" ditto.

FIRST OF OUR BATTLE-GROUNDS.

"Fort Duquesne," in this number, is an earnest of the style in which we intend to do these things. Our next will be "the battle-ground at Germantown," approved of by the resident family. Both these pictures were painted expressly for Godey's Magazine, by Russell Smith, Esq.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The November number will contain a portrait of the celebrated author and favourite writer, Mr. T. S. Arthur. We court a comparison between this admirable production from the burin of Armstrong and those of any other publication of the day.

Besides the "Battle-ground" in this number, it will be perceived that we give two other steel engravings. The "Grave Diggers" from Hamlet, allowed by all who have seen it as the master-piece in engraving of the year. We challenge contradiction, or the production of a finer line engraving. This will please the lovers of Shakespeare. The mezzotint of "The Surprise" is an agreeable picture. It is by a young and promising artist. Our fancy fashion plate, in an entirely new style of engraving, will be produced shortly.

The December number of this year will contain a title-page printed in gold and three different colours.

Francis J. Grund, Esq., our Consul at Antwerp—We have made an arrangement with this gentleman to furnish us monthly with a letter from his consulate—giving the earliest intelligence of all the new works published in London and on the continent, with some notice of their contents and authors; the earliest musical and fashionable intelligence, and of all matters that may prove interesting to the reader of Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book.

OUR PLATE OF FANCY DRESSES.—This elegant embellishment, mentioned on page 162 of this number, is postponed to make room for the superb plate of "Fort Duquesne."





The Lady and the Arrows.



Yours &c
J. S. Arthur

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

NOVEMBER, 1844.

GODEY'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. I.

T. S. ARTHUR.

It is gratifying to those who are accustomed to refer effects to their causes, to recognize in a useful and honourable career in life the result of a virtuous and well-principled education. When we say *education*, we do not mean, of course, the little modicum of learning which a child picks up at school, but the habits, principles and tone of mind which he receives from parental care and example at home. This is the education which shapes a man's character and marks his destiny. Mr. Arthur, for example, owes little or nothing to the school—every thing to the fireside discipline. Born some thirty-five years since near New Windsor, in the state of New York, transferred to Baltimore in early boyhood, bound apprentice to a laborious trade when a mere child, his external advantages of learning were scanty indeed; but the earnest training of pious parents gave his mind an impress of firmness, conscientiousness and perseverance in the path of duty, which has rendered him a benefactor to his race.

When a child at school, Arthur was considered by his teachers hopelessly dull and stupid, and his parents were seriously advised by the last who had charge of him, to put him to some trade, "as he was good for nothing else." This was accordingly done before he had reached his fourteenth year. The source of this apparent dulness was mere timidity and want of confidence in his own powers—the effect of this natural disposition being considerably increased by the harshness and brutality of his teacher.

He worked at the trade to which he was apprenticed until he was nearly of age, when a disease, brought on by too close application, compelled him to seek another means of livelihood. During the latter years of his apprenticeship, a thirst for knowledge became excited. After working all day, and often until nine or ten o'clock at night, he would read and study during the hours in which his fellow apprentices took their recreation. In this way, he was enabled to store his mind with much valuable information. The difficulty of procuring books, and the want of some kind and judicious friend to guide and direct his studies, have ever since, when he has thought of this most important period of his life, been a source of great regret to him. He had access to no library; there was no one wisely to direct, encourage and counsel him. A humble, retiring, even shrinking apprentice boy, no one took him by the hand, for no one of those by whom he was surrounded was sufficiently versed in the study of human character to perceive what was in him. But, nevertheless, under a most unpromising exterior of reserve and diffidence, he possessed the elements of all high success in elevated moral purposes, self-respect, firmness and perseverance.

We do not consider it by any means certain, however, that superior external means and appliances would have been attended by commensurate advantages in the practical result. How much of that concentration of moral force which is so conspicuous a trait in Mr. Arthur's compositions, may be the result of lonely, meditative hours, passed

during that forming period of life when most young people find their attention solicited and their minds dissipated by too wide a field of "entertaining and instructive literature," is a matter of doubt. A great authority informs us that "it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth." Restraint and deprivation, which sometimes crush a weak intellect, impart new force and determination to a strong one, as pressure increases the resisting power of steam. It may be that we have to thank the hardships of Mr. Arthur's youth for the abundant usefulness of his manhood.

The idea of making literature a profession was one of the last to enter the mind of Mr. Arthur. He commenced writing because he felt constrained to express the thoughts and feelings that pressed for utterance. He published at first because a friend to whom he showed some fugitive efforts solicited the privilege of using them in a forthcoming work. Afterwards, circumstances made him the editor of a widely circulated literary newspaper in Baltimore, which under his charge took a high position. He wrote much for that. He was subsequently induced to send articles to our own "Lady's Book," through the pages of which he became extensively known. His removal from Baltimore to this city, where he now resides, took place in 1841.

Among the more considerable works of Mr. Arthur are "*Insubordination*," "*Six Nights with the Washingtonians*," "*Tired of Housekeeping*," and a number of novelettes which were published in the cheap form and diffused over every part of

the country, greatly to the advantage of social happiness and the cultivation of elevated moral feeling in the people.

The Harpers have recently commenced giving a series of Mr. Arthur's works. They have already published "*Sweethearts and Wives*." Another volume, called "*Lovers and Husbands*," is ready to be issued. They are publishing a third volume, called "*Married and Single*," making a series of three volumes on the subject of marriage. These are to be followed by other works of the same general character, to be issued from the press of the same enterprising publishers.

Mr. Arthur's success as a writer of prose fiction is the result of a high moral purpose, pursued with an ardour that never cools and a perseverance that never flags. It is this which makes him note and record all the minutiae of manners, conversation and conduct, which indicate the varied workings of the heart, the thousand weaknesses, passions and caprices, so much disregarded by common observers, but so important to insure the *vraisemblance* of a delineation of human life. The taste of our American public is essentially domestic. It delights in those fireside pictures where the affections and the moral feelings have play. The writer who appeals most directly to the heart, therefore, will always have the preference. It is fortunate that, in the present instance, the feelings appealed to are the best which belong to our nature, and the popular favourite is one who will never abuse his advantages to the detriment of human virtue and happiness.

THE TEACHER.

(See Plate.)

SHE looks pensive—almost dejected. The drooping eyelid, the listless attitude of the head and arms, and the air of weary languor diffused over her whole form, indicate that something is weighing on poor Anna's spirits. Peradventure the letter she holds in her hand is from a faithless, heartless lover, who sought her smile when the sun of prosperity shone upon that fair and faultless brow, but has now refused to redeem his plighted word, and deserts her for some painted butterfly of fashion.

It is even so. But cheer up, Anna—better days are coming. There is a topic of consolation even in that cruel letter. You have escaped from the most intimate union with a heartless wretch who could never have sympathized with the pure and noble feelings of your heart. He was surely no meet companion for you in that rugged path of duty which will surely conduct you to the abodes of the blest. You find your happiness in self-sacrifice, in disinterested exertion for the good of others. Day by day is your patience tried by the fractious humours of your dozen or two of pupils. Day by

day you remember, with pardonable regret, the hours of your brilliant transit across the radiant hemisphere of fashion, a star of the first magnitude; but the pleasure with which your scanty earnings are poured into the lap of your widowed mother, is deeper and more heartfelt than even that which sprung from the attentions of a whole cohort of smiling, flattering admirers, and the reflection that your varied accomplishments and polished manners are producing their due effect upon those under your charge, while your pious zeal for their best interests is sensibly rewarded by its legitimate fruits, cannot fail to yield you a solid satisfaction, such as the satiated votaries of pleasure have never known.

Cheer up, Anna! Give not a single tear to that faithless one. Crush his wicked letter and cast it from you, together with all remembrance of his vows and his falsehood. Better things are in store for you. A brighter torch than that of Hymen is kindled at a higher altar to light your onward path to the region where kindred angels await their coming favourite.

THE FAIR CLIENT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"I TELL you once more," said Frank Morton to his pretty cousin Dora Leslie—"Mrs. Leslie," indeed, she ought to be written, for she was not only a wife but a widow—"I tell you once more, you might as well talk to a stick or a stone about justice or mercy, as to old Fred Linch. A stick or a stone,"—he repeated,—“better—better ten times talk to *them* on the subject than to *him*, for they wear no semblance of humanity. You expect nothing from stones and sticks—and—”

"I beg your pardon, Frank," interrupted the pretty widow, "I expect the stick you are twirling about so vehemently will break my looking-glass."

"Psha!" exclaimed the young man; "you may expect that—but what *can* you expect from a pettifogging attorney?"

"A great deal, Frank—an amount of costs—a multiplication of falsehood—a perversion of truth—a perplexing of facts—a discoloration of objects—ruin as the result—an ignorance as to common honesty—a proficiency in dishonesty—in short, a combination of evil which no other human being could gather together—by which *he* lives and *we* die. You have only to tell me that a man is a pettifogger, and I vanish; and as to old Linch, in addition to his bearing the plague-spot of his 'profession,' forsooth, about with him, smelling of parchments, of looking latitats, he is old and ugly; so spare your invectives, Frank, abridge your censure, and just tell me what I can do in the matter—paint law in soot, and shall I swear it to be snow?"

"Upon my word, I believe I had better leave it to you, my dear Dora, to paint it—your colours will not be over delicate, nor your sketch *coulleur de rose*. What in the world has made you so bitter against the men of law?"

"Psha!" she replied, laughing; "don't you know? 'A suit in chancery' bequeathed me by my grandfather, and another in 'the Pleas,' besides the disputed 'will cause.'"

"But you triumphed in the two last, and surely there is a prospect of the chancery suit being brought to a conclusion."

"As to the triumph," replied Dora, "the triumph simply was, that my lawyers were greater rogues than those employed by my adversary, and so—I triumphed! I have not the least objection to continue the chancery suit; I really think it contributes to keep me in health—it gives me excitement, something to think of and to do; something to vent my spleen upon when I am splenetic, and my laughter when I am mischievous. But you are not so easily circumstanced. You, my

dear Frank, are of a peace-loving, gentle nature, and so seek peace, even with law—nay, I think you would go a little farther, and expect—love!"

"Really, Dora, you are too provoking," answered her cousin, while his cheek flushed and his eyes sparkled. "You know it is a matter of life and death with me; you know that I love his niece with my whole soul; you know that by the terms of her father's will, she cannot marry before she is of age without having her uncle's consent—for if she does she forfeits her inheritance, and she is now only——"

"Nineteen," said Mrs. Leslie.

"No, Dora, only eighteen and three months," replied the lover.

"What a wicked thing of fathers to prevent their daughters becoming the prey of mercenary spend-thrifts," observed the lady, jerking off her netting stirrup and rolling it up with great deliberation.

"You know I am not mercenary; nor am I a spendthrift," he answered, seriously.

"You look sharply after your fair one's fortune, at all events," persisted Mrs. Leslie.

"My own means would not give to Anna the luxuries or even the comforts she has been accustomed to," said Frank Morton, still more seriously. "And I should, indeed, feel ashamed of myself if I induced a young and affectionate girl to abandon her birth-right and embrace comparative poverty for my gratification. No—if her uncle persists in refusing his consent, I have made up my mind to wait until she is of age—three years and nine months!—three centuries of a lover's life. I shall be an old man by that time."

"Nearly eight-and-twenty!" laughed his cousin; "and Anna an old woman."

"Besides, there is no knowing what may happen between this and then."

"Very true—you may fall in love with some one else—nay, with half a dozen."

"Impossible—quite—quite impossible," replied the lover, fervently.

"Ah, Frank," said his cousin, with one of her most mischievous looks, "so you told me about twelve years ago, under the cherry tree at Burnewood. You were a great, lubberly boy, a week escaped from a jacket, high shoes and nankeens, and I just going to be married, and my head divided between love of my *trousseau* and love of poor, dear Leslie. You said then, while the tears ran down—a-down your fat cheeks, that you were miserable, and should never love any one but your Cousin Dora; and you wrote some verses comparing my heart to a black-heart cherry. I think

I have them somewhere, and will show them to Anna as a specimen of your constancy. You are certainly greatly improved since then."

"I am sorry I cannot return the compliment," said Mr. Morton, bowing; "and as you only seem inclined to laugh at what I fancied you might have sympathized with, I will wish you good morning."

"Nay, cousin," exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, "I did but jest. I thought you knew me too well to mind my jesting. There—I will not tell Anna, lest she should be jealous of the first love-fancy of a boy of fourteen for his cousin of four-and-twenty—twelve years ago to boot! But this Linch—this grit of granite in the wheel of love, this hunk, this sweep-faced, hard-hearted curmudgeon—how shall I manage him?"

"He knows you very well. If you were only to go and tell him how much we love each other."

"You mean Anna and you, I suppose?" said Mrs. Leslie, unable to conquer her desire for jesting.

"To be sure I do," he replied. "Just tell him how devoted we are to each other."

"No—that he would not care for."

"How respectably I am connected."

"That is nothing to him."

"How happy we should be."

"Destruction at once to your suit. Those who are not happy themselves never promote the happiness of others."

"Well, then, how grateful we should be."

"Gratitude bears no per centage. *That* won't do."

"I am sure I do not know what to say, Dora," answered her cousin, who was any thing but fruitful in expedients. "He can make us happy, if he will, at once—if not, we will wait, and, when the time comes, be happy in spite of him."

"You throw me completely on my own resources," said the widow; "but the first step is for me to become *his client*."

"A fair client, most certainly," answered her cousin. "But you have no law-suit at present. You would not surely turn your chancery business over to his hands?"

"No—certainly not."

"But you are not engaged in any law-suit?" persisted Frank.

"No; but I may be if I like, I suppose, cousin mine. We manufacture our own misery, why not our own law?"

"But I confess I do not see what that has to do with my marrying his niece."

"I do," she replied; and wishing her perplexed cousin good-morning, the lady withdrew—returning the next moment to add—"Now keep up your spirits, Frank; do not do any thing desperate; do not even take an over dose of champagne. I remember when your love for me took a despairing turn—you, boy-like, *eat it off*. Your mother declared you spent a fortune in cheese-cakes. I feared you might, in a spirit of manliness, endeavour to *drink* this off. But do not, Frank; rely upon me—I will put every thing *en train* before the sun

sets." And again she vanished, leaving Frank Morton half offended, half amused, and most anxious as to the result—comforted, nevertheless, because he believed in the contrivance and spirit of Mrs. Leslie.

There are a great many amiable, gentle-hearted men, who get through life to their own credit and the comfort of others by the aid of a fortune which places them beyond the necessity for thought or exertion; but if any event occurs, any obstacle is discovered which cannot be at once overcome—in which something more than money or connection is requisite; where tact is even more necessary than talent—it is in vain they turn to their banker's book or seek precedents for conduct in a like extremity. They are utterly at sea, dashed from one billow to another, helpless as infants, and very apt to consider themselves placed under circumstances of strait and difficulty in which no one was ever placed before. Poor Frank Morton was perfectly amiable and gentle-hearted, and *ought* to have been raised above the necessity for exerting his wits—for certainly his wits never would have exalted him. He once considered "Cousin Dora" the most lovely creature in the world, and only changed his opinion to believe her the most astonishing; and like those who never manufactured a project or have what may be considered a genuine idea of their own, was perpetually wondering "how such odd things could come into Cousin Dora's head;" frequently indulged in reveries as to "how she came to be so clever;" could not devise "what her brain was made of;" wished he "knew the world but half as well," and so forth; and then remained content with wishing, satisfied in his own mind that, do what he would, he should never have the head of Dora Leslie. In truth, the widow had run away with the ready wit and invention of the whole family, and in return was always willing to exercise it for their benefit and her own amusement; besides, she really loved Frank as a brother, and desired his happiness with more earnestness than she usually bestowed upon any single object or person. A woman is always interested in the fate of a cidevant lover, particularly if she understands human nature sufficiently not to be displeased at a man's forgetting a first love in a second, a third, a fourth, or even a fifth! She could not have forgiven a mere coquette—but Frank, poor fellow, was quite in earnest with the sentiment as long as it lasted, and this made her esteem him far above the love-seeming men of fashion, who never feel, or if they do, whose feeling is affectation. She thought that a union with Anna would make him happy, that money is always an advantage in a family, and she most particularly desired to set her wit against what she called "English *Linch law*."

Mrs. Leslie drove up to Mr. Linch's office in her carriage, and having learned that he was at home, she took sundry letters and a parchment or two tied with the "professional red tape" from her servant's hands, and entered his sanctum. Nothing could be more unpromising than the opening

of the campaign. It was evident that the old man expected she came to press her cousin's suit; and upon every wrinkle of his face was written "denial." His mouth drawn into a hooting "No," his brow contracted, his feet firmly set upon the ground, his hands rigid to the very tips of his fingers, he looked as if steeped in the very essence of perverseness; and not even when his fair client commenced explaining the business upon which she came, did he change; nor was the change sudden, despite her desire to draw him away from his suspicions. He seemed to consider her the embodiment of a proposal for his niece and her money, and she had gone a long way with her "statement" before he forgot the uncle in the attorney, and at last became oblivious to all considerations, save the prospect of a "suit at law." Slowly the muscles of his mouth relaxed; his features fell into their usual places; his monosyllables extended into penetrating inquiries—every expression was set on the keen, cutting, investigating edge of the law. He rubbed his hands in perfect ecstasy when Mrs. Leslie pointed out what, if not weak points in her adversary's cause, might, by the usual inverted proceedings of a "good man of business," be turned into such; and absolutely pressed her arm with his vulture-like fingers, when he assured her that nothing was needed but to bring the cause into court. She felt as if her wrist was encircled by a viper; but she remembered her cousin, and her desire to free Anna from the domination of such a master increased tenfold.

It was at once evident to Mr. Linch, that if what his fair client stated was true, she would be entitled to a vast addition to her income. As the very anticipation of such an event trebled his respect, she became—his "dear lady;" and this feeling rapidly increased when she entreated him to keep their interview a profound secret, particularly from certain members of the profession whom she named, stating that she should leave the entire conduct of the suit in his hands without further anxiety. She managed the interview with the skill and the grace of an accomplished actress; and the shrewd attorney accepted an invitation to dine with her the next day. Of course, Frank was not of the party; and the idea that Master Linch turned over and over in his mind as he plunged his receding chin into his red comforter and journeyed homeward, was—"I wonder how she came to think me honest? I never was thought honest before! She certainly thinks me very honest," and he nestled his chin still more deeply in the warm red wool, and chuckled like a fiend over the prospect of pillaging the fool who could think him "honest." He let himself into his hall with his own latch key, and struck a light; but he had strange dreams that night, and more than once the bright eyes of the fair widow flashed across his slumbers, and he felt as if struck by lightning; and then he thought that strange reports had gone abroad concerning him—that rogues considered him "honest," and honest men called him "rogue;" and that he lost all his practice, scouted alike by both.

Frank became desperately impatient. An entire week had passed, (a year of a lover's life,) and to all his inquiries the widow replied with badinage and laughter. Her intimacy with Mr. Linch grew into a nine days' wonder. On the tenth day, the miser made a feast, and she dined with him. Again he dined with her, and the next morning the fair and faithless client presented Frank with Mr. Linch's written permission for his marriage with his (Mr. Linch's) niece. The following day it was determined that the lawyer and his niece, Frank Morton and a few select friends, were to form a reunion round the widow's hospitable board. Mrs. Leslie would answer no questions; she confided the secret of her influence to the most faithful of all counsellors—herself; and received Mr. Linch with a *graciousness*—if the expression be permitted—peculiarly her own. A most strange change had passed over the attorney's outward man. But for the twinkling of his cold, gray eyes, that glittered like stars in frosty weather, and the croaking of his hard voice, you would have scarcely recognized him as the brown-coated, shriveled dweller of the inns of court. His features had expanded; he was dressed by a skilful tailor, and his wig might have been envied by the royal wig fancier of past days. The incorrigible widow leaned almost lovingly upon his arm; and after dinner, when she withdrew, consigned her table to his care. Frank could not make it out; but that was not much to be wondered at—he had not what people call a "discovering mind." Anna was almost as mystified as Frank; but women, if they do not understand at once, are given to regard each other rather through a microscope than a telescope, not drawing the object much closer, but getting at its exaggeration. And little, gentle Anna, who knew nothing of the world, thought she could see through the veil of the woman of the world. Quiet little Anna, much as she had suffered, she did not like her uncle's being made such a fool of. Her eyes filled with tears more than once when she noted the arch looks of her lover's cousin, and heard the half-murmured derision that trembled on her lip. When she spoke to her of her nearest living relative, she owed him neither love nor kindness, and when Frank was present, she was too happy to moralize; but still, she thought that he was an old man; and when her father lived, and she was a little child, she had often sat upon his knee, while he cut her soldiers out of old parchments. She remembered he was kind to her then—never since, certainly; but then he was, and she dwelt upon that, forgetting his unkindness until the harsh tones of his grating voice, or the coldness of his eyes when they looked on her, forced her to remember how much that is harsh and cruel can be forced into a few short years.

It was evident to Frank Morton that his cousin was wearying of the toils she herself had woven. The novelty of her position bewitching what she loathed; the metamorphosis that witchery had wrought on the old man; the necessity for bringing

the matter to a speedy termination, rendered her more restless, more capricious, more teasing and tormenting than usual; and when she withdrew her cousin into one of those shut-up sort of obscurities, half room, half closet, which ladies in their fantasy drape in pink calico and coarse muslin, and then pronounce it a boudoir, he thought the spell would have been broken, the mystery explained to his entire satisfaction—but he was quite at fault.

"Frank," said Mrs. Leslie, "you must manage to marry Anna within a week—within three days, in fact. I am tired to death of Linch, and want to get to Brighton. He may revoke, so get married at once, and then you have his consent to plead; but it must be within three days. It was vastly amusing at first, but I cannot keep it up. I must avoid seeing him again until the knot is tied."

Mrs. Leslie yawned, and remained silent. Frank took her advice, and pleaded his cause—the cause of both—so successfully with Anna, that the ceremony was performed, and confessed, a few hours afterwards, on bended knee to the lady's uncle. Mr. Linch was very angry. His fair client had not received his visits or replied to his notes during the last two or three days; and, determined to be both heard and seen, he almost forced his way into the little pink boudoir. She held out one hand to greet him, and covered her face with the other in a half-coquettish sort of way, as if ashamed of her "naughtiness."

"I knew you would forgive them," she said. "And after all, it could not make much difference to you, for they would have waited; and you only lose the turning of the money for three years."

The old man shuddered at the loss, but endeavoured to turn it off with a complimentary phrase or two, that came out very slowly. He evidently determined to avoid that subject, but cling to the other, and rushed into the intricacies of the projected suit at law with as much zeal and activity as if it had been the opportunity of his life for legal distinction.

"He had," he said, "taken counsel's opinion upon the statement she committed to his care, preserving the secrecy she had enjoined as to name, and avoiding those in the profession whom she had desired him to avoid. From all that passed, he felt assured that in a short time he should have to congratulate her on a splendid addition to her income; and he hoped she would remember the gratitude which she said must be felt towards him who had the good fortune to advise and direct her proceedings."

The speech was set and clear enough, but the positive faltering of the old man's voice, the memory of a blush—of a purple tone, certainly, but still a blush—that overspread his features, and the earnestness of his last words, would have led to the belief that Cupid had really been at his pranks, and added another to his list of ancient fools—hard, world grubbing, musty fools, surprised into a feeling whose very existence they had disbelieved for

three-score years, and which revenged itself by pranking the withered tree in the mocking garlands of sunny May.

It really was something to make Mrs. Leslie feel embarrassed; something to see her pause for a reply; something to perceive that perplexity was as new to her as was love to Mr. Linch; and for once that to her capricious nature novelty failed to be delightful. At last she said—

"I hope, my good sir, you will forgive the little jest I ventured to practise upon you, just for the purpose of making those young people happy. I told you I had a suit at common law, and a disputed will cause, and you were so good as to feel greatly interested therein. You saw at once how just my causes were."

"Certainly, certainly," repeated Mr. Linch.

"The documents I showed you were the documents that accompanied my suits into court. Upon them I received my verdicts, and I have the satisfaction of seeing that you quite agreed with what has been done. The fortune you promised me *I have enjoyed these ten years!* I sought to interest you in my own affairs that you might—in short, that you might take pity upon your niece, or rather, I should say, *render her justice!* Frank's eloquence and her tears had alike failed to produce the desired effect, and I sought to gain a temporary influence over you by the temptation of a double law-suit."

Mr. Linch trembled from head to foot. At last he exclaimed—

"Worse than that, madam, worse than that. There was another temptation you did not disdain to hold out—the possession of that hand, madam; of that hand, upon which, the very last time I saw you, *I counted eleven rings, and all of value.*"

The widow could not resist this climax. She laughed mightily, and became quite herself when the old gentleman threatened to sue her for breach of promise of marriage. Instead of endeavouring to dissuade him from it or showing its absurdity, she did all she could to urge him to bring the action immediately. "I really," she said, "did not think you were half so great a darling as you are. If you will do so at once, I will put off my journey to Brighton. It would be a fresh celebrity, a renewal of my youth;—and then the evidence, and the cause of my hoaxing you—so romantic! And you pleading the excess of your tender passion for me, to the positive loss of the use of Anna's fortune for three years, and being induced to give your consent in exchange for the pickings of two law-suits. Only fancy!"

But Mr. Linch did not bring an action—he did not even charge the widow with the fee he had paid for counsel's opinion. He abandoned his new finery, resumed his old suit, withdrew his forgiveness from his niece, and registered a vow in Westminster Hall to have nothing more to do with FAIR CLIENTS!

THE THREE BREAKFASTS.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

TRIN. COLL. CAM.—THE FRESHMAN'S SPREAD.

"How are you, men? Mr. Jennings, from London. Jennings, let me make you acquainted with Wilson, of John's, and Kemp, of King's—you've met Edwards before—Edwards of Pembroke?"

The new comers were ushered into a dirty-looking room, up two flights of stairs, in the inner quadrangle of Trinity College, Cambridge. A cloud of tobacco smoke hung over a large table, which was surrounded by about fifteen young men, *in statu pupillari*, and covered with as profuse a variety of edibles and bibbles as the most perfect gourmand could desire. The affair was called a breakfast, but had the usual ceremonies been observed, it would have formed a very respectable dinner. Hudson, the experienced caterer of Trinity, had received orders for "a proper spread," and a metropolitan provider would have been proud of the display. Fish, fresh from the coast; game of the rarest quality, the choicest morceaux of the French *carte*, with a befitting sprinkle of the solids, were washed down by indiscriminate draughts of bottled porter, champagne, Edinburgh ale, the most delicate Rudesheim, and the thick and tawny port. Tea and coffee were seldom asked for, unless the inquirer felt the potency of his quaffings—then a cup of strong green tea or a bowl of Mocha, without milk and of a strength that laughed the Paris article to scorn, was applied medicinally, and generally with the wished success. The college *copus*, a bewitching mixture of wine, ale, spice and sugar, incessantly circled the group, in an antique silver vase that held a gallon, from which each person drank in rotation, and then handed it to his neighbour. The *cup* was never allowed to stand still. Ceremony was banished from the room; the gyps, or college waiters, attended to the demands of the guests, and handed a cigar or a pheasant poult, a rumpsteak or an ortolan, pine-apple or London porter, pigeon pie, *cuisse de poulet sauté aux champignons*, or cold corned beef, with equal readiness and good will.

"Jennings, much obliged for your invite," said one of the new comers to the host, with the easy air of an old acquaintance. "Your friend St. Vau cleaned me out last night, by his superior intimacy with the four kings. We did not part till old Sol was kissing Aurora; and, after a four hours' tumble in the downy, I wanted something spicy as a revivifier. Birch, put the maraschino in motion; this coffee requires a *chasse*."

Jennings, the "freshman," or newly-arrived student, looked at the gentleman on his right who had done the honours of introduction, and said, with a meaning glance—

"I regret to hear that you are a gambler."

St. Vau blushed to the eyes. A pause followed the remark, which was broken by a titter that gradually thickened into a general and boisterous laugh.

"How extremely verdant," said Kemp.

"The veritable *cochlearum magnum* from Guy's," said an initiating professor of pharmacy, who had come to college to get Latin enough to lael his drawers.

"Gambling is a phrase never applied by men of the world to the private amusements of gentlemen," said St. Vau. "In this university, the most erudite scholars occasionally relax from their severer studies, and disseminate the pasteboard, poise the cue, or rattle the ivory. The abstract contemplativeness of a good whist-player is peculiarly adapted to the formation of a metaphysical state of mind; the 'throws' of a pair of dice are integral portions of sexagesimals, and, therefore, logistic, if not logical in effect; and many a brilliant problem has been mathematically solved whilst watching the angles described by a billiard ball upon its green baize plane. In fact, the big wigs recommend a quiet 'pool' to all young beginners; and the Cherterton bridge, on the road to the billiard tables, is the *pons asinorum* of all new comers."

The freshman looked mystified, and another titter went round.

"Let's induct our new friend," said Wilson. "The classicalities of a little chicken hazard will give him an idea of the thing at once."

"What say you, Jennings," inquired St. Vau; "shall we now commence our course of studies in that line? You must come into the thing some time or another, and the present moment is peculiarly auspicious."

"I never gamble—I beg pardon, you dislike the phrase—I never play at games of chance for money," said Jennings.

"Oh, we'll make the game light to suit you, as you're a new beginner—just enough to render it barely interesting."

The freshman continued firm in his refusal.

"Confound it, man," said St. Vau, rising with some appearance of anger, "you must succumb to the customs of the place. A flirt of the four aces regularly follows a feed amongst the *varmint* men of the university; and I suppose, as a new comer, you do not presume to remodel the manners of the collegians?"

"Certainly not," said Wilson. "Mr. Jennings is bashful amongst his new friends, and has not yet imbibed enough wine to conquer his old feelings. Let the gyps arrange a pair of card tables in the inner room, whilst we join Mr. J. in a bumper of champagne."

A clamour of assent from a majority of the visitors overpowered the freshman's objections, and he arose from the table and turned towards the window to conceal his chagrin. He was presently joined by a young man whose acquaintance he had formed on the previous day in the library of old Trinity, and whose presence he had solicited at his first "spread," being the only personal invitation he had made, having left the choice of visitors to St. Vau. Mr. Harrington was "a third-year man," distinguished by his literary attainments and close attention to the duties of the university. He enjoyed the confidence of "the heads of the houses," but was not on speaking terms with more than one or two of the sporting set engaged in discussing Jennings' champagne.

"Mr. Harrington," said the freshman, "must I submit to this violence? I am opposed to gambling upon principle. I am unused to these scenes of debauch. What will my father, who is a clergyman, say when he hears of this frightful scene—here, in my apartments, and within a week of my arrival at the university?"

"How long have you known St. Vau, Wilson and Kemp?" inquired Harrington.

"I brought a letter to St. Vau from the keeper of the hotel where I sojourned during my recent visit to London. I was glad of an introduction to any one, for I dreaded the sight of so many strange faces. He, St. Vau, introduced the others to me, but I cannot say I like their manners. Surely, surely, Mr. Harrington, such persons are not to be considered fair specimens of the university men?"

"You have assembled around you every known vagabond in the place. The names of the majority of your guests are familiar in the mouths of the bargemen of the Cam, the Barnwell impures, and the proctors' bull dogs; but I doubt if any one of the party could obtain credit for a dinner with the easiest landlord in the town. The report of your association with them will tell sadly to your prejudice. Who made out the list of invitations?"

"St. Vau. He offered to introduce me to some of the best men in the university; advised me to ask *three or four* to breakfast; undertook the selection of the guests and the ordering of the meal. I neither expected such a numerous party, nor intended incurring such an enormous expense, so perfectly incompatible with my limited allowance. Who is this St. Vau?"

"An adventurer—without means. He is said to be of foreign extraction, but no one knows his family. He was 'plucked' at Oxford, has been 'rusticated' here for repeated improprieties, and his next freak will doubtless be visited by expulsion."

A bacchanalian song, with a loud and vulgar chorus, disturbed the talkers. During the song,

the gyp, who had been sent in search of the cards, arrived with a couple of packs and placed them on the tables in the inner room. Wilson approached the host with a brimmer of Mousseau in each hand.

"The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Jennings?"

The freshman declined the *pleasure* with a contemptuous bow, and walked to the side of the card table, where St. Vau stood, flirting the edges of one of the opened packs.

"What shall it be, men?—a round game at one table, and a little innocent whist, guinea points, at the other? Or shall we conglomerate round one centre, and illumine ourselves with the brightness of the classic pharo?"

Whilst yet a few of the party continued to peal forth the *refrain* of the noisy song, the majority yelled a drunken answer to the chief instigator, and crowded round the table whereat he stood, yelling for their favourite games. Jennings placed his hand upon St. Vau's shoulder, and said—

"My wishes seem to be of little worth, Mr. St. Vau, even in mine own apartment; but I beg you to remember that the ordinances of the university expressly prohibit card playing, and as a new comer, I cannot allow the rule to be broken in my presence."

The most timid and the most sober stood aghast at this bold interference; but a drunkard's laugh gave an example to the rest, and a volley of groans and jeers was presently fired at the unlucky freshman.

"My dear fellow," said St. Vau, "you mistake your position. You have nothing to do with it *now*. You empowered me to invite these gentlemen to your rooms—I did so; I am, therefore, answerable to them for their amusement, and to you for their conduct. *PLAY* we most certainly shall. Join us in the game if you like—it is a noun you may decline, but *dare not* misconstrue."

"The guests of Mr. Jennings will pardon me," said Mr. Harrington, "if I am heteroclite in my opinion, and affirm that he is right. As members, we are bound to respect the laws of the university; as gentlemen, we are bound to attend to the wishes of our host; as men—but I see by the sneers of those about me that I am not understood. To prevent mistakes, and secure the observance of my friend's desires, I shall pocket these packs of cards, and retain possession till I deposit them in the hands of the dean. Should any gentleman desire his name to be furnished to the authorities, with the particulars of this meeting, he has but to oppose my intentions, and he may depend upon the execution of his wish."

St. Vau alone stood unabashed. With a profusion of curses and vulgar epithets, he confronted Harrington, and dared him to a personal encounter. The gentleman turned from the blackguard with contempt. Seizing a heavy cut-glass decanter, which one of his friends had just placed on the card-table, St. Vau swung it aloft with the deter-

mination of hurling it at the head of his antagonist. But the freshman seized his arm just as the missile was dispatched upon its murderous errand. The jerk caused an alteration in its course, and Jennings observed, with small regret, that the pander Wilson dropped senseless on the floor.

Harrington smiled, and bowing to Jennings, moved towards the door. St. Vau, galled to madness, rushed past every obstacle, and grappled the retiring scholar. Whether the excess of rage weakened his powers, or the bodily strength of Harrington was actually pre-eminent, it were vain to judge, but after the struggle of an instant, St. Vau was dashed against the opposite wall. Bowing coolly to the party, the champion of the host quietly withdrew.

The freshman found himself most unpleasantly situated in the midst of his infuriated and drunken guests. Wilson, with a broken head, sat in one corner of the room, growling a diabolical revenge on all concerned, and roaring for a doctor and a glass of punch with an energy that bespoke the attention of all who were sober enough to serve him. St. Vau, bruised in body and conquered in spirit, plotted retaliation in mysterious whispers. It was soon evident, by the movements of the parties, that challenges were to be sent to the offender Harrington, both by Wilson and the redoubtable St. Vau.

Kemp undertook the delivery of the hostile messages, and departed on his errand. Wilson howled a drunken defiance at the freshman, but St. Vau, who foresaw the innumerable advantages derivable from the acquaintance of the new comer, succeeded in quieting the brawl. Despite Jennings' earnest remonstrance, a fresh supply of punch and cigars was ordered in; and broiled bones, deviled kidneys and other stimulants were placed upon the table. The furious insanity of drunkenness rapidly spread its influence over the majority of the drinkers. Unmeaning oaths, ribaldry in its most offensive guise, shouts and maniac laughter broke the silence of the night, which was advancing rapidly towards "the wee sma' hours," such had been the protracted nature of this college breakfast.

Harrington's threat of information to the dean was meant to scare the ruffians who acknowledged no other authority. His generous nature scorned to act the tell-tale or the spy; but his words gave the freshman an idea, which, in his circumstances, he was perfectly justifiable in carrying into effect. He had writhed, for hours after his friend's departure, under the infliction imposed upon him by the impudence of his guests, and had vainly endeavoured to leave the rooms to their full possession. He was detained per force, until a new supply of liquids was demanded, when he was allowed to communicate with the gyp in the little antichamber which shut-in his apartments from the common stair.

"Now, fellow," said Jennings, seizing the servant by the arm, and rapidly descending the stairway, "show me to the dean's rooms, and I'll give

you half a guinea. Refuse, or alarm those riotous students, and I'll break every bone in your body."

The gyp earned the money, wisely considering that the freshman could otherwise obtain the required intelligence of the porter at the college gate, and that a refusal would bring the ban of the university upon his name, involving the certain loss of an excellent means of living. In ten minutes, the dean, with one of the proctors and several assistants, followed the freshman to the door of his chambers; and the scene that met the gaze of the officials made the matter sufficiently clear without the aid of Mr. Jennings' representations.

Wilson, with a bloody napkin twined around his head, sat, senselessly drunk, near the door. To aid the effect of his sanguinary turban, a pair of ferocious mustachios had been made with burnt cork on his pallid cheeks, and a lighted wax candle placed in his open mouth. As many of the carousers as could stand, were doing the honours to the health of a lady who resided down the road; others were exhibiting their dexterity as marksmen by throwing tumblers, tea-cups, and other available missiles at various little busts in bronze, which graced the top of the freshman's book case. One of the card tables had been dragged from the inner room, and a graduate who had not spoken a word from the moment of his introduction to the present time, was vigorously dancing a sailor's hornpipe on the confined superficies of the table, to the infinite diversion of several of his compeers. Three bottles of south-side Madeira had been poured into a tea-kettle and placed upon the fire, for the purpose of making some "screeching hot" Regent's punch; the wine was boiling over, and intermittent explosions of steam and alcoholic blazings of singular beauty added a zest to the scene which the guests seemed incapable of appreciating, although the new comers regarded the exhibition with marvellous wonder and dismay.

The "breakfast" was broken up by the strong arm of authority, just at the time, as Kemp stated, when the guests were beginning to enjoy themselves. The whole affair underwent a rigorous investigation. St. Vau was expelled the university, Wilson and Kemp were rusticated for the whole of the ensuing term, and Mr. Jennings cautioned as to the choice of his future acquaintances.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

CAFE TURC, A PARIS.—LA DEJEUNER A LA FOURCHETTE.

JAMES HARRINGTON obtained his degree "with honours," and relying on the promise of an advowee to a rich benefice in the north of England, resolved to continue his academical course. To his regret, he was suddenly called to London by his friends, and proposals made to him by his uncle, a rich importer, respecting a partnership in their

old established firm. The conditions were highly favourable, but he was required to reside in Paris, as the foreign representative of the house.

A few months after his arrival in the French metropolis, I formed Harrington's acquaintance, and received from his own lips the account of his adventures at Cambridge. He was a single-minded man, thinking for himself on all occasions—slow in his determinations, but prompt when once resolved. The approval of his own conscience was the only reward he estimated. Dwelling in the midst of the most violent prejudices,—for, to this day, the English and the French indulge in stronger prejudices against each other than any other members of the human family,—he was singularly respected by all classes, and was, in fact, an especial favourite in the best circles of Parisian society. M. de Robichon, the manufactory agent for the firm, and the principal of the silk factory with which Harrington was chiefly connected, was devotedly attached to his young friend; and the esteem seemed perfectly reciprocal, inasmuch as Harrington passed every leisure hour at the dwelling of the agent, while Luc de Robichon, the son, and Guillemine, the daughter, were the chosen partners of his private hours.

"Yes, my friend," said Harrington, one day, during a pleasant stroll along the Boulevard des Italiens, "I am about to unite myself to the beautiful Mademoiselle de Robichon. I am tired of the dull, insensate routine of bachelorship, and Guillemine's devotion as a daughter is a warranty of her affection as a wife. She is young, very young; but the French ladies are more precocious than the English. She is somewhat thoughtless, I confess, which accounts for a giddiness and flippancy of manner; but her ductile temper and evident attachment to my unworthy self, render the certainty of her improvement under my guidance a work of delightful ease and most grateful reward."

The wedding took place, and I was introduced to the bride. I found her even more childish and *écervelé* than her lover's description had induced me to expect. She was strangely beautiful. Her large, roving eyes possessed a power that seemed akin to witchcraft, so fascinating were her glances; while the warm play of her mobile features, her ripe, plump lips, and rich round bust, teeming with the soft languor of voluptuousness, seemed to impregnate the very atmosphere with love. Her mouth was perfect—language cannot depict its beauty; but the inanity of her conversation marred the effect of her charms, and made us wonder at the poor etheriality which occupied so heavenly a domicile.

From the English ambassador's, where the marriage took place, at an early hour, according to the good old custom, the party proceeded to the Café Turc, to partake of a substantial breakfast given by the bride's father, previous to the departure of the happy pair to a hunting chateau, belonging to the family, on the banks of the Marne, in the vicinity of Fontainebleau. We were strolling beneath

the beautiful trees in front of the café, while breakfast was being served, when Luc de Robichon, the bride's brother, was seen coming through the colonnade of the building, with a well-dressed, good-looking young man upon his arm. Harrington stopped short in his promenade as they approached, and the bride uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Allow me the pleasure of introducing my most intimate friend, Gustave St. Vau. My brother-in-law, James Harrington. St. Vau is so extremely familiar with our domestic circle, that I have made bold to bring him to this our wedding feast without a previous acquaintance, and look to you to receive him as one of us."

Harrington gaped in mute surprise. It was, indeed, the disreputable ex-member of Trinity who stood before him.

"Why, Harrington, old boy, how goes it? You remember your college chum, St. Vau?—then, a giddy and somewhat dissipated youth, but now, a steady business man like yourself. And so, you are the chosen husband of my blooming belle and whilom sweetheart, the merry Guillemine? 'Twere useless to wish you joy, when you possess such happiness in reality. Come, let us in; breakfast is ready, and I long to drink the bride's health in a bumper of *Cliequot*."

With the nonchalant air of an old acquaintance, he nodded to Harrington, offered his arm to the new-made wife, and trotted her off to the café with the strut of a master of ceremonies leading the belle of the evening to her position at some country ball. Harrington gazed at this piece of impertinence with bloodless cheeks and stifled breath; but his brother-in-law recalled his self-possession by desiring him to excuse the exuberance of their old playmate St. Vau, who had known his sister from her cradle.

The breakfast passed merrily enough, although the bridegroom's seat was occupied by the presumptuous intruder, who paid unceasing attention to the bride, and did the honours of the table as though he were the donor of the feast. The bride received his flatteries with a gracious smile; her relatives echoed his boastful laugh, and with ready subservience, plauded his self-sufficient jests. The guests caught the humour of the family; and St. Vau became the lord of the ascendant—"the great, the gifted, and the good." The bridegroom exchanged glances with me—glances of direful import—and I momentarily expected an outbreak, warranted on his side by the extraordinary conduct of his chosen one and her impudent acquaintance.

"Bumpers, gentlemen," said St. Vau, rising with a creaming beaker of Sillery in his grasp, "bumpers to the happiness of the married pair. I have known them both for some length of time, and can speak to their deserts. The lady"—and with a conceited air he raised the bride's hand to his lips—"has long been the object of my severest adoration; and although now compelled to resign her to the superior merits of my college friend, who has most successfully employed the period of my recent absence, I bear him no malice—on the

contrary, it will give me unspeakable delight to see his manly brow bedecked with every honour that the marriage state can bestow."

Harrington rose in haste, and the tempest seemed about to burst, when a sudden outcry in the courtyard attracted general attention. The majority of the guests hastened to the windows; some of them hurried to the stairs; and M. de Robichon and an officious uncle of exceeding corpulency, seized the bridegroom by the arm, and hurried him from the room, under the pretence of inquiring into the cause of the noise below.

The uproar continued; voices were heard in loud authoritative tones, and the clash of arms resounded through the house. The guests hastened to the scene of strife, and I was left with the bride and the ex-collegian, whose whispered sentences seemed of sufficient importance to attract her undivided attention. I felt that I was *de trop*, but I also felt that leaving them together would be more imprudent than my intrusion could be deemed impertinent. Presently, I heard my name called loudly, and I recognized the voice of my friend Harrington. I hesitated on my course, but his frequent appeals placed me without resource. I left the room, and was on the point of descending the main staircase of the café, when I remembered that I had deposited a small riding whip, the gift of a valued friend, in the corner of the room I had just quitted. I returned, and pushing open the unfastened door, discovered St. Vau with his lips glued to the face of the bride, whose arms were flung around his neck as she returned his basal embrace.

I quitted the apartment unperceived, and gained the entrance lobby of the café, where Harrington awaited my descent.

"Have you pistols or swords at hand?" said he, as he seized me with an impatient gesture. "I must lower the tone of that insulting Frenchman before I depart. He is my guest, but he has outraged hospitality, and I were unworthy the name of man if I submitted to his jeers. Take him the message."

"With pleasure," said I. "But how can I appoint time and place for a hostile meeting when your travelling carriage is at the door, waiting to bear you on a distant journey? You will necessarily be surrounded by your friends till the moment of your departure."

"Not so. If he has the common bravery of a Frenchman, he will accommodate himself to the circumstances when he knows the necessity of instant action. The arrival of a party of gendarmes, and the arrest of a fugitive from justice in the court-yard of the café, has drawn the attention of the household and of their visitors. The garden is deserted—a few minutes will settle our business, and—"

"True—true—but the weapons?"

"I will endeavour to procure them, while you bring the Frenchman to the meeting."

Again I ascended the stairs and hastened to execute my errand. I called St. Vau from the

room, and repeated Harrington's challenge; he turned pale, and spoke of being able to explain the mistake. My indignant repetition of the message convinced him that we were in earnest—he accepted the meeting, but demanded time for the selection of a friend, and the usual privilege of the challenged, the choice of weapons. I agreed to his terms, giving him ten minutes to meet me and my principal at the farthest end of the garden at the back of the café. We descended the stairs together; he turned towards the main entrance from the street, and I made my way to the rear in search of my friend. In less than a minute, and before I had gained Harrington's presence, St. Vau followed me down the side alley of the garden, and seemed in the utmost perturbation, looking back as if he dreaded pursuit, and dodging from one side of the walk to the other as the shrubs promised the greatest shelter. I hailed him as Harrington approached.

"Messieurs, this meeting cannot take place to-day. I am unable to leave the café—in search of a friend, I mean; the weapons are not attainable, and I have business of vital importance elsewhere."

"Must an Englishman disgrace himself by personal outrage to induce a Frenchman to give him honourable satisfaction? If M. St. Vau will forego his right of choice, we can easily obtain weapons. A party of gendarmes have possession of the café; the officer is in private conversation with the landlord, and the men, while drinking with M. de Robichon in honour of the fête, have piled their carbines in the corner of the hall; we can easily secure a couple of them, and settle this matter on the instant."

St. Vau eagerly agreed to Harrington's proposition. I undertook to filch the guns, and started for that purpose, with a suggestion from St. Vau that I should bring as many as I could carry, as they would be useful to us in the necessity of a second shot, being without powder and ball to reload.

Fortune kindly favoured my attempt. I succeeded in securing six of the carbines without attracting the attention of the gendarmes, although the loud repetition of our names throughout the house by various of the guests, proved that our absence had been observed.

"Capital!" said St. Vau; "I hope the pieces are all loaded;" and as I deposited the arms on a small refreshment table, he adroitly pulled back the hammer of each carbine, and removed the priming powder from the pan. Five of the guns were served in this way ere we had time to interfere, when snatching the sixth from my grasp, he placed it on full cock, and said with his customary sneer—

"Messieurs will now admit the truth of my declaration that the required meeting cannot take place this day. Harrington, be a good boy, and go back to your wife. The game is in my hands, but my respect for my old flame Guillelmine forbids me spoiling the beauty of her useful spouse."

"Cowardly scoundrel!" exclaimed Harrington, striking St. Vau several violent blows across the

face with the riding whip which I had placed in his hands when I went for the carbines. St. Vau said not a word; the blood rushed to his face with such impetuosity that his veins became purple, and the wales made by the lash stood out in bold relief like thick, black ropes. He retreated a few steps, and raising the gun to his shoulder, took a deliberate aim at Harrington, who stood unflinchingly before him, and seemed to court the certainty of death. A paralysis of wonder—of fear, if you will—came over me, and I stirred not to interfere with the commission of the murderous act. But St. Vau suddenly dropped the weapon from its level, and said, in a low, calm voice—

"The report may bring those about me I wish to avoid. My revenge will keep, and I swear to you, James Harrington, by every thing which men consider holy, that I will cause a deeper anguish in that heart of thine than can be given by any festering wound by bullet or by knife."

He turned to leave the walk. An officer of the gendarmerie stepped from the shrubbery, and said—

"Gustave St. Vau, alias Comte de Fleury, alias Robert Patterson, I arrest you on a charge of forgery."

"Stand back, sir! By the living God, I will not be taken alive. I am armed, and the majority of your men's weapons are useless, thanks to the good nature of my friends here. Move another step, and I fire."

"Do so, if you wish it," exclaimed the officer, calmly beckoning to his men to advance. "The carbines are charged with blank cartridge merely, while my pistols are loaded with two balls each. Does Monsieur wish to test the fact?"

St. Vau dropped his arms, and was instantly pinioned by the *gens d'armes*. The officer's coolness saved the emission of blood, for the carbine was loaded with slugs.

The whole of the marriage party crowded the walk. St. Vau's crime was publicly proclaimed, and his former friends were the first to rail at his iniquity. The bride flung herself on Harrington's neck; her parents assailed him with angry expostulations; the brother demanded an explanation, which the bridegroom vainly attempted to furnish. I turned from the scene of noise, and strolled leisurely down another part of the garden, reaching the main entrance time enough to receive a parting salute from Harrington, with a deprecatory shrug of his shoulders, as he drove off with his weeping bride on his contemplated trip for the honeymoon, and to receive a nod of defiance from the disgraced chevalier as he wended on his way to the jail, with a tolerable certainty of the gallies in perspective.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

NEWGATE, LONDON.—THE SHERIFF'S TABLE.

"Yes, gentlemen, I assure you that my unfortu-

nate clients, who, on Monday morning, expiate their offences against the law, *sus. per col.*, are positively of the very first respectability. In fact, I consider it the most interesting execution of the season. We are in the habit of having a few friends around us on such occasions. The present incumbent of the shrievalty is a perfect gentleman, and places a very comfortable breakfast upon the table of his private room in the jail, and with considerate kindness, the refreshment is always ready to the moment when I retire from the scaffold. When I hear the functionary Ketch withdraw the fatal bolt, I have the consolation of knowing that the turnkey is pouring out my chocolate. My card is the *passee-partout* to any part of his majesty's jail of Newgate—allow me to offer you one a-piece, and I flatter myself, gentlemen, you will not repent your visit. Remember, we 'drop' at eight and cut down at nine. Adieu."

Such was the language of the polite and reverend gentleman who, some twenty years ago, filled the situation of chaplain, or "ordinary," as it was then termed, to Newgate jail. He addressed the assembled felons every Sunday, in the prison chapel, in mild and soothing terms;—no threats of everlasting hell, no "brimstone denunciations," as he called the dissenting ministers' awful pictures of divine wrath, pained the minds of the death-condemned under his spiritual control. When he attended the last moments of the malefactor on the public scaffold, he paid the strictest attention to the minutæ of the toilet; his hair was beautifully curled; his band and surplice were clean and glossy; he held the prayer-book with a stainless pair of white kid gloves, and in a bland and winning tone of voice, he politely invited the sinner to repentance. He gave the fearful signal to the hangman by waving a highly perfumed handkerchief of the finest lawn; and while his "clients," as he termed the condemned felons, were struggling with the death-choke, he calmly descended to his breakfast, satisfied that he had discharged his duties in the most gentlemanly manner.

It is but justice to add to the above sketch of a veritable character, that his services were ever at the command of the humblest criminal. Many a cheerless night has he passed in the damp cell of the doomed, quieting the remorse of the conscience-torn, and awakening hope, by the blandness of his tones, in the minds of the most forlorn. He readily supplied the prison wants of the destitute from his own means, and was indefatigable in attending to the worldly welfare of the relatives left helpless by the victims of the law. He was exceedingly popular with the authorities; and it was universally remarked by the *habitues* of the prison, that his "clients" met their fate with greater resignation and with a fuller hope of pardon hereafter, than those criminals who had been attended by the severer professors of piety foisted on them by over-zealous friends. Many a time, when the harshness of the dissenting minister had almost extinguished the faint expectancy of heavenly pardon from the

mind of the agonized but repentant wretch who was without hope on earth, the well-meaning turnkey has introduced the jail chaplain to the cell from whence fanaticism had expelled him, and, in a few short hours, the poor criminal would be awakened from the bitter depths of his despair, and the howlings of the damned ceased to ring in his ears. The soothing nature of the ordinary's voice was particularly adapted to the fine prayers contained in the ritual of the Episcopal church, abounding in assurances of the saving love of the Almighty for his erring people. Again, a few kind inquiries respecting the criminal's worldly matters; offers and assurances of help to some wretched wife, some destitute babe or aged parent, left helpless by the execution of the law, would find its way into the heart of the most obdurate. In fact, the polite parson was the firm hope of the felon, the friend of the friendless. To him was extended the last and the most fervent farewell in this world, of many a bruised heart whose dying moments he has comforted, whose bosom he has dilated with hopes of pardon in the world to come.

At that time, the penal code of England was written in characters of blood. In the metropolis, the execution of criminals was a matter of weekly occurrence. Crimes, now punishable by imprisonment or expatriation, were then certain to be atoned in death. The Bank of England never forgave the forgery of its paper, and, sanctioned by the law, exacted the penalty of death from all persons in any way associated with the offence. Circumstances of a distressing nature connected with the sentence of a mere youth found guilty of passing counterfeit notes, who was one of the "respectable" clients mentioned by the chaplain in his invitation, determined me to be present at the execution, if not at the sheriff's breakfast afterwards.

I was at the prison-door by six o'clock on Monday morning, and on presenting the chaplain's card to the turnkey, was advised by him to call at the reverend gentleman's house, which immediately adjoined the jail. Whilst waiting for an answer to my knock, I observed that the gallows or drop was then being wheeled from out the press-yard (so called from its having been the place where the punishment of pressing to death was inflicted on those prisoners who refused to plead), to its situation in front of the debtors' door of Newgate. At that early hour, crowds of anxious gazers filled the windows of the neighbouring houses, and hundreds of men, boys and women, were thronging the area in front of the jail, and hastening from the adjacent avenues. A smart footman belonging to the chaplain informed me that his master, after preaching the condemned sermon on Sunday morning, had passed the rest of the day and the whole of the night in the condemned cells, but that *he would certainly return home to dress before the execution took place!*

"You seem anxious to get within the prison, sir," said the footman, with a politeness naturally resulting from attendance on the parson. "The

sheriff is in the parlour; he has been taking a short nap upon the sofa, after being up best part of the night with the men who are going to be hanged, and if he knows you're a friend of master's, he'll take you across the press-yard to the prison at once."

A portly man, with small but active black eyes, and a round bald head, stepped from the parlour at that instant, and corroborated the servant's words. In five minutes we were within the walls of Newgate.

"Brown, let the ordinary know that I am here. Are my men in readiness?"

"Yes, sir. The boy's mother has been hanging about all night, begging to see her child once more."

"You did not admit her?"

"No, sir, not to the cell. I obeyed orders, but I couldn't keep the poor creature at the door in the rain, so my wife's got her in our room over a cup of tea and a bit of toast."

"Quite right, Brown; keep her there till it's all over. She has already bid him good-by, and if they were to meet again, I do believe he would be unable to walk to the drop. There will be an immense crowd, and we shall have several very respectable people here inside; every thing must go off well and quietly. Tell my man to roast another pair of fowls, and put half a dozen more cups and saucers on the table."

"I will, sir."

"I am afraid that the little business details of a matter as solemn as an execution must appear strange and forbidding in your eyes, my dear sir, but use makes all things familiar. The rapid increase of crime and the severity of our judges have given me a most unpleasant intimacy with the formula of a hanging match, as it is called; and this morning—but I suppose your reverend friend made you familiar with the facts connected with the subjects of to-day's execution?"

"No; he spoke in general terms of its interesting character, merely."

"Oh, yes; *interesting!*—that is so like him—not but what there is a peculiarity in the history of each of the four subjects, I confess. The poor fellows are gentlemen in birth and bearing—one of them is a general favourite—a bold, dashing, agreeable rattle-pate, who looks upon death as a just debt, and is prepared to honour the demand when due. His crime is trivial—the purchase of some stolen property—but he is a returned transport, and that in itself is an offence which always meets the extreme rigour of the law. Should the government be known to wink at an escape from a penal settlement, authority would be at an end in our Australian colonies."

"What was the offence for which he suffered transportation?"

"The felonious possession of some jewelry. He has a brother, an officer of some rank in the army—but that is one of our little secrets, which you will be kind enough not to mention. The

brother's interest, backed by the exertions of some of our most influential men, who have taken a sort of liking to the fellow for his excellent convivial qualities, (he certainly does sing a capital song,) procured him a side offer from a certain quarter that if he would give up the names of the persons who aided him in his escape from Port Jackson, and freely recount the means of his getting away, his life would be spared, but he must volunteer into the condemned regiment, and start for India forthwith."

"And he did not accept the offer?"

"His answer was characteristic—swamp-fighting with the natives beneath the burning sun of India was little better than building fortifications at Botany Bay; and as for revealing the names of his friends there who assisted his escape, it was impossible—he had given them his honour as a gentleman, and his majesty couldn't expect him to forfeit his word."

"The next case is a pitiable one. You must remember the particulars of W——'s arrest, who, in his early settlement with his factor, passed off a promissory note for the small sum of fifty pounds with a forged endorsement. No one believes that fraud was intended—the terms of payment with his factor were positive as to time and amount—he had expended his means, and was yet fifty pounds deficient. He held two genuine notes with the same endorsement, for the same small sum, and he doubtless meant to redeem the false note with the true. But the interchange of securities between banking houses brought the three notes under the notice of the gentleman whose name had been used, and poor W—— was denounced. He leaves an amiable wife, an invalid sister, and five small children entirely destitute."

"Has no interest been used, no exertion made to mitigate his sentence?"

"None. It would be useless. The mercantile world is at this period very justly incensed at the prevalence of fraud in monetary transactions. The failure of several bankers, the extensive forgeries of some, and the flight of others, equally criminal but more fortunate, compel a severity of sentence on the poor devil first convicted. W—— is doomed to be hung, not because his crime deserves it, but because the security of trade demands a victim."

"You made mention just now of a boy—one of the sufferers to-day?"

"Yes; he is but just turned eighteen—old enough in the eyes of the law to inherit the awful responsibility of crime, but not old enough to inherit property. He is not recognized by the law as capable of transacting business or marriage, yet the law claims its victim, even to the rendering of his life, for the violation of its edict. This poor youth, suffering the extremest poverty, was detected passing a counterfeit one pound note. He might just as well have committed murder, for his punishment is quite as sure. His mother, a widow of decayed gentility, is almost frantic at the loss of her darling. There was a sweetheart, a beautiful girl, who

visited him in prison once or twice; her pride has not allowed her to see him since his conviction, but the mother's love is constant to the end."

"And the fourth and last in this sad catalogue?"

"Is the murderer who was tried on Friday last."

We always hang for murder on a Monday—the law providing in such matters that forty-eight hours must not elapse between sentence and execution. By having the trial on a Friday, we give the guilty one the benefit of Sunday, which, as it is a *dies non*, does not evade the law. We seldom hang other criminals on the same days with murderers, but we have a heavy condemned list this session, and must hang twice a week for a month to come."

"Is there any peculiarity in this murder case?"

"No. A simple stabbing matter, in one of the lowest haunts of infamy. The slain was a common sailor, and the provocation was not proved. The murderer is an intelligent man, and has doubtless seen better days. He does not repent his crime, and is perfectly resigned. I know not whether he is an Englishman—he speaks several languages fluently, but he seems to be without a friend in the world."

The mellifluous tones of the chaplain's voice were heard in the arched passage leading to the cells, and in another moment he entered the keeper's room where we had been conversing, introducing several other visitors to our notice in his usual bland and courteous style.

"Ah, my good friend, how kind to favour me with your society thus early. Excuse my frightful *deshabille*, but I have been for twenty hours sedulously engaged in prayer. Sheriff, I know you sent for those Epping sausages to please me; believe me I thoroughly appreciate the value of your friendship. My poor clients, they have sadly tired me; but I am well repaid, for I have left them comfortable and happy—yes, happy as new born babes. My dear friend P., you said last week that your newly married daughter found it difficult to procure a confidential housekeeper. I have found one who will suit exactly. It is the mother of my youngest client, sheriff—she who is now weeping so bitterly in Brown's room. I will be answerable for her honesty. By the way, my dear Brown, tell your amiable wife to have a good cup of strong green tea for me this morning, not chocolate—my nerves require a brace. Alderman H., can you in any way obtain me a couple of presentations to Christ's Hospital? I have two spirited little fellows whom I wish to place in that excellent school—the sons of my client W. I have promised him as much, and you won't let me break my word. Thank you, my dear friend—the father will die happy. Gentlemen, I must leave you for half an hour. I dare not appear before the public in this soiled attire. Sheriff, perhaps our friends would feel a pleasure in visiting my clients before they leave the cells—we have yet an hour good. Brown, my dear fellow, mind the chairs are dusted clean; and be sure not to let the rolls get cold. I trust that the functionary Ketch has every thing in readiness."

With half a dozen graceful bows, this eccentric but really humane chaplain departed to accomplish a severe toilet, that he might with propriety appear in his public part of the revolting drama about to be enacted. Agreeable to his suggestion, we rose to visit the condemned cells, to gratify a mean and morbid curiosity by gazing on our fellow-creatures in their last hour of helpless misery and shame. The first cell we arrived at contained the murderer and the returned convict—the latter was attiring himself in an elegant suit of black. He shook hands with us all with much alacrity; there was a smile upon his handsome but sensual features, though his nostrils were distended, and his eye-balls were suffused with blood. The murderer was on the floor of the cell with his face buried in his folded arms. At the bidding of the sheriff, he sprang to his feet, and his irons clanked heavily as he rose. In spite of his cadaverous look, his matted hair and beard, his sunken eyes, his bloodless lip and mean attire, I recognized at the first glance my friend Harrington, the husband of the lovely Guillelmine!

Words cannot depict my surprise, my grief. I had left him but a few short months back in the gratified possession of wealth, reputation and a troop of friends; and now to meet with him under a false name, chained in a felon's cell, deserted by all, and on the eve of a disgraceful death! Was he guilty? Yes! Where were his friends, his uncle and partner, his wife? He answered me not.

The sheriff, giving me a glance of intelligence, left the cell, taking with him all the visitors and his pet criminal, the returned convict. Harrington again embraced me, and we sat down on the stone bench, with our hands clasped in each other.

"I must make my story brief, for my minutes are numbered—the next sound which the world hears from the iron tongue of ancient Chronos will signal forth my death. We have met strangely enough, and you must, therefore, learn why I dipped my hands in blood. I care not that the world should know my motives. You left me on my wedding-day, some eighteen months ago. It is hardly worth while to apologize now for my abrupt departure on that day—my friends advised it, and I was glad to hasten from the disgusting scene. Well, my wife easily persuaded me that St. Vau's attentions were harmless as those of a brother. I readily believed her, for I loved with a madman's fondness. Yes—weak and childish as she was, her beauty mastered my soul. For a year, I tasted happiness as ample as the human heart can bear. Guillelmine presented me with a child, and I passed hours of dreamy rapture in contemplating the features of my infant boy. Now listen, and see how fearfully I have paid for this short-lived bliss.

"Six months ago—yes, six short months—and in that little space I have lived a long, long life of suffering and care—six months ago, St. Vau escaped from the galleys, and I was informed by my wife's maid that she was in the habit of meeting him at an obscure house in the suburbs of the

city. I informed the police of St. Vau's whereabouts, and again was this daring adventurer confined. I said not a word of the matter to my wife, hoping by a constant exertion of tenderness and love to wean her mind from this errant propensity which I refused to believe was tinged with the slightest shade of guilt. I was miserably deceived. Again St. Vau escaped, and this time my wife became the partner of his flight, taking with her a large amount of cash and jewelry, and, worse than all, her child, my worshipped infant boy.

"I felt the blow severely—but my pride was hurt, and I knew that I ought to despise and not regret the woman who could abandon her happy home to become the mistress of a galley-slave. A few weeks passed, I know not how, when intelligence was conveyed to me that the scoundrelly seducer had already tired of his victim; and, wishing to fill her place with a new object, he thrust her forth one wintry night, and the mother and the babe perished miserably in the storm. My rage then became ungovernable; my own wrongs, mighty as they were, seemed as nothing to the murder of my wife and child. Guillelmine was young, weak and trusting in her nature; she had never loved me—her parents had sacrificed her to assist their position in society—but St. Vau, the object of her maiden fancy, for whom she had given up all—her husband, home, name, fame—my babe, too, whose little voice seemed crying from the grave for vengeance—I grow mad, now, while I think of it!

"Well, well," he resumed, after a painful struggle, "I devoted him to death, and set about the work with deliberate preparation. I knew I had no common man to deal with. In disguise, I tracked him to his haunts, and in the depths of a Bohemian forest, in the very cottage from whence poor Guillelmine was spurned, I shot him as he sat in dalliance with his new-found wanton. I saw him fall, and believed that I had avenged my wife and child. No! the devil that he served had turned the ball aside from a vital part, and he recovered. I followed him to Spain, and there, by his machinations, I was thrown into jail. But I escaped, no matter how, and again was on his track. After a weary journey, I met with him in Rome, and just as I deemed my vengeance certain, he was arrested for some of his mal-practices, and once more I was foiled. The police of the imperial city could not expect to keep secure the cunning villain who had repeatedly foiled the chiefest agents of the French bureau. Once more he regained his liberty, and for some time all traces of him were lost. It struck me that as few parts of the continent were safe for him, he would be likely to visit England. I arrived here a few weeks back. In the lowest sinks of vice, in the illuminated saloons of the gambler's clubs, in the crowded streets by day, and in the secret midnight den of crime, I sought for my victim. I met with him at last in a low drinking house, disguised as a sailor, and surrounded by a crowd of coarse, revolting men. I drove my knife

into his heart without a word, and before I was carried to jail, knew that his vile spirit had departed from the earth.

"I am summoned to my death. The excitement of revenge has passed away, and in the dark solitude of these stone cells, I have had ample time to muse upon my deeds, and I now declare, while standing on the verge of eternity, that a shadow of remorse has never crossed my mind. The law could not have administered justice in my case, but it demands my life to cover its own deficiency. So let it be. The clergyman of the jail tells me that I have made my peace with Heaven. I am yet to learn that I had offended it!"

The sheriff returned, dressed in his gayest robes of office, and carrying a long white wand in his hand, as if he was about to usher his sovereign to a seat at some civic festivity instead of waiting to see the dread vengeance of the law executed upon suffering mortality. Several of his attendants crowded at his heels. Harrington was removed, with his fellow-sufferers, to the lower lobby or hall of the jail, where the rest of the visitors awaited us. Here the condemned were pinioned and prepared for the fatal drop. Harrington, as a murderer, was the only one in chains; and while the prison smith removed the rivets of his fetters, the "oily man of God" whispered peace and pardon in his ear. One of the executioner's assistants was removing the cravat of a middle-aged man, whose look of utter and indescribable horror haunts me even now; his quick, keen eye glanced among the crowd as if it dreaded meeting the recognition of an acquaintance. When the hangman's cords were placed about his arms, he shuddered violently, and clasping his pinioned hands, he raised his eyes to heaven and muttered an inaudible prayer—yet such was the play of his features from the depths of his anguish, that it would not have been ridiculous to suppose that the heart-broken husband and father was making mouths at Heaven for the apparent injustice of its dispensations.

The youth who was to lose his life for the paltry matter of twenty shillings, reclined almost senseless in the arms of the keeper of the jail. Poor boy! his light hair and soft blue eye, his round and polished throat, his look of extreme youth and positive guilelessness of manner, seemed strangely to accord with a violent death as a punishment for crime. The sheriff tried to comfort him; he gasped an inarticulate reply. The chaplain whispered to the keeper, and in a moment, a small glass of cordial was administered to the almost prostrate youth with such effect, that he was soon enabled to converse with the sheriff, and walk erect to and on the scaffold.

The death procession was marshaled, and the voice of the chaplain sounded painfully musical in that damp and echoing arch, as he proclaimed aloud "the resurrection and the life." The returned transport was the first to mount the drop; he ascended the stairs with a firm step, amid the regrets of the visitors and the muttered sorrow of the

jail officials. He bowed respectfully to the multitudinous crowd, and was received with a marked emotion. The merchant who had committed forgery was the next; and in respect to his previous character, to his bereaved family, and the fearful sadness of his look, the agitated mass at once removed their hats, and a sad, funereal silence reigned throughout the street. The boy was handed up; the cordial draught had given a transient animation to his eye, and a hectic flush bloomed in his cheek. He bounded on to the scaffold as a schoolboy would jump in his play ground, but the sight of that immense multitude dismayed him, even in his false excitement, and he burst into tears. Yells of indignation burst from the mob—loud cries of "Shame! reprieve! remove the boy! murder!" were mixed with women's screams and reprobate curses. The vast mass heaved to and fro, and the executioner trembled as he fixed the rope around the lost child's neck.

"Quick, here," said the sheriff from the scaffold; "send up the other prisoner: we must put an end to this."

Harrington turned towards me, and with a calmer manner than any spectator there could boast, said—"It is scarcely worth while to mention my fate to the Robichons; the old man has quite enough to bear as it is. God bless you, and sometimes honour my memory with your thoughts." His appearance on the drop turned the attention of the multitude from the boy, and execrations were loudly shouted against the murderer. Harrington smiled, as I was afterwards told; the cap was drawn over his face, the chaplain gave the signal, the drop fell, and four of my fellow-creatures were deprived of life.

I felt the blood creeping with a stinging sensation through every vein; a stunning weight seemed overwhelming my brain, and I was on the point of falling, when I was seized by the arm, and the chaplain whispered, in his softest voice—"We'll not let the sausages get cold!"

The transition was grossly, foolishly abrupt—but *we went to breakfast*. One or two of the guests felt faint and sickly for a moment, but they were laughed at by the sheriff and patted on the back by the polite parson, who recommended a glass of cogniac as a remedy, and practised the precept he gave. The loss experienced by the widowed mother and her five helpless children was mixed up with roast chicken and another cup of tea. The tenderness of the steaks and the boy's fondness for his parent were praised in the same breath. The sheriff retailed the death joke of the returned convict with much glee; this led to the recounting of sundry jests uttered on various occasions by the hangman, who was considered a sort of prison jester. In a quarter of an hour, ere yet the hanging men were free from the spasmodic lingerings of death, good humour reigned triumphant at the jail breakfast; the sheriff complimented the chaplain on the quiet behaviour of his clients; and, in return, the clerical functionary praised the execu-

tive arrangements; and, as he pushed back his plate, crowded with the *disjecta membra epuli*, he wiped the unctuousness of the Epping delicacies from

his lips, and turning up his eyes with an expression of meekness, said—"It was, indeed, a morning's work of which he was justly proud!"

THE VIOLET.

BY MRS. M. A. GALLOHER.

"LITTLE flow'ret of the spring,
Blooming on thine humble bed,
Seeking not the passing gaze—
Lowly droops thy modest head!
Early dost thou rear thy form,
Early thus thy sweets disclose,
Fear'st thou not the chilling blast,
Which so oft around thee blows?"

"Springtide beams uncertain are,
Transient is the warming ray;
Oft we see the falling snow
Cloud the face of brightest day.
Other flow'rs, esteem'd the pride
Of the garden, are not found;
From the wintry gale secur'd,
Still they sleep beneath the ground.

"When the cheering sunny ray,
And the genial show'r invite,
Then they rear their beauteous forms,
And display their colours bright.
Gaining thus th' admiring gaze,
Homage to their beauties due;
Dazzling charms, and colours bright
Striving thus our love to woo.

"Efforts none, upon thy part,
Lovely violet do we see;
Lowly dost thou bloom alone,
Emblem of humility."

"Yes, upon my humble bed
With content I ever bloom,
Fearing not the chilling blast,
Or return of wintry gloom.

"Meekly I can bow my head
When the wintry blast rolls by;
Secure me thus from sweeping storm—
Prouder plant would prostrate lie.
Admiring gaze I never seek—
Fame I covet not, nor praise;
Nor for pride or gaudy show,
E'er my simple head I raise.

"Early thus, I come to cheer,
Though the gath'ring storm may blow—
Humbly bloom, but charms possess—
Loftier blossoms seldom know.
He who stoops my charms to view,
Must my modest merit hail;
Odours sweet surround my bed,
Wafted are on every gale.

"Unassuming though I am,
Lessons I can still impart,
Let contentment reign within;
Meekness ever sway thy heart.
Talents, youth, and beauty's bloom,
Strive with modesty to blend;
This each gift will much enhance;
To win esteem will always tend."

Oft, like sweetly scented flowers,
Blooming best in humble spot,
Dearest joys of life are found,
Joys which grandeur never bought.
Clustering there they richly bloom,
Waiting still our souls to bless;—
He who would their fragrance cull,
Stooping must their sweets possess.

HE GAVE HIS CHASTEN'D MIND.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE waste of feeling he bemoan'd—
Time idly spent, and vain,—
Till Contemplation rais'd his heart
Above earth's grovelling chain.

That eve, his best beloved bent
A glance that sooth'd his pain,
And bath'd his brow in liquid light
Till morn resum'd its reign.

Then, richly from his thrilling lute
The lofty theme he taught,
That heavenly natures blend with man
Through solitary thought.

When most his soul o'er things of earth
In meditation soars,
And, casting off its dross and pride,
True purity adores.

A FANCY SKETCH.

BY MRS VOLNEY E. HOWARD.

"My mother had a maid called Barbara."—*Othello*.

I PRAY you lend me your fancies—I wave my wand once—twice—thrice—hundreds of times, and Venice, beautiful Sea Queen! rises before us like the Fata Morgana. Lo! we stand on the canal Maggiore—what stately buildings border it on either side! The Venetians were wont to boast, that on the canal Maggiore were two hundred palaces, each fit for the residence of a crowned king.

Restricted by their severe sumptuary laws, from the display of gold jewels or gorgeous attire, the opulent nobles of Venice could only exhibit their wealth in the splendour of their buildings. How directly in contrast with the customs of the Venetian Jew. Whilst in the palace of the merchant-prince, the sombre cast of their garments gave to its inmates more the appearance of *religieux* than the gay, rich nobles of the land, in the outwardly squalid dwelling of the Jew, its inhabitants were decked with all those gaudy, as well as rich adornments, which always characterized the taste of the women of Israel. But with them we have at present nought to do.

See yonder magnificent mansion! It is the palace of Senor Brabantio, the noble Senator. That dwelling contains a rare beauty—the fair, the chaste, the gentle Desdemona. Wouldst thou behold her, even as she used to sit amid the maidens of her mother's household, superintending their light avocations and passing the hours in innocent converse? Look!

The sun streams pleasantly into the cheerful chamber, where, employed in embroidery, cut-work, and many a fine needlework beside, of which we now know but the name, sat the damsels of the noble lady of Brabantio. One sits among them, a being of superior order, evidenced not only by her more costly attire, but by her noble, yet delicate beauty. She leans over a frame of rich embroidery; but the rose-bud on which she has been working has grown none for the last ten minutes, for those taper fingers which are so rarely painting it with the needle, have for that space of time supported the dimpled chin of their sweet owner.

The pretty Olivia, looking archly at her young lady, laughed out, "I would wager a golden crown to a steel bodkin, that I can guess on what the Lady Desdemona is pondering just now!"

"And if thou canst, girl," said the lady, awaking from her reverie, "thou shalt have the Genoa bodice that I know thou covetest. Nay, nay, do not speak till I whisper my thought to Barbara, and then thou shalt tell thy guess!"

So saying, she bent to the ear of a maiden somewhat older than Olivia, whose pale, sad countenance, but for the gloom that shadowed it, would have been very fair, and, whispering a few words, resumed aloud, "Now speak, Olivia! what busied my truant thoughts, just now?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the eager girl, "were you not thinking of the sweet serenade that was sung beneath your window last night? I can give a shrewd guess, too, at the singer!"

"Lost! lost! has she not, Barbara?" cried the gay lady. "In sooth, my fancy was busy with loftier things than the roundelays of Senior Roderigo, albeit he hath a passably sweet voice and merry fancy. I mused upon the news my father told us yesternight at supper, that the thanks of the state and a splendid sword are voted to the gallant general, Othello, who hath so nobly deserved them. Ah! 'tis such men as he that *do* the deeds that such as the silken Roderigo can but sing!"

"Oh, lady! you do unkindly to cast such reproach on one who adores the ground your foot but touches! Sure am I, his voice last night might have softened the hardest heart. How went the lay?—(sings)—la la, lira lira!"

"Oh! sing it, if thou canst, Olivia!" cried Helena; "our chamber is distant, and we heard it not. I should so like to hear it, if our lady is willing?" A nod gave assent, and Olivia sung

RODERIGO'S SERENADE.

Awake Desdemona!
Fair lily unstain'd,
Wake, for the nightingale
Thus sadly 'plain'd:
"For bright Desdemona
I sing my sweet lay;
Ah! why does she slumber
Forgetful away?"
"I saw her fair cheek,
And it rival'd the dawn;
I thought 'twas my rose-love,
And flew to the lawn!"
Then wake, Desdemona—
Thou maid without peer—
Let the strains of the nightingale
Melt on thine ear.

"Now, is not that sweet, Barbara? and is not our fair lady cruel to slight such a troubadour? But, Barbara, what was the song thou wast singing the other day, when we were gathering roses for the festival? You said you sang it to warn me! Good,

now—why *me?* and what was it? My lady, bid Barbara sing it—'tis a pretty air."

"Methinks you are song-mad, Olivia; but you shall be indulged for once. Sing it, good Barbara."

"As you please, my lady; but 'tis only a simple thing," sighed the melancholy Barbara, as she sang—

'If thou hast a true, true love,
Lady—sweet lady!
Prize him next to Heaven above,
Oh, lovely lady!

'If thou lovest a hawk or hound,
Lady—sweet lady!
A leash of others soon are found,
Oh, lovely lady!

'If thou lovest a purse of gold,
Lady—sweet lady!
Fate may give thee an hundred fold,
Oh, lovely lady!

'But if thou hast a true love tin'd,
Lady—sweet lady!
Thou mayst never another find,
Oh, careless lady!"

"Thank you for your warning, Barbara," said Desdemona; "but suppose a lady has more than one *true love*, she cannot love them both, but must lose one. Give me my lute, and I will answer thy song with another."

If thou wouldst choose a knight to love,
No matter when or how,
If thou wouldst choose a knight to love,
Under the greenwood bough;

Choose him not by a lily skin,
No matter when or how;
Oft fair without proves foul within,
All under the greenwood bough.

But choose him for his heart and mind,
No matter when or how;
For this is true love painted blind,
All under the greenwood bough.

"Heigho! methinks I could love such a man," said Desdemona, musingly.

"Such a man! such a man as who, my lady?" eagerly exclaimed the favourite Olivia, while all paused in their employment to listen.

Desdemona.—Oh, a man that hath more wit in his head than perfumes on his locks, and more strength in his hand than embroidery on his gloves. Few such in Venice! Come hither, Helena; thou touchest the lute with skill; take mine, and sing us a ballad—and let it be of something nobler than nightingales and roses.

Helena.—When I attended your lady mother to Signora Nani's fête, the other day, a minstrel sang one that I think is new. I have been able to recall it all to memory, with the help of my lady's page, who also heard it.

Oh, swiftly glides the gondola
The broad canal along;
Beneath its ample canopy
Is heard the jest and song.

Far from the marble palaces,
Their joyous course they plough;
The queenly Adriatic sea
Is spread before them now.

The heavy folds are drawn aside,
A happy band is there;
The guests of young Valeria,
The lovely, bright and fair.

Her aged sire sits silent by;
His thoughts are far away;
Say, thinks he of his only son,
Lost at fell Ceuta Bay.

And he is now the Moslem's thrall,
A menial overtasked,
Until his sire shall ransom pay—
A cruel one is asked.

The Moor Valeria's portraiture
Had from her brother torn;
To take no ransom but herself
He had by Mah'met sworn.

In vain were offered sums that well
Had princes' ransoms paid;
No ransom would the Moslem take
But the too lovely maid.

Antonio was his father's pride,
His noble house's heir;
Dear though she was, Valeria
Could not with him compare.

The Moor had sworn the Christian maid,
His only bride should be,
And not a queen in all the East,
Should have such state as she.

Alas! for sweet Valeria,
Romano's promised bride,
No longer hath old Bertolo
Th' unhallowed suit denied.

But lest all Christendom should cast
Reproach upon his deed,
That they should seize her as perforce
Was secretly agreed.

On swept the Moorish brigantine,
Loud laughed its brutal crew;
Loudly laughed they that he should deem
They'd keep their promise true.

Upon the deck, oh, joyful sight!
Bertolo sees his son;
But oh, remorse! what frightful price
That vision bright hath won!

When woes are sent from Heaven above,
Strength also comes from there—
But what our own wild wills have done,
Our own weak hearts must bear.

"It is too late!" cried Bertolo,
And yet he clasped his child;
Is this the last time he shall meet
Those eyes of lustre mild?

Oh, who with Moor hath compact made,
That has not met with loss;
For who can trust the infidel
That tramples on the cross?

On sweeps the Moorish brigantine,
Driven by both sail and oar;
Bertolo's gilded gondola
Is far from friendly shore.

They bear on board the bright-eyed maids,
They seize the gray-haired sire,
In vain, in vain the maiden's shrieks—
In vain Bertolo's ire.

But ever spotless maiden's prayers
The bright Madonna hears,
And towards them then, with force divine,
Their rescuers brave she bears.

Romano heard, with wonder wild,
The tale that Paulo told;
His foster-brother from the Moor
Just ransomed by his gold.

With terror's haste before the Ten
The treacherous plan he laid,
And soon a vessel of the state
His will with zeal obeyed.

Ave Maria! strengthen now
The Christian rowers' arms,
And strike with those who fight to save
The Christian maiden's charms.

All hail, Maria! see how swift
Romano's vessel flies,
And, ere the morn, by that false bark
The fierce avenger lies.

Beneath Romano's love-nerved arm
Full many a Moslem sinks,
And of false Moorish blood that day
Deeply his good sword drinks.

And fiercely fought the infidel—
Before the fight was past,
The deck was strewn with turbaned dead,
But they must yield at last.

How blest was brave Romano then,
When, clasping to his heart,
His bride, his sweet Valeria,
He swore no more to part.

Oh, stately Venice! thee no more
Shall old Bertolo view,
Nor reach the sea-washed palace hall
Where he from childhood grew.

Wounded to death by Christian sword,
A Moor, with vengeance dire,
Fought where in bonds the captives lay,
And fiercely smote the sire.

"Weep not, my children, for my shame
Will die when I am dead,
But, in the church of good St. Mark,
Let many a mass be said."

HOME.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Do you miss me, dear ones, when, from that loved home,
So long this yearning spirit hath been parted,
And do ye wait with longings like mine own,
To welcome back again the weary hearted?
Do ye miss me yet?

In the bright morning hour, when I was ever
The first to greet thee at the social board,
Thou who, often saddened, yet didst never
Withhold thine answering smile and loving word,
My gentle mother.

When to our daily tasks together turning,
Thou who wert with me each returning day,
Thy young companions and their pleasures scorning,
Lest I should be too lonely on my way,
My sportive brother.

When at the midday meal again we met,
Methinks before me even now I see
My mother's warning look when I so oft
Forgot the accustomed reverence due to thee,
Our first, "our eldest."

Oh! I have much, much there to be forgiven,
And absence calls to mind each careless word,
By which the heart's best sympathies are riven,

And yet no coldness in thy heart they stirred,
My patient sister.

In the still twilight hour, when we together
Would, by the cheerful hearth, past scenes restore,
Dost thou not miss me, then, my graver brother,
Now that thy loving arm can clasp no more
Thine absent sister?

How shall I speak of thee, bright cherub, how?
Thy smiles, e'en now, like sunbeams round me play;
As memory calls them back so freshly now,
Thou canst not miss me on thy lone-clad way,
Our household darling.

When darker shades closed in, and I was fain
To seek my early couch of quiet rest,
Thou who didst look so fondly on my face,
And draw me closer to thy care-worn breast,
My dear, kind father.

But through the long, bright day, in every hour,
In all the heart can feel, the eye can see,
Hast thou not felt the parting's bitter power?
Hast thou not missed me e'en as I miss thee?
My own sweet sister?

M. H. R.

TWO PERIODS IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

I.

It was about noon of a day in the spring of 175—, that a man of low stature and pale and sallow complexion might have been seen entering a mean-looking house in one of the narrow streets of Vienna. Before he closed the door, the sound of a sharp female voice, speaking in shrill accents, was quite audible to the passers-by. As the person who entered ascended the stairs to his lodgings, he was greeted by a continuance of the same melody from the lips of a pretty but slovenly dressed young woman, who stood at the door of the only apartment that seemed furnished.

"A pretty mess is all this!" she exclaimed. "Here the printers have been running after you all the morning for the piece you promised to have ready for them, and I nothing to do but hear their complaints and send them away one after the other!"

"My good Nanny——"

"But, my good Joseph, is not my time as precious as yours, pray? What have you from this morning's work?"

"Seventeen kreutzers," sighed he.

"Ay, it is always so—and you spend all your time in such profitless doings. At eight, the singing desk of the brothers de la Merci; at ten, the Count de Haugwitz's chapel; grand mass at eleven—and all this toil for a few kreutzers."

"What can I do?"

"Do? What would I do in your place? Give up this foolish business of music, and take to something that will enable you to live as well as a peasant, at least. There is my father, a hair-dresser, did not he give you shelter when you had nothing but your garret and skylight?—when you had to lie in bed and write for want of coals to warm you? Yes, in spite of your boasted genius and the praises you received, you were forced to come to him for bread!"

"He gave me more, Nanny," said her husband, meaningly.

"Yes—his daughter, who had refused half the gallants in Vienna—for whom half-a-dozen peruke-maker's apprentices went mad. Yes—and had he not a right to expect you would dress her as well as she had been used at home, and that she should have servants to wait upon her as in her father's house? A fine realizing of his hopes and schemes for his favourite child, this miserable lodging, with but a few sous a day to keep us from starving!"

"You should not reproach me, Nanny. Have I not worked incessantly till my health has given way? And if fortune is still inexorable——"

"Ah, there it is, fortune!—as if fortune did not always wait, like a handmaid, upon industry in a proper calling! Your patrons may admire and applaud, but they will not *pay*; and yet you will drudge away your life in this ungrateful occupation. I tell you, Joseph, music is not the thing."

"Alas!" sighed Haydn, "I once dreamed of fame."

"Fame—pshaw! And what were that worth if you had it? Would fame clothe you or change these wretched walls to a palace? Believe me for once, and give up these idle fancies."

Here a knock was heard at the door, and the wife, with exclamations of impatience, flounced away. The unfortunate artist threw himself on a seat, and leaned his head on a table covered with notes of music—works of his own, began at various times, which want of health, energy or spirits, had prevented him from completing. So entirely had he yielded himself to despondency, that he did not move, even when the door opened, till the sound of a well-known voice close at his side startled him from his melancholy reverie.

"How now, Haydn, what is the matter, my boy?"

The speaker was an old man, shabbily dressed, but with something striking and even commanding in his noble features. His large, dark, flashing eyes, his olive complexion and the contour of his face, bespoke him a native of a sunnier clime than that of Germany.

Haydn sprang up and welcomed him with a cordial embrace. "And when, my dear Porpora, did you return to Vienna?" he asked.

"This morning only; and my first care was to find you out. But how is this? I find you thin and pale, and gloomy. Where are your spirits?"

"Gone," murmured the composer, and dropped his eyes on the floor. His visitor regarded him with a look of affectionate interest.

"There is something more in this than there ought to be," said he, at length. "You are not rich, as I see; but that you were not when we last parted, nor when I first found—in the youthful, disinterested friend, the kind companion of a feeble old man—a genius such as Germany might be well proud of. Then you were buoyant, full of enthusiasm for art, and of hope for the future."

"Alas!" replied Haydn, "I was too sanguine. I judged more favourably of myself——"

"Did I not say you were destined to something great?"

"Your friendship might deceive you."

"And think you I had lost my judgment because

I am old?—or am a fool, to be blinded by partiality?"

"Nay, dear Porpora——"

"Or that, because you were fain to serve me like a lacquey from your love, I rewarded you with flattering lies, eh?"

"Caro, you mistake me. I know you clear-sighted and candid—yet I feel that I shall never justify your kind encouragement. I have toiled till youth is passing away in vain. I have no heart to bear up against the crushing hand of poverty—I succumb."

"You have lost, then, your love of our art?"

"Not so. What your valuable lessons, dear master, have opened to me, forms the only bright spot in my life. Oh that I could pursue—could grasp it!"

"Why can you not?"

"I am chained!" cried Haydn, bitterly—and giving way to the anguish of his heart, he burst into tears.

Porpora shook his head, and was silent for a few moments. At length he resumed—"I must, I see, give you a little of my experience; and you shall see what has been the life of a prosperous artist. I was, you know, the pupil of Scarlatti; and from the time I felt myself capable of profiting by the lessons of that great master, devoted myself to travel. I was more fortunate than you, for my works procured me, almost at once, a wide-spread fame. I was called for not only in Venice, but in Vienna and London."

"Ah, yours was a brilliant lot!" cried the young composer, looking up with kindling eyes.

"The Saxon court," continued Porpora, "which has always granted the most liberal protection to musical art, offered me the direction of the chapel and of the theatre at Dresden. Even the princesses received my lessons—in short, my success was so great, that I awakened the jealousy of Hasse himself."

"That was a greater triumph still," observed Haydn, smiling.

"So I thought; and still greater when I caused a pupil of mine, the young Italian Mengotti, to dispute the palm of song with the enchantress Faustina*—aye, to bear it away upon more than one

* Faustina Bordoni, born at Venice in 1700, was one of the most admirable singers Italy ever produced. She was a pupil of Gasparini, but adopted the modern method of Bernacchi, which she aided greatly to bring into popular use. She appeared on the stage at the age of sixteen; her success was so great, that, at Florence, a medal was struck in her honour; and it was said that even gouty invalids would leave their beds to hear her performance. She was called to Vienna in 1724; two years afterwards she came to the London theatre with a salary of 50,000 francs. Everywhere she charmed by the freshness, clearness and sweetness of her voice, by the grace and perfection of her execution, so that she was called the modern siren. It was at London she met the celebrated Cuzzoni, who enjoyed a brilliant reputation; and the lovers of song were divided in their homage to the two rivals. Handel took part in these disputes. Faustina

occasion. All this you know, and how I returned to London upon the invitation of amateurs in Italian music."

"Where you rivaled Handel!" said Haydn, enthusiastically.

"Ah, that was the turning point in my destiny. Farinelli, the famous singer, gloried in being my scholar. He turned all his splendid powers to the effort of assuring the triumph of my compositions. I could have borne that these should fail in commanding popularity; I could have borne the defeat by which Handel was elevated at my expense to an idol shrine among the English—but it grieved me to see that Farinelli's style, so really perfect in its way, was unappreciated by the most distinguished connoisseurs. I did justice to the strength and grandeur of my rival—should he not have acknowledged the grace, finish and sweetness of Italian song? But he despised Farinelli, and his friends made caricatures of him."

"Handel, with all his greatness, had no versatility," observed Haydn.

"I wished to attempt another style, for this repulse had somewhat cooled my zeal for the theatre. I set myself to cultivate what was new—what was not born with me. I published my sonatas for the violin—the connoisseurs applauded, and I was encouraged to hope I could face my rival on his own ground. I composed sacred music——"

"And that," interrupted his auditor, "will live—pardon me for saying so—when your theatrical compositions have ceased to enjoy unrivaled popularity."

"When they are forgotten, say rather—for such, I feel, will be their fate. My sacred compositions may survive and carry my name to posterity—for taste in such things is less mutable than in the opera. After all, the monks may claim me," and he smiled pensively.* "You see now, dear Haydn," he resumed, after a pause, "for what I have lived and laboured. I was once renowned and wealthy—what did prosperity bring me? Envy, discontent, rivalry, disappointment! And did art flourish more luxuriantly on such a soil? With me the heavenly plant languished, and would have died but that I had some energy within me to save it. I repine when I look back on those years."

"You?" repeated Haydn, surprised.

"Would you know to what period I can look back with self-approbation, with thankfulness? To the toil of my early years; to the struggle after an ideal of greatness, goodness and beauty; to the self-forgetfulness that saw only the glorious goal far, far before me; to the undismayed resolve that

quitted England in 1728, and returned to Dresden, where she became the wife of Hasse."—*Biog. Universelle*.

* It is related of Porpora, who was a man of much wit, as well as one of the first pianists of his age, that, in reply to certain monks who boasted of the music as well as the piety of their organist, he observed—"Ah yes, I see that this man fulfils to the letter the precept of the evangelist—he does not let his left hand know what his right hand doeth!"

sought only its attainment. Or to a time still later, when the visions of manhood's impure and selfish ambition had faded away; when the soul had shaken off some of her fetters, and roused herself to a perception of the eternal, the perfect, the divine; when I became conscious of the delusive vanity of earthly hopes and earthly excellence, but at the same time awakened to the revelation of that which cannot die!

"You see me now seventy-three years old, and too poor to command even a shelter for the few days that yet remain to me in this world. I have lost the splendid fame I once possessed; I have lost the riches that were mine; I have lost the power to win even a competence by my own labours—but I have *not* lost my passion for our glorious music, nor enjoyment of the reward, more precious than gold, she bestows on her votaries; nor my confidence in Heaven. And you, at twenty-seven, you—more greatly endowed—to whom the world is open—*you* despair! Are you worthy to succeed, O man of little faith?"

"My friend—my benefactor!" cried the young artist, clasping his hand with deep emotion.

"Cast away your bonds; cut and rend, if your very flesh is torn in the effort; and the ground once spurned, you are free. Come, I am pledged for your success—for if you do not rise, I am no prophet! What have you been doing?" and he turned over rapidly the musical notes that lay on the table. "Here, what is this—a symphony? Play for me, if you please."

So saying, with a gentle force he led his young friend to the piano, and Haydn played from the piece he had nearly completed.

"So, this is excellent, admirable!" cried Porpora, when he rose from the instrument. "This suits me exactly. And you could despair while such power remained to you? When can you finish this, for I must have it at once?"

"To-morrow, if you like," answered the composer, more cheerfully.

"To-morrow then—and you must work to-night. I see you are nervous and feverish; but seize the happy thought while it flies—once gone, you have no cord to draw it back. I will go and order you a physician;—not a word of remonstrance;—he will come to-morrow morning;—how madly your pulse throbs—and when your work is done, you may rest. Adieu for the present," and pressing his young friend's hands, the eccentric but benevolent old man departed—leaving Haydn full of new thoughts, his bosom fired with zeal to struggle against adverse fortune. In such moods does the spiritual champion wrestle with the powers of the abyss and mightily prevail.

When Haydn, late that night, threw himself on his bed, weary, ill and exhausted, his frame racked with the pains of fever, after having worked for hours in the midst of reproaches from her who ought to have lightened his task by her sympathy, he had accomplished the first of an order of works destined to endear his name to all succeeding time.

Who that listened to its clear and beautiful melody could have divined that such a production had been wrought out in the gloom of despondency, poverty and disease?

While the artist lay on a sick bed, attended only by the few friends whom compassion more than admiration of his genius called to his side, and forgotten by the great and gay to whose amusement so many years of his life had been devoted, a brilliant fête was given by Count Mortzin, an Austrian nobleman of immense wealth and influence, at which the most distinguished individuals in Vienna were present. The musical entertainments given by these luxurious patrons of the arts were, at that time and for some years after, the most splendid in Europe, for the most exalted genius was enlisted in their service—and talent, as in all ages, was often fain to do homage to riches and power.

When the concert was over, Prince Antoinette Esterhazy expressed the pleasure he had received, and his obligations to the noble host. "Chief among your magnificent novelties," said he, "is the new symphony, St. Maria. One does not hear every day such music. Who is the composer?"

The count referred to one of his friends. The answer was—"Joseph Haydn."

"I have heard his quartettes—he is no common artist. Is he in your service, count?"

"He has been employed by me."

"With your good leave, he shall be transferred to ours; and I shall take care he has no reason to regret the change. Let him be presented to us."

There was a murmur among the audience, and a movement, but the composer did not appear; and presently word was brought to his highness that the young man on whom he intended to confer so great an honour was detained at home by indisposition.

"So, let him be brought to me as soon as he recovers; he shall enter my service—I like his symphony vastly. Your pardon, count, for we will rob you of your best man."

And the great prince, having decided the destiny of a greater than himself, turned to those who surrounded him to speak of other matters.

News of the change in his fortune was brought to Haydn by his friend Porpora; and so renovating was the effect of hope, that he was strong enough on the following day to pay his respects to his illustrious patron. Alas! the value of such protection had been taught him when, poor, destitute and friendless, he lodged under the same roof with the court poet, Metastasio, and felt even obliged by his condescending manner towards him, so incomparably superior in the gifts of nature, if not of fortune.

Accompanied by a friend who offered to introduce him, Haydn drew near the dwelling of the prince, and was so fortunate as to find admittance. His highness was just preparing to ride, but would see the composer; and he was conducted through a splendid suite of rooms to the apartment where the proud head of the Esterhazy's deigned to receive

to his presence an almost nameless artist. What wonder that Haydn blushed and faltered as he approached this impersonation, as he felt it, of human grandeur?

The prince, in the splendid array suited to his rank, glanced somewhat carelessly at the low, slight figure that stood before him, and said, as he was presented—"Is this, then, the composer of the music I heard last night?"

"This is he—Joseph Haydn," was the reply.

"So—a Moor, I should judge by his dark complexion."

The composer bowed in some embarrassment.

"And you write such music? You look not like it, by my faith! Haydn—I recollect the name; and I remember hearing, too, that you were not well paid for your labours, eh?"

"I have not been fortunate, your highness—"

"Why have you not applied to me before?"

"Your highness, I could not presume to think—"

"Eh? Well, you shall have no reason to complain in my service. My secretary shall fix your appointments; and name whatever else you desire. Understand me, for all of your profession find me liberal. Now then, sir Moor, you may go; and let it be your first care to provide yourself with a new coat, a wig and buckles, and heels to your shoes. I will have you respectable in appearance as well as in talents; so let me have no more of shabby professors. And do your best, my little duskey, to recruit in flesh—'twill add to the stature; and to relieve your olive with a shade of the ruddy. Such spindle masters would be a walking discredit to our larder, which is truly a spendthrift one."

So saying, with a laugh, the haughty nobleman dismissed his new dependent. The artist chafed not at the imperious tone of patronage, for he felt not yet the superiority of his own vocation. It was the bondage time of genius; the wings were not yet grown which were to bear his spirit up, when it brooded, like the spirit of the Eternal, over a new world.

The life which Haydn led in the service of Prince Esterhazy, to which service he was permanently attached by Nicolas, the successor of Antoine, in the quality of chapel-master, was one so easy, that, says his biographer, it might have proved fatal to an artist more inclined to luxury and pleasure, or less devoted to his art and the love of glory. Now, for the first time relieved from care for the future, he was enabled to yield to the impulse of his genius, and create works worthy of the name—works not only pleasing to himself and his patron, but which gradually extended his fame over all the countries of Europe.

* This interview, but little varied in the circumstances, is related by several of Haydn's biographers.

II.

On the evening of a day in the beginning of April, 1809, all the lovers of music in Vienna were assembled in the theatre to witness the performance of the oratorio of the "Creation." The entertainment had been given in honour of the composer of that noble work, the illustrious Haydn, by his numerous friends and admirers. He had been drawn from Gumpendorf—his retreat in the suburbs, the cottage surrounded by a little garden, which he had purchased after his retirement from the Esterhazy service, and where he had spent the last years of his life—to be present at this species of triumph. Three hundred musicians assisted at the performance. The audience rose en masse, and greeted with rapturous applause the white-haired man, who, led forward by the most distinguished nobles in the city, was conducted to the place of honour. There seated, with princesses at his right hand, beauty smiling upon him, the centre of a circle of nobility, the observed and admired of all, the object of the acclamation of thousands, who would not have said that Haydn had reached the summit of human greatness?—had more than realized the proudest visions of his youth? His serene countenance, his clear eye, his air of dignified self-possession, showed that prosperity had not overcome him, but that amid the smiles of fortune he had not forgotten the true excellence of man.

"I can never hear this Oratorio," remarked one of his friends, whom we shall call Manuel, to another beside him, "without rejoicing for the author. None but a happy spirit could have conceived—only a pure, open, trustful, buoyant soul could have produced such a work. His, like the angels, is ever fresh and young."

"I agree," replied his friend, "in your judgment of the mind of Haydn. All the harmony and grace of nature, in her magnificent and beautiful forms, in her varied life, breathe in his music. But I like something deeper, even if it be gloomy. There is a hidden life, which the outward only represents; a deep voice, the echo of that which we hear. The poet, the musician, should interpret and reveal what the ordinary mind does not receive."

"Bethoven's symphonies, then, will please you better?"

"I acknowledge that I am more satisfied with them, or rather I am not satisfied, which is precisely what I want. The longings of a human soul are after the ineffable, the unfathomable; and to awaken those longings is the highest triumph of the artist. We are to be lifted above the joys of earth; out of this sunny atmosphere, where trees wave and birds fly, though we rise into a region of cloud and storm, chilly and dark and terrific."

"You are more of a philosopher than I am," returned Manuel, laughing. "You may find consolation for your clouds and storms in the thought that you are nearer heaven; but give me the genial warmth of a heart imbued with love of simple nature. I will relinquish your loftier ideal for the

beauty and blessing of reality and the living present. For this reason is Haydn, with his free, bright, child-like, healthful spirit, bathing itself in enjoyment, so dear to me. I desire nothing when I hear his music; I feel no apprehension; I ask for no miracles. I drink in the bliss of actual life, and thank Heaven for its rich bestowments."

"I thought our great composer, on the verge of life, would have looked beyond in his last works," said the other, thoughtfully; "but I see plainly he will write no more."

"He has done enough, and now we are ready for the farewell of Haydn."

"The farewell?"

"Did you never hear the story? I have heard him tell it often myself. It concerns one of his most celebrated symphonies. The occasion was this:—Among the musicians attached to the service of Prince Esterhazy, were several who, during his sojourn upon his estates, were obliged to leave their wives at Vienna. At one time his highness prolonged his stay at the Esterhazy Castle considerably beyond the usual period. The disconsolate husbands entreated Haydn to become the interpreter of their wishes. Thus the idea came to him of composing a symphony in which each instrument ceased one after the other. He added, at the close of every part, the direction, 'here the light is extinguished.' Each musician, in his turn, rose, put out his candle, rolled up his notes, and went away. This pantomime had the desired effect; the next morning the prince gave orders for their return to the capital."

"An amiable thought; I have heard something of it before."

"As a match story, he used to tell us of the origin of his Turkish or military symphony. You know the high appreciation he met with in his visits to England?"

"Where, he maintains, he acquired his continental fame—as we Germans could not pronounce on his claims till they had been admitted by the Londoners."

"True; but notwithstanding the praise and homage he received, he could not prevent the enthusiastic audience from falling asleep during the performance of his compositions. It occurred to him to devise a kind of ingenious revenge. In this piece, while the current is gliding softly, and slumber beginning to steal over the senses of his auditors, a sudden and unexpected burst of martial music, tremendous as a thunder peal, startles the surprised sleepers into active attention. I should like to have seen the lethargic islanders, with their eyes and mouths thrown open by such an unlooked-for shock!"

Here a stop was suddenly put to the conversation by the commencement of the performance. The "Creation," the first of Haydn's oratorios, was regarded as his greatest work, and had often elicited the most heartfelt applause. Now that the aged and honoured composer was present, probably for the last time to hear it, an emotion too deep for ut-

terance seemed to pervade the vast audience. The feeling was too reverential to be expressed by the ordinary tokens of pleasure. It seemed as if every eye in the assembly was fixed on the calm, noble face of the venerated artist; as if every heart beat with love for him; as if all feared to break the spell of hushed and holy silence. Then came, like a succession of heavenly melodies, the music of the "Creation," and the listeners felt as if transported back to the infancy of the world.

At the words, "*Let there be light, and there was light,*" when all the instruments were united in one full burst of gorgeous harmony, emotion seemed to shake the whole frame of the aged artist. His pale face crimsoned; his bosom heaved convulsively; he raised his eyes, streaming with tears, towards heaven, and lifting upwards his trembling hands, exclaimed—his voice audible in the pause of the music—"Not unto me—not unto me—but unto Thy name be all the glory, O Lord!"

From this moment Haydn lost the calmness and serenity that had marked the expression of his countenance. The very depths of his heart had been stirred, and ill could his wasted strength sustain the tide of feeling. When the superb chorus at the close of the second part announced the completion of the work of creation, he could bear the excitement no longer. Assisted by the prince's physician and several of his friends, he was carried from the theatre, pausing to give one last look of gratitude, expressed in his tearful eyes, to the orchestra who had so nobly executed his conception, and followed by the lengthened plaudits of the spectators, who felt that they were never to look upon his face again.

Some weeks after this occurrence, Manuel, who had sent to inquire after the health of his infirm old friend, received from him a card on which he had written, to notes of music, the words "*Meine kraft ist dahin,*" (my strength is gone.) Haydn was in the habit of sending about these cards, but his increased feebleness was evident in the handwriting of this; and Manuel lost no time in hastening to him. There, in his quiet cottage, around which rolled the thunders of war, terrifying others but not him, sat the venerable composer. His desk stood on one side, on the other his piano, and he looked as if he would never approach either again. But he smiled, and held out his hand to greet his friend.

"Many a time," he murmured, "you have cheered my solitude, and now you come to see the old man die."

"Speak not thus, my dear friend," cried Manuel, grieved to the heart; "you will recover."

"But not here," answered Haydn, and pointed upwards.

He then made signs to one of his attendants to open the desk and reach him a roll of papers. From these he took one and gave it to his friend. It was inscribed in his own hand—"Catalogue of all my musical compositions, which I can remember, from my eighteenth year. Vienna, 4th De-

ember, 1805." Manuel, as he read it, understood the mute pressure of his friend's hand, and sighed deeply. That hand would never trace another note.

"Better thus," said Haydn, softly, "than a lingering old age of care, disease, perhaps of poverty! No—I am happy. I have lived not in vain; I have accomplished my destiny; I have done good. I am ready for thy call, O Master!"

A long silence followed, for the aged man was wrapt in devotion. At length he asked to be supported to his piano; it was opened, and as his trembling fingers touched the keys, an expression of rapture kindled in his eyes. The music that answered to his touch seemed the music of inspiration. But it gradually faded away; the flush gave

place to a deadly pallor; and while his fingers still rested on the keys, he sank back into the arms of his friend, and gently breathed out his parting spirit. It passed as in a happy strain of melody!

Prince Esterhazy did honour to the memory of his departed friend by the pageant of funeral ceremonies. His remains were transported to Eisenstadt, in Hungary, and placed in the Franciscan vault. The prince also purchased, at a high price, all his books and manuscripts, and the numerous medals he had obtained. But his fame belongs to the world; and in all hearts sensible to the music of truth and nature, is consecrated the memory of HAYDN.

THE STRAY DEER;

OR, A SCENE NEAR THE HUDSON.

Lo! that young deer of th' wild-wood nigh!
With slender lip and bright black eye,
And branching antlers tossing high
Upon the wind!

His frail limbs for a moment rest
On th' stubble-field—a wanderer guest,
Soft outlined by the glowing west,
Where range his kind.

How beautiful!—how tame he seems!—
Does he revisit in his dreams
The land o'er which the sunset streams
Familiar now?

Where the poor Indian, homeless, too,
Recks not for game he may pursue—
With scattered tribes, and wigmaws few
And leafless bough!

Whose war song echoes not again
Its wild rehearsal on the plain,
Of battles fought and chieftains slain
And trophies won.

Perhaps beneath those leaves that gave
A sylvan home to the warrior-brave,
He sleeps—within the quiet grave
They fell upon.

Thou wert, I ween, companioned here
With the hunter and thy fellow-deer—
In graceful frolic ranging near
This hill and stream:

'Mid rocks and ravines wandering,
Freer than thought, gayer than spring—
I would I were so glad a thing
In life's dark dream!

Speak not!—o'er stubble-field he bounds,
Scarce touching the receding grounds!
With mad intent—his quick hoof sounds
O'er stile and steep!

Too near!—for with his native fire,
Aroused by childhood's petty ire,
Enraged he comes!—the grassy spire
Heeds not his leap!

To save the child, a stranger sprung
And caught the antlers!—while among
The plough-turned furrows he is flung
Himself to bleed!

With fairy steps, then swiftly sped
That gentle girl, as on she fled
To call for help—ere he were dead!—
In vain her speed!

For see!—his noble, manly brow,
Pales in the fearful contest now!
And weaponless, and hurt—oh how
Did he subdue

The startled stag to turn and fly?
Away!—away, to the dark wood nigh!—
Away!—to bound capriciously
'Neath th' welkin blue?

Eve's lingering ray benignant seemed,
As o'er the stranger's form it beamed,
Where hoof and antler late had gleamed
In contest dire!

Oh Father! it was thine to send
Protection to that child and friend:
We thank thee!—and the prayers ascend
Such scenes inspire!—RUTH.

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

BY EDGAR A. POE.

I WILL now play the *Œdipus* to the Rattleborough enigma. I will expound to you—as I alone can—the secret of the enginery that effected the Rattleborough miracle—the one, the true, the admitted, the undisputed, the indisputable miracle which put a definite end to infidelity among the Rattleburghers, and converted to the orthodoxy of the grandames all the carnal-minded who had ventured to be sceptical before.

This event—which I should be sorry to discuss in a tone of unsuitable levity—occurred in the summer of 18—, Mr. Barnabas Shuttleworthy, one of the wealthiest and most respectable citizens of the borough, had been missing for several days under circumstances which gave rise to suspicion of foul play. Mr. Shuttleworthy had set out from Rattleborough very early one Saturday morning, on horseback, with the avowed intention of proceeding to the city of —, about fifteen miles distant, and of returning the night of the same day. Two hours after his departure, however, his horse returned without him, and without the saddle-bags which had been strapped on his back at starting. The animal was wounded, too, and covered with mud. These circumstances naturally gave rise to much alarm among the friends of the missing man, and when it was found, on Sunday morning, that he had not yet made his appearance, the whole borough arose *en masse* to go and look for his body.

The foremost and most energetic in instituting this search was the bosom friend of Mr. Shuttleworthy—a Mr. Charles Goodfellow, or, as he was universally called, "Charley Goodfellow," or "Old Charley Goodfellow." Now, whether it is a marvellous coincidence, or whether it is that the name itself has an imperceptible effect upon the character, I have never yet been able to ascertain; but the fact is unquestionable, that there never yet was any person named Charles who was not an open, manly, honest, good-natured and frank-hearted fellow, with a rich, clear voice, that did you good to hear it, and an eye that looked you always straight in the face, as much as to say "I have a clear conscience myself; am afraid of no man, and am altogether above doing a mean action." And thus all the hearty, careless, "walking gentlemen" of the stage are very certain to be called Charles.

Now "Old Charley Goodfellow," although he had been in Rattleborough not longer than six months or thereabouts, and although nobody knew any thing about him before he came to settle in the neighbourhood, had experienced no difficulty in the world in making the acquaintance of all the

respectable people in the borough. Not a man of them but would have taken his bare word for a thousand at any moment; and as for the women, there is no saying what they would not have done to oblige him. And all this came of his having been christened Charles, and of his possessing, in consequence, that ingenuous face which is proverbially the very "best letter of recommendation."

I have already said that Mr. Shuttleworthy was one of the most respectable, and, undoubtedly, he was the most wealthy man in Rattleborough, while "Old Charley Goodfellow" was upon as intimate terms with him as if he had been his own brother. The two old gentlemen were next-door neighbours, and although Mr. Shuttleworthy seldom, if ever, visited "Old Charley," and never was known to take a meal in his house, still this did not prevent the two friends from being exceedingly intimate, as I have just observed; for "Old Charley" never let a day pass without stepping in three or four times to see how his neighbour came on, and very often he would stay to breakfast or tea, and almost always to dinner; and then the amount of wine that was made way with by the two cronies at a sitting, it would really be a difficult thing to ascertain. Old Charley's favourite beverage was *Chateau Margaux*, and it appeared to do Mr. Shuttleworthy's heart good to see the old fellow swallow it, as he did, quart after quart; so that, one day, when the wine was *in* and the wit, as a natural consequence, somewhat *out*, he said to his crony, as he slapped him upon the back—"I tell you what it is, Old Charley, you are, by all odds, the heartiest old fellow I ever came across in all my born days; and, since you love to guzzle the wine at that fashion, I'll be darned if I don't have to make thee a present of a big box of the *Chateau Margaux*. Od rot me,"—(Mr. Shuttleworthy had a sad habit of swearing, although he seldom went beyond "Od rot me," or "By gosh," or "By the jolly golly,")—"Od rot me," says he, "if I don't send an order to town this very afternoon for a double box of the best that can be got, and I'll make ye a present of it, I will—ye needn't say a word, now—I will, I tell ye, and there's an end of it; so look out for it—it will come to hand some of these fine days, precisely when ye are looking for it the least." I mention this little bit of liberality on the part of Mr. Shuttleworthy, just by way of showing you how *very* intimate an understanding existed between the two friends.

Well, on the Sunday morning in question, when it came to be fairly understood that Mr. Shuttleworthy had met with foul play, I never saw any

one so profoundly affected as "Old Charley Goodfellow." When he first heard that the horse had come home without his master, and without his master's saddle-bags, and all bloody from a pistol shot that had gone clean through and through the poor animal's chest without quite killing him; when he heard all this, he turned as pale as if the missing man had been his own dear brother or father, and shivered and shook all over as if he had had a fit of the ague.

At first, he was too much overpowered with grief to be able to do any thing at all, or to concert upon any plan of action; so that for a long time he endeavoured to dissuade Mr. Shuttleworthy's other friends from making a stir about the matter, thinking it best to wait awhile—say for a week or two, or a month or two, to see if something wouldn't turn up, or if Mr. Shuttleworthy wouldn't come in the natural way, and explain his reasons for sending his horse on before. I dare say you have often observed this disposition to temporize or to procrastinate in people who are labouring under any very poignant sorrow. Their powers of mind seem to be rendered torpid, so that they have a horror of any thing like action, and like nothing in the world so well as to lie quietly in bed and "nurse their grief," as the old ladies express it—that is to say, ruminate over their trouble.

The people of Rattleborough had, indeed, so high an opinion of the wisdom and discretion of "Old Charley," that the greater part of them felt disposed to agree with him, and not make a stir in the business "until something should turn up," as the honest old gentleman worded it; and I believe that, after all, this would have been the general determination but for the very suspicious interference of Mr. Shuttleworthy's nephew, a young man of very dissipated habits, and otherwise of rather bad character. This nephew, whose name was Pennifeather, would listen to nothing like reason in the matter of "lying quiet," but insisted upon making immediate search for the "corpse of the murdered man." This was the expression he employed; and Mr. Goodfellow acutely remarked at the time, that it was "a *singular* expression, to say no more." This remark of Old Charley's, too, had great effect upon the crowd; and one of the party was heard to ask, very impressively, "how it happened that young Mr. Pennifeather was so intimately cognizant of all the circumstances connected with his wealthy uncle's disappearance, as to feel authorized to assert, distinctly and unequivocally, that his uncle *was* 'a murdered man.' " Hereupon some little squibbing and bickering occurred among various members of the crowd, and especially between "Old Charley" and Mr. Pennifeather—although this latter occurrence was, indeed, by no means a novelty, for no good will had subsisted between the parties for the last three or four months; and matters had even gone so far that Mr. Pennifeather had actually knocked down his uncle's friend for some alleged excess of liberty that the latter had taken in the uncle's house, of

which the nephew was an inmate. Upon this occasion, "Old Charley" is said to have behaved with exemplary moderation and Christian charity. He arose from the blow, adjusted his clothes, and made no attempt at retaliation at all—merely muttering a few words about "taking summary vengeance at the first convenient opportunity,"—a natural and very justifiable ebullition of anger, which meant nothing, however, and, beyond doubt, was no sooner given vent to than forgotten.

However these matters may be, (which have no reference to the point now at issue,) it is quite certain that the people of Rattleborough, principally through the persuasion of Mr. Pennifeather, came at length to the determination of dispersing over the adjacent country in search of the missing Mr. Shuttleworthy. I say they came to this determination in the first instance. After it had been fully resolved that a search should be made, it was considered almost a matter of course that the seekers should disperse—that is to say, distribute themselves in parties—for the more thorough examination of the region round about. I forget, however, by what ingenious train of reasoning it was that "Old Charley" finally convinced the assembly that this was the most injudicious plan that could be pursued. Convince them, however, he did—all except Mr. Pennifeather; and, in the end, it was arranged that a search should be instituted carefully and very thoroughly by the burghers *en masse*, "Old Charley" himself leading the way.

As for the matter of that, there could have been no better pioneer than "Old Charley," whom every body knew to have the eye of a lynx; but, although he led them into all manner of out-of-the-way holes and corners, by routes that nobody had ever suspected of existing in the neighbourhood, and although the search was incessantly kept up day and night for nearly a week, still no trace of Mr. Shuttleworthy could be discovered. When I say no trace, however, I must not be understood to speak literally; for trace, to some extent, there certainly was. The poor gentleman had been tracked, by his horse's shoes, (which were peculiar,) to a spot about three miles to the east of the borough, on the main road leading to the city. Here the track made off into a by-path through a piece of woodland—this path coming out again into the main road and cutting off about half a mile of the regular distance. Following the shoe-marks down this lane, the party came at length to a pool of stagnant water, half hidden by the brambles, to the right of the lane, and opposite this pool all vestige of the track was lost sight of. It appeared, however, that a struggle of some nature had here taken place, and it seemed as if some large and heavy body, much larger and heavier than a man, had been dragged from the by-path to the pool. This latter was carefully dragged twice, but nothing was found; and the party were upon the point of going away, in despair of coming to any result, when Providence suggested to Mr. Goodfellow the expediency of draining the water off

altogether. This project was received with cheers and many high compliments to "Old Charley" upon his sagacity and consideration. As many of the burghers had brought spades with them, supposing that they might possibly be called upon to disinter a corpse, the drain was easily and speedily effected; and no sooner was the bottom visible than right in the middle of the mud that remained was discovered a black silk velvet waistcoat, which nearly every one present immediately recognized as the property of Mr. Pennifeather. This waistcoat was much torn and stained with blood, and there were several persons among the party who had a distinct remembrance of its having been worn by its owner on the very morning of Mr. Shuttleworth's departure for the city; while there were others, again, ready to testify upon oath, if required, that Mr. P. did *not* wear the garment in question at any period during the *remainder* of that memorable day; nor could any one be found to say that he had seen it upon Mr. P.'s person at any period at all subsequent to Mr. Shuttleworth's disappearance.

Matters now wore a very serious aspect for Mr. Pennifeather, and it was observed, as an indubitable confirmation of the suspicions which were excited against him, that he grew exceedingly pale, and when asked what he had to say for himself, was utterly incapable of saying a word. Hereupon, the few friends his riotous mode of living had left him deserted him at once to a man, and were even more clamorous than his ancient and avowed enemies for his instantaneous arrest. But, on the other hand, the magnanimity of Mr. Goodfellow shone forth with only the more brilliant lustre through contrast. He made a warm and intensely eloquent defence of Mr. Pennifeather, in which he alluded more than once to his own sincere forgiveness of that wild young gentleman—"the heir of the worthy Mr. Goodfellow,"—for the insult which he (the young gentleman) had, no doubt in the heat of passion, thought proper to put upon him (Mr. Goodfellow). "He forgave him for it," he said, "from the very bottom of his heart; and for himself (Mr. Goodfellow), so far from pushing the suspicious circumstances to extremity, which he was sorry to say, really *had* arisen against Mr. Pennifeather, he (Mr. Goodfellow) would make every exertion in his power, would employ all the little eloquence in his possession to—to—to—soften down, as much as he could conscientiously do so, the worst features of this really exceedingly perplexing piece of business."

Mr. Goodfellow went on for some half hour longer in this strain, very much to the credit both of his head and of his heart; but your warm-hearted people are seldom apposite in their observations—they run into all sorts of blunders, *contre-temps* and *mal apropos-isms*, in the hot-headedness of their zeal to serve a friend—thus, often with the kindest intentions in the world, doing infinitely more to prejudice his cause than to advance it.

So, in the present instance, it turned out with

all the eloquence of "Old Charley;" for, although he laboured earnestly in behalf of the suspected, yet it so happened, somehow or other, that every syllable he uttered of which the direct but unwitting tendency was not to exalt the speaker in the good opinion of his audience, had the effect to deepen the suspicion already attached to the individual whose cause he pleaded, and to arouse against him the fury of the mob.

One of the most unaccountable errors committed by the orator was his allusion to the suspected as "the heir of the worthy old gentleman Mr. Goodfellow." The people had really never thought of this before. They had only remembered certain threats of disinheritance uttered a year or two previously by the uncle, (who had no living relative except the nephew;) and they had, therefore, always looked upon this disinheritance as a matter that was settled—so single-minded a race of beings were the Rattleburghers; but the remark of "Old Charley" brought them at once to a consideration of this point, and thus gave them to see the possibility of the threats having been nothing *more* than a threat. And straightway, hereupon, arose the natural question of *cui bono?*—a question that tended even more than the waistcoat to fasten the terrible crime upon the young man. And here, lest I be misunderstood, permit me to digress for one moment merely to observe that the exceedingly brief and simple Latin phrase which I have employed, is invariably mistranslated and misconceived. "*Cui bono*," in all the crack novels and elsewhere,—in those of Mrs. Gore, for example, (the author of "*Cecil*,") a lady who quotes all tongues from the Chaldean to Chickasaw, and is helped to her learning, "as needed," upon a systematic plan, by Mr. Beckford,—in *all* the crack novels, I say, from those of Bulwer and Dickens to those of Turnapenny and Ainsworth, the two little Latin words *cui bono* are rendered "to what purpose," or, (as if *quo bono*), "to what good." Their true meaning, nevertheless, is "for whose advantage." *Cui*, to whom; *bono*, is it for a benefit. It is a purely legal phrase, and applicable precisely in cases such as we have now under consideration, where the probability of the doer of a deed hinges upon the probability of the benefit accruing to this individual or to that from the deed's accomplishment. Now, in the present instance, the question *cui bono* very pointedly implicated Mr. Pennifeather. His uncle had threatened him, after making a will in his favour, with disinheritance. But the threat had not been actually kept; the original will, it appeared, had not been altered. *Had* it been altered, the only supposable motive for murder on the part of the suspected would have been the ordinary one of revenge; and even this would have been counteracted by the hope of re-instatement into the good graces of the uncle. But the will being unaltered, while the threat to alter remained suspended over the nephew's head, there appears at once the very strongest possible inducement for the atrocity: and so concluded, very sa-

gaciously, the worthy citizens of the borough of Rattle.

Mr. Pennifeather was, accordingly, arrested upon the spot, and the crowd, after some farther search, proceeded homewards, having him in custody. On the route, however, another circumstance occurred tending to confirm the suspicion entertained. Mr. Goodfellow, whose zeal led him to be always a little in advance of the party, was seen suddenly to run forward a few paces, stoop, and then apparently to pick up some small object from the grass. Having quickly examined it, he was observed, too, to make a sort of a half attempt at concealing it in his coat pocket; but this action was noticed, as I say, and consequently prevented, when the object picked up was found to be a Spanish knife, which a dozen persons at once recognized as belonging to Mr. Pennifeather. Moreover, his initials were engraved upon the handle. The blade of this knife was open and bloody.

No doubt now remained of the guilt of the nephew, and immediately upon reaching Rattleborough he was taken before a magistrate for examination.

Here matters again took a most unfavourable turn. The prisoner, being questioned as to his whereabouts on the morning of Mr. Shuttleworthy's disappearance, had absolutely the audacity to acknowledge that on that very morning he had been out with his rifle deer-stalking, in the immediate neighbourhood of the pool where the blood-stained waistcoat had been discovered through the sagacity of Mr. Goodfellow.

This latter now came forward, and, with tears in his eyes, asked permission to be examined. He said that a stern sense of the duty he owed to his Maker, not less than to his fellow men, would permit him no longer to remain silent. Hitherto, the sincerest affection for the young man (notwithstanding the latter's ill treatment of himself, Mr. Goodfellow), had induced him to make every hypothesis which imagination could suggest, by way of endeavouring to account for what appeared suspicious in the circumstances that told so seriously against Mr. Pennifeather; but these circumstances were now altogether *too* convincing—*too* damning; he would hesitate no longer—he would tell all he knew, although his heart (Mr. Goodfellow's) should absolutely burst asunder in the effort. He then went on to state that, on the afternoon of the day previous to Mr. Shuttleworthy's departure for the city, that worthy old gentleman had mentioned to his nephew, in *his* hearing, (Mr. Goodfellow's,) that his object in going to town on the morrow was to make a deposit of an unusually large sum of money in the "Farmers and Mechanics' Bank," and that, then and there the said Mr. Shuttleworthy had distinctly avowed to the said nephew his irrevocable determination of rescinding the will originally made, and of cutting him off with a shilling. He (the witness) now solemnly called upon the accused to state whether what he (the witness) had just stated was or was not the truth in every substantial

particular. Much to the astonishment of every one present, Mr. Pennifeather frankly admitted that *it was*.

The magistrate now considered it his duty to send a couple of constables to search the chamber of the accused in the house of his uncle. From this search they almost immediately returned with the well known steel-bound, russet leather pocket-book which the old gentleman had been in the habit of carrying for years. Its valuable contents, however, had been abstracted, and the magistrate in vain endeavoured to extort from the prisoner the use which had been made of them, or the place of their concealment. Indeed, he obstinately denied all knowledge of the matter. The constables, also, discovered, between the bed and sacking of the unhappy man, a shirt and neck-handkerchief both marked with the initials of his name, and both hideously besmeared with the blood of the victim.

At this juncture, it was announced that the horse of the murdered man had just expired in the stable from the effects of the wound he had received, and it was proposed by Mr. Goodfellow that a *post mortem* examination of the beast should be immediately made, with the view, if possible, of discovering the ball. This was accordingly done; and, as if to demonstrate beyond a question the guilt of the accused, Mr. Goodfellow, after considerable searching in the cavity of the chest, was enabled to detect and to pull forth a bullet of very extraordinary size, which, upon trial, was found to be exactly adapted to the bore of Mr. Pennifeather's rifle, while it was far too large for that of any other person in the borough or its vicinity. To render the matter even surer yet, however, this bullet was discovered to have a flaw or seam at right angles to the usual suture; and upon examination, this seam corresponded precisely with an accidental ridge or elevation in a pair of moulds acknowledged by the accused himself to be his own property. Upon the finding of this bullet, the examining magistrate refused to listen to any farther testimony, and immediately committed the prisoner for trial—declining resolutely to take any bail in the case, although against this severity Mr. Goodfellow very warmly remonstrated, and offered to become surety in whatever amount might be required. This generosity on the part of "Old Charley" was only in accordance with the whole tenour of his amiable and chivalrous conduct during the entire period of his sojourn in the borough of Rattle. In the present instance, the worthy man was so entirely carried away by the excessive warmth of his sympathy, that he seemed to have quite forgotten, when he offered to go bail for his young friend, that he himself (Mr. Goodfellow) did not possess a single dollar's worth of property upon the face of the earth.

The result of the committal may be readily foreseen. Mr. Pennifeather, amid the loud execrations of all Rattleborough, was brought to trial at the next criminal sessions, when the chain of circumstantial evidence (strengthened as it was by some additional damning facts, which Mr. Goodfellow's

sensitive conscientiousness forbade him to withhold from the court), was considered so unbroken and so thoroughly conclusive, that the jury, without leaving their seats, returned an immediate verdict of "*Guilty of murder in the first degree.*" Soon afterwards the unhappy wretch received sentence of death, and was remanded to the county jail to await the inexorable vengeance of the law.

In the mean time, the noble behaviour of "Old Charley Goodfellow" had doubly endeared him to the honest citizens of the borough. He became ten times a greater favourite than ever; and, as a natural result of the hospitality with which he was treated, he relaxed, as it were, perforce, the extremely parsimonious habits which his poverty had hitherto impelled him to observe, and very frequently had little *réunions* at his own house, when wit and jollity reigned supreme—dampened a little, of course, by the occasional remembrance of the untoward and melancholy fate which impended over the nephew of the late lamented bosom friend of the generous host.

One fine day, this magnanimous old gentleman was agreeably surprised at the receipt of the following letter:—

"Charles Goodfellow, Esquire—

"Dear Sir—In conformity with an order transmitted to our firm about two months since, by our esteemed correspondent, Mr. Barnabas Shuttleworthy, we have the honour of forwarding this morning, to your address, a double box of Chateau-Margaux, of the antelope brand, violet seal. Box numbered and marked as per margin.

"We remain, sir,

"Your most ob't ser'ts,

"HOGGS, FROGS, BOGS & Co.

"City of —, June 21st, 18—.

"P. S.—The box will reach you, by wagon, on the day after your receipt of this letter. Our respects to Mr. Shuttleworthy. H. F. B. & Co."

The fact is, that Mr. Goodfellow had, since the death of Mr. Shuttleworthy, given over all expectation of ever receiving the promised Chateau Margaux; and he, therefore, looked upon it now as a sort of especial dispensation of Providence in his behalf. He was highly delighted, of course, and, in the exuberance of his joy, invited a large party of friends to a *petit souper* on the morrow, for the purpose of broaching the good old Mr. Shuttleworthy's present. Not that he said any thing about "the good old Mr. Shuttleworthy" when he issued the invitations. The fact is, he thought much and concluded to say nothing at all. He did not mention to any one—if I remember aright—that he had received a present of Chateau-Margaux. He merely asked his friends to come and help him to drink some, of a remarkably fine quality and rich flavour, that he had ordered up

from the city a couple of months ago, and of which he would be in the receipt upon the morrow. I have often puzzled myself to imagine *why* it was that "Old Charley" came to the conclusion to say nothing about having received the wine from his old friend, but I could never precisely understand his reason for the silence, although he had some excellent and very magnanimous reason, no doubt.

The morrow at length arrived, and with it a very large and highly respectable company at Mr. Goodfellow's house. Indeed, half the borough was there—I myself among the number—but, much to the vexation of the host, the Chateau-Margaux did not arrive until a late hour, and when the sumptuous supper supplied by "Old Charley" had been done very ample justice by the guests. It came at length, however,—a monstrously big box of it there was, too,—and as the whole party were in excessively good humour, it was decided, *nem. con.*, that it should be lifted upon the table and its contents disemboweled forthwith.

No sooner said than done. I lent a helping hand; and, in a trice, we had the box upon the table, in the midst of all the bottles and glasses, not a few of which were demolished in the scuffle. "Old Charley," who was pretty much intoxicated, and excessively red in the face, now took a seat, with an air of mock dignity, at the head of the board, and thumped furiously upon it with a decanter, calling upon the company to keep order "during the ceremony of disinterring the treasure."

After some vociferation, quiet was at length fully restored, and, as very often happens in similar cases, a profound and remarkable silence ensued. Being then requested to force open the lid, I complied, of course, "with an infinite deal of pleasure." I inserted a chisel, and giving it a few slight taps with a hammer, the top of the box flew suddenly and violently off, and, at the same instant, there sprang up into a sitting position, directly facing the host, the bruised, bloody and nearly putrid corpse of the murdered Mr. Shuttleworthy himself. It gazed for a few moments, fixedly and sorrowfully, with its decaying and lack-lustre eyes, full into the countenance of Mr. Goodfellow; uttered slowly, but clearly and impressively, the words—"Thou art the man!" and then, falling over the side of the chest as if thoroughly satisfied, stretched out its limbs quiveringly upon the table.

The scene that ensued is altogether beyond description. The rush for the doors and windows was terrific, and many of the most robust men in the room fainted outright through sheer horror. But after the first wild, shrieking burst of affright, all eyes were directed to Mr. Goodfellow. If I live a thousand years, I can never forget the more than mortal agony which was depicted in that ghastly face of his, so lately rubicund with triumph and wine. For several minutes, he sat rigidly as a statue of marble; his eyes seeming, in the intense vacancy of their gaze, to be turned inwards and absorbed in the contemplation of his own miserable, murderous soul. At length, their expression ap-

Chat. Mar. A.—No. 1.—6 doz. bottles (4 Gross).
From H. F. B. & Co.
Charles Goodfellow, Esq., Rattleborough.

peared to flash suddenly out into the external world, when, with a quick leap, he sprang from his chair, and, falling heavily with his head and shoulders upon the table, and in contact with the corpse, poured out rapidly and vehemently a detailed confession of the hideous crime for which Mr. Pennifeather was then imprisoned and doomed to die.

What he recounted was, in substance, this:—He followed his victim to the vicinity of the pool; there shot his horse with a pistol; despatched the rider with its butt end; possessed himself of the pocket-book; and, supposing the horse dead, dragged it with great labour to the brambles by the pond. Upon his own beast he slung the corpse of Mr. Shuttleworthy, and thus bore it to a secure place of concealment a long distance off through the woods.

The waistcoat, the knife, the pocket-book and the bullet, had been placed by himself where found with the view of avenging himself upon Mr. Pennifeather. He had also contrived the discovery of the stained handkerchief and shirt.

Towards the end of the blood-chilling recital, the words of the guilty wretch faltered and grew hollow. When the record was finally exhausted, he arose, staggered backwards from the table, and fell—*dead*.

The means by which this happily-timed confession was extorted, although efficient, were simple indeed. Mr. Goodfellow's excess of frankness had disgusted me, and excited my suspicion from the first. I was present when Mr. Pennifeather had struck him, and the fiendish expression which then arose upon his countenance, although momentary, assured me that his threat of vengeance would, if possible, be rigidly fulfilled. I was thus prepared to view the *manœuvring* of "Old Charley" in a very different light from that in which it was regarded by the good citizens of Rattleborough. I saw at once that all the criminating discoveries arose, either directly or indirectly, from himself. But the fact which clearly opened my eyes to the true state of the case, was the affair of the bullet, found by Mr. G. in the carcass of the horse. I had not forgotten, although the Rattleburghers had, that there was a hole where the ball had entered

the horse, and another where it *went out*. If it were found in the animal then, after having made its exit, I saw clearly that it must have been deposited by the person who found it. The bloody shirt and handkerchief confirmed the idea suggested by the bullet; for the blood upon examination proved to be capital claret, and no more. When I came to think of these things, and also of the late increase of liberality and expenditure on the part of Mr. Goodfellow, I entertained a suspicion which was none the less strong because I kept it altogether to myself.

In the mean time, I instituted a rigorous private search for the corpse of Mr. Shuttleworthy, and, for good reasons, searched in quarters as divergent as possible from those to which Mr. Goodfellow conducted his party. The result was that, after some days, I came across an old dry well, the mouth of which was nearly hidden by brambles; and here, at the bottom, I discovered what I sought.

Now it so happened that I had overheard the colloquy between the two cronies, when Mr. Goodfellow had contrived to cajole his host into the promise of a box of Chateau-Margaux. Upon this hint I acted. I procured a stiff piece of whalebone, thrust it down the throat of the corpse, and deposited the latter in an old wine box—taking care so to double the body up as to double the whalebone with it. In this manner I had to press forcibly upon the lid to keep it down while I secured it with nails; and I anticipated, of course, that as soon as these latter were removed, the top would fly *off* and the body fly *up*.

Having thus arranged the box, I marked, numbered and addressed it as already told; and then writing a letter in the name of the wine merchants with whom Mr. Shuttleworthy dealt, I gave instructions to my servant to wheel the box to Mr. Goodfellow's door, in a barrow, at a given signal from myself. For the words which I intended the corpse to speak, I confidently depended upon my ventriloquial abilities; for their effect, I counted upon the conscience of the murderous wretch.

I believe there is nothing more to be explained. Mr. Pennifeather was released upon the spot, inherited the fortune of his uncle, profited by the lessons of experience, turned over a new leaf, and led happily ever afterwards a new life.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

THE precious nonsense which this book contains,
Shows with how small a quantity of brains
Some folks can live and please themselves, and do
Delicious things to please the ladies too.
The Pharisee in Scripture thanked the Lord
That he did not with other men accord:
I share his spirit—though 'tis bad enough—

Whene'er I con an Album's witless stuff.
I may make rhymes no better than I should,
But such as these I could not if I would.
At your behest, fair lady, I have tried;
Scorn not my verses or their author chide;
For bards, like boys, exemption may implore,
Who do their best—Can girls or angels more?—P. B.

THE COUNTRY COUSINS.

BY ANNA FLEMING.

"Is not this too bad, Mary?"

"What is it?"

"A letter from Aunt Freeman, to say she is coming to spend a fortnight with us."

"Dreadful! Does mother know it?"

"Oh yes. She has just gone out and left the letter for us. What shall we do?"

"I'm sure I don't know. When will she come? Let me see the letter."

"Here it is."

(Mary reads.) "'If thee has no objection, my daughter and myself—' Why, the daughter is coming too."

"Yes, indeed."

"Have not seen the city for twelve years.' Gracious, what will they look like when they do come! 'Be down on Tuesday.'"

"Well, since they are coming we must make the best of it; and then there's another thing, Mary, they are very rich."

"That does not make the smallest difference. Country people are always stingy."

"But Aunt Freeman is not stingy, I'm sure. You know I stayed there once for a week."

"You were such a child then you were no judge. I dare say she gave you plenty to eat, and therefore you thought her very liberal."

"Indeed she did. But I remember being struck on many occasions with her generosity. I am sorry, nevertheless, that they are going to inflict a visit on us just at this time."

"So am I. You know my birth-day party is to be on Friday. What in the world shall we do with them then? Do you think they would come in the room?"

"Come in the room?—Why, to be sure they would. They would be delighted, depend upon it."

"What do they look like? Tell me; you know I have never seen them."

"When I was at their house, Aunt Freeman wore a little plain starched muslin cap and a drab dress with sleeves to the elbow, and mittens."

"Horrible! And the daughter, what is her name?"

"Abigail. Oh, Abigail is a young lady of thirty, half Quaker and half not."

"I know the kind—plain straw bonnets with no ribbon on them."

"Exactly; and fawn-coloured silk."

"Yes."

"Of course, she will walk out with us every day?"

"To be sure she will."

"A very bright idea has struck me. Let us ask

Cousin Maria Derby to pay us a visit whilst Aunt Freeman and Miss Abigail are here. She is so amiable, that the very fact of their being strangers would enlist all her sympathies in their favour; and whilst she would be amusing them and showing them the lions, she would at the same time be taking a great deal of trouble off our hands."

"So she would; and I dare say she would be very glad to come. You know they are not well off, and I do not believe her home is a very comfortable one. But here 'is mother coming—let us hear what she says."

Mrs. Derby was a lazy, ease-loving woman, and entered very readily into any proposal that would relieve her from the anxiety attendant upon entertaining two country cousins; so the two girls eagerly set off in quest of their Cousin Maria.

Maria Derby's father had, like many others, undergone heavy losses, so that his family were reduced to painfully narrow circumstances. Maria was the eldest of the seven children, and on her the change in her lot bore very hard. She exerted herself to the utmost of her abilities to keep up a creditable appearance and assist her mother in the care of the children.

When her cousins entered the small sitting-room, they found Maria busily employed in teaching three children to spell. She started up on seeing them.

"I hope we do not disturb you, Maria; but we are come to bid you leave off this tiresome work and come and get up your spirits at our house."

"No—no—tell her the truth, Elizabeth. The fact is, Maria, there are some country cousins, very nice, plain people, coming to stay at our house for two weeks, and we do not feel inclined to devote ourselves to them as much as they will po doubt expect; so we came here in great haste to ask you how you would like to come and take a part in it."

Upon hearing this, Maria coloured with delight. She knew by experience the comforts and luxuries with which her aunt's house abounded, and she longed to exchange for a short time their own ill-warmed, comfortless rooms, for the spacious and luxurious apartments in — street. But a moment's reflection reminded her that her parents must in her absence submit to their usual privations without the aid of her ever active spirit to smoothe the difficulties and make both ends meet, so she replied, with tears in her eyes—

"You are very good—very good, indeed; but I cannot come."

"You must not say that, indeed you must not. You want a little shaking up to rouse you. You will grow old before your time if you sit here and

mope this way all day long. You must come, indeed. I'm sure you would be amused."

"There is no doubt of that; but my mother—"

"Oh, we will settle it with her. Where is she?"

"In the kitchen."

So down into the kitchen ran Mary and Elizabeth, followed by Maria.

When the mother was made acquainted with the invitation for her daughter, she was very anxious for her to accept it.

"But there will be nobody to teach the children."

"Oh, I will give them a holiday. I am sure they deserve it, poor little things."

"And all the other things I have to attend to every day?" said Maria, anxiously.

"Why, Maria, you know you are not obliged to be with us all the time. You can come round here every day and see how your mother comes on."

"So she can, yes. I do wish you would go. I am sure I shall not miss you at all. Jane is old enough to do a good many little things now; and it will be so pleasant for you."

It was therefore settled that Maria was to go to her aunt's a day or two before the time when the country cousins were expected, and the lively girls hastened home, delighted with the success of their mission.

We will now pass over the few intervening days, and look in upon Mrs. Derby's parlour and its inmates about a quarter of an hour before the time when Aunt Freeman and her daughter Abigail were to be expected.

They were all assembled. Mary and Elizabeth were doing worsted work at the window, Maria doing plain sewing in the corner, and Mrs. Derby doing nothing in an easy chair.

"I do hope James Morley will not come here this evening, Mary. He thinks so much of our family, I should die with vexation if he were to see our country cousins."

"And I hope Julia Smith won't be here any day soon; but we cannot expect all our acquaintances to stay away for two weeks. But where is Maria?"

"On a little stool in the corner. Do look at her, sewing as if for her living. How can you sew so fast, child?"

"I may have it to do for my living, yet. It is well I can sew fast."

"But you need not do it now. Come here to the window, and look out."

"Don't let those girls tease you, my dear," said Mrs. Derby, yawning.

Maria smilingly arose and seated herself by Mary, saying—

"It must be nearly time for them to come, now."

In a few minutes, a very old-fashioned high carriage was seen moving about the neighbourhood, inquiring first at one door and then at another, while two female heads were protruded, one from each side.

"Here they are, Lizzy; do look at them. One,

two, three, four hair trunks, all moth eaten. They will be here in a moment!" and with a tremendous bang, the ponderous vehicle swung itself down in front of Mrs. Derby's.

"Here they are, at last, mother. Now for grave looks, girls. Don't make me laugh, Mary; I feel very much like it already. Have on your best and stiffest manners, Maria. I intend to courtesy to the ground."

"Hush, Lizzy, do; they are coming in the front door. We must go meet them in the entry."

And hastening into the vestibule, Mrs. Derby, her two daughters and her nieces, met two odd looking people, who were by them ushered into the parlour. When the first animated greetings were over, the whole family sat down and began to appear in their native characters. Aunt Freeman was very talkative, and took a great deal of notice of every body and every thing around her. Abigail sat stiff and prim as a poker, never venturing on an original remark, and making the shortest possible answers to all the questions put to her by the three girls.

"Molly has grown a good deal since I saw her last," said Aunt Freeman, looking affectionately at Mary; "and as to Betsy, I never would have known her at all. Does thee remember, child, the time thee fell in the wash kettle?"

"No I don't, Aunt Freeman."

"And this is thy niece?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe you ever saw me before," said Maria, politely.

"Do you feel fatigued after your journey, Cousin Abigail?" asked Mary.

"No."

The girls looked at each other.

"Would you like some refreshment?"

"Yes."

Again the girls exchanged glances. Maria got up and asked her aunt's permission to ring the bell.

"Certainly, my dear; have some cake and wine brought. I wonder neither of the girls thought of it before."

"How is Thomas?" asked Aunt Freeman.

"My husband?—he is very well, thank you, and very busy. He is away on business now; but I expect him back in a few days."

After the cake and wine, Aunt Freeman took her knitting out of her pocket and set herself diligently to work. Maria and Mary and Elizabeth moved their seats nearer to Cousin Abigail, and asked her what sort of needle-work she was fond of.

"Most any kind."

"Did you ever do any of this?" asked Mary, unfolding a handsomely worked bell rope.

"No."

"Or this?" said Elizabeth, pointing to a patch-work chair.

"No," was again the sullen reply.

It must be confessed both these questions were put rather in a spirit of vanity than of kindness.

They were both much more anxious to display their own performances than to afford entertainment to their cousin.

In this manner passed the first afternoon and evening in ineffectual attempts on the part of the girls to induce Cousin Abigail to talk, in determined silence on her part, and in great vivacity and inquisitiveness on the part of Aunt Freeman. Fortunately for the equanimity of the two girls, no visitors came that evening, but during the next morning several people called. Aunt Freeman was very much gratified, and talked to every body, knitting all the time very fast.

In the afternoon, Mary and Elizabeth wanted to go out, so they provided Cousin Abigail with some entertaining books, and went up stairs to get ready. When they came down, all nicely dressed, they found Cousin Abigail standing in the middle of the room, attired in a new brown silk dress, a brown silk hat, and a very small white merino shawl.

"Are you going out?"

"Going with you," was the laconic reply.

Whatever Cousin Abigail did say, she always said very fast.

"Thee had better buy a good sized tea-kettle, Abby, if thee is going out. Thee knows we want one very much, and may be if we don't get it now we may forget it at the last."

Mary and Elizabeth, knowing their cousin's great talent for silence, went along absorbed in their own concerns, taking very little notice of her. When they had been out some time, they passed a tinman's.

"Going to buy my kettle now."

"To be sure. Stop, Mary; Cousin Abigail wishes to stop here."

In they went. Various bright kettles were inspected, and one fixed upon; and Cousin Abigail, to the girls' great horror, advanced towards the door with the kettle hanging on her arm.

"Why, Cousin Abigail, you surely are not going to walk home with that thing!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, Cousin Abigail, you cannot! Let them send it, or we will send for it."

"I am going to carry it."

And the poor girls were obliged to walk through the streets, one on each side of Cousin Abigail and the tin kettle.

Maria spent the afternoon in reading to the old lady, whose eyes were no longer good, and who was very much pleased by her kindness and freedom from selfishness. When the others came in, she took the opportunity to put on her bonnet and run home for half an hour, and assist her mother in various small matters.

Another time, Mary and her mother were out with Mrs. Freeman, when the old lady took a fancy to buy some plants for her garden in the country. So searching among a great many, she at last fixed upon a stick about eight feet long, with a large lump of wet mud at one end; and paying the price, shouldered it and turned homewards.

"What in the world is it?" asked Mary, in dismay.

"A dahlia root. I have been wanting one for some time."

"But that bare stick won't grow."

"Indeed it will. A few months care will make a beautiful thing of it. It's not very heavy, Molly; but if I should get tired, I know thee will help me carry it."

Mary heard these words with alarm, and before they had got much farther, her aunt turned to her, saying—

"Molly, child, take this now, and carry it carefully."

Mary hung back in horror.

"I can't, indeed, Aunt Freeman; I should certainly break it."

But the old lady was resolute, and assured her there could be no possible danger of that.

So poor Mary was obliged to take it, however much against her inclination. Fortunately, the distance was very short, and as it was nearly dark, she counted upon meeting no one; but greater mortification was yet in store for her. At the corner of the street, she was joined by Mr. Robinson, a young man whom she liked very much. He walked with her to the door; and when he took his leave, in spite of all she had suffered, Mary felt as if she liked him better than ever, for he had not seemed to notice her burden.

"What lad was that?" asked Aunt Freeman, when they were seated at the tea-table.

This, together with the strange tone in which it was asked, was too much for Mary—she burst into a loud fit of laughter.

The old lady looked very much offended; and if Maria had not adroitly changed the subject by talking very loud and very fast about some raspberry jam she was recommending to the old lady, there is no knowing what might not have ensued.

Mary's disposition to risibility continued throughout the evening. Once it was called forth by Cousin Abigail's hob-nailed shoes, and again by Aunt Freeman's recommending rattle-snake skin as a certain cure for the rheumatism.

"Mary is very merry to-night," said her mother, as some sort of palliation.

"Such merriment should have been whipped out of her many years ago," suggested Aunt Freeman, giving her a severe look.

Mary's laughter became at this so very difficult to restrain, that she rose and left the room.

At bed-time, Mary and Elizabeth went into Maria's room, where the following conversation took place.

"Oh, Maria, how can you sit so still and look so grave, and behave so well? Did you see how I laughed? I wish I had the command over my risible muscles that you have. I suppose I have lost favour with my aunt and cousin most completely."

"I am afraid you have, indeed," said Elizabeth.

"I was very nearly as bad as you myself; but I

was in a recess, so no one saw me. But I am very much surprised at Maria, to think of her devoting herself to them in that way."

"I pity them. They are among people whose ways of thinking and mode of life are very different from their own, and if they are ridiculous to us, I have no doubt we are quite as much so to them. I feel as if it were my duty to try to make their time pass as pleasantly as possible; and if I succeed in that, the little sacrifices of my time I make to them are well repaid."

"How good you are, Maria. I wish I were like you."

"Do try, then, not to laugh so much, won't you?"

"Oh, it is too late now. 'Nothing I could do would ever retrieve my lost character. I may laugh as much as I please now, but as for you two——'"

"Give Maria all the credit, and me none. I don't deserve any."

The day of the party was now very fast approaching; and mingled with the glee of expectation in the girls' hearts, was the fear of being made in some way ridiculous by their country cousins, who, of course, soon found out that something unusual was going on.

"Aunt Freeman's coming in the room is entirely out of the question," said Elizabeth; "but as to Cousin Abigail——"

"There is no knowing," said Mary, "but that she may undertake to appear in her hob-nails and the little white merino shawl. She is so demure, one can never find out what she means to do."

"Do you know any thing about it, Maria?"

"No, I don't. I have been with her all the morning, but I have not heard her say any thing at all about it."

"Well, whenever you do hear any thing, come and let us know at once, will you?"

Maria agreed; and accordingly she, half an hour afterwards, returned to her aunt's room, where the important point of carpet down or carpet up was being discussed.

"Good news—good news for you, girls: Cousin Abigail says she cannot think of coming into the room on Friday night."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mary. "What a dear, good, sweet creature she is."

"I am so enchanted, for my part, that I could almost go up and beg her to come."

"Better let her take her own way, especially as it is one which gives such general satisfaction."

Their fears thus quieted, the preparations for the

party went on rapidly and prosperously. Every body in the house was busy, and Maria, busiest of all, always ready to assist any one, always cheerful, always willing, so that her aunt said—

"All the girls are very industrious, but I do think Maria does more than both the others together."

Meanwhile, Aunt Freeman and Cousin Abigail kept generally in their own room, and, to tell the truth, were very little noticed by either Mary or Elizabeth. With Mrs. Derby they had always been pleased, and as to Maria they really seemed to love her.

At last the long-wished-for Friday night arrived, and, much to the astonishment of Mrs. Derby and her daughters, Maria refused to appear among the company, saying she did not think it would be kind towards the guests up stairs, who were so much accustomed to having her with them that they would undoubtedly miss her very much; and in spite of all remonstrances, she spent the evening in reading aloud to the old lady, who always sat up late.

"I think Abigail might read to her mother," said Mary.

"She cannot," said Maria; "she is subject to a disease in the throat."

The next morning, when Mary and Elizabeth went into their aunt's room to sit with her a few minutes, they found her on her knees packing a trunk, and Maria assisting her.

Cousin Abigail came out of a closet with a shoe in her hand, with which she had been killing cockroaches.

"Going home to-morrow."

"Going home to-morrow! Why do you go so soon, Aunt Freeman? What is the meaning of this? You have only been here ten days."

"Think, and thee will soon find out the meaning of it. But before I go, Molly, I have something to say to thee."

"A scolding, I suppose," thought Mary.

But she was mistaken. What the old lady did say to her was said in private, and so kindly, that tears were in Mary's eyes when she left her.

The next day the country cousins took their leave. Before they went, however, Aunt Freeman had a long interview with Maria; for having by accident become acquainted with the misfortunes of her family, the old lady had resolved to make her a lasting reward for the kindness she had shown her and her daughter.

HEROIC WOMEN OF AMERICA.—NO. I.

THE LADY AND THE ARROWS.

(See Plate.)

AMONG the American ladies who have distinguished themselves in the course of our revolutionary war by the sacrifice of self-interest to the public welfare, none is more celebrated than Mrs. Jacob Motte, of Carolina. The action by which she sacrificed her own property to the demands of patriotism, was so graceful, so generous and free, that it has occasioned her praises to be celebrated in all the histories of the time. The incident took place in the year 1781, when General Greene and the active partisan officers, Lee, Marion and Sumpter, were disputing with Cornwallis and Rawdon the possession of the Carolinas. The first battle of Camden had already been fought, when the celebrated siege of Fort Motte took place.

The new mansion house of Mrs. Motte, situated on a high and commanding hill some distance above the junction of the Wateree and Congaree, had been made the principal depot of the convoys from Charleston to Camden, Fort Granby and Ninety-Six. It was surrounded by a deep trench, which was defended by a strong and lofty parapet erected along its inner margin. Captain McPherson commanded the garrison, which usually consisted of about one hundred and fifty men, but which was now increased by the accidental arrival of a small detachment of dragoons. This body, on its way to Camden with dispatches for Lord Rawdon, had entered the fort a few hours before the appearance of the American forces, led by Marion and Lee, to besiege it. On another hill, opposite to the north side of the new mansion, stood an old farm-house, in which Mrs. Motte had formerly resided, and to which she had been dismissed by Captain McPherson. Upon this height Lee was stationed with his corps, whilst Marion occupied a position on the eastern declivity of the ridge on which the fort stood. A six-pounder, dispatched by Greene to the aid of Marion, was mounted on a battery by that officer for the purpose of raking the north side of the enemy's parapet, which Lee was preparing to attack. By the 10th of May, the works were in a state of such forwardness that it was determined to summon the commandant. On the same day Rawdon had evacuated Camden and proceeded to Nelson's Ferry, for the purpose of crossing the Santee and relieving Fort Motte. Greene, on the other hand, advanced to the Congaree to cover the besiegers. Under these circumstances, McPherson, though destitute of artillery, replied to the summons that he should continue to resist to the last moment in his power. In the evening, a cou-

rier arrived from Greene, informing Marion of Rawdon's movements, and urging upon him redoubled activity. On the 11th, the British general reached the country opposite Fort Motte, and at night encamped on the highest ground in his route, that his fires might convey to the besieged the certainty of his approach. The large mansion in the centre of the trench left but a small part of the ground within the works uncovered; burning the house, therefore, must force them to a surrender. The preparation of bows and arrows with missive combustible matter was immediately commenced. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee and every officer of his corps daily experienced the most cheering and gratifying proofs of the hospitality of the owner of the beautiful mansion doomed to be thus destroyed, whilst her politeness, her tenderness and her active benevolence extended to the lowest in the ranks. The destruction of private property was at all times peculiarly distressing to the two gallant commanders, and these considerations gave a new edge to the bitterness of the scene. But they were ever ready to sacrifice their feelings to their duty, and Lee forced himself to make a respectful communication to the lady respecting her destined loss. When the intended measure was imparted to her, the complacent smile which settled on her features at once dispelled the embarrassment of the agitated officer, whilst she declared that she joyfully gave her house to the good of her country, and should delight to see it in flames. Shortly after, seeing accidentally the bow and arrows which had been prepared, she sent for Colonel Lee, and putting into his hands a splendid bow and its apparatus, which had been presented to her husband by a friend from India, begged his substitution of them as probably better adapted to the purpose than those provided. Lee was delighted with this opportune present, and quickly prepared to end the scene. The lines were all manned, the force at the battery doubled, and Doctor Irwin was sent with a last summons to surrender. Brown listened patiently to his explanations, but remained inflexibly fixed in his determination of holding out to the last. It was now midday of the 12th, and the scorching sun had prepared the shingles for the conflagration. When Irwin returned, three arrows were successively fired at different parts of the roof. The first and third kindled into a blaze. McPherson ordered a party to repair to the loft of the house and stop the conflagration by knocking off the shingles. But Captain Finley's six pounder completely raked the

loft, the soldiers were driven down, and the brave Briton hung out the white flag and surrendered unconditionally. The conquerors and the conquered soon after repaired to Mrs. Motte's, where, by invitation, they partook together of a sumptuous dinner, in full view of the smoking ruins—the unaffected politeness of the patriotic lady soothing the angry feelings which the conflict had engendered, and obliterating from the memory of the gallant whigs the recollection of the injuries she had unavoidably sustained at their hands. When Rawdon finally effected the passage of the river, he found a ruined

post and paroled officers, the captors having divided their forces and moved off, Lee against Fort Granby and Marion to Georgetown.

We have seen, in the possession of George Bancroft, Esq., of Boston, a splendid miniature of Mrs. Motte. It is a noble countenance, indicating strong intellect, and that lofty frankness and courtesy which were so remarkably displayed by her during that glorious and heroic age of our country, when American ladies were at once the prompters and exemplars of brilliant deeds of chivalry.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

BY WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "THE YEMASSEE," ETC. ETC.

WHAT has winter left for thee,
That, within the ancient tree,
Thou dost linger, in thy gray,
Sober vestments, like some friar,
Haunting still the old abbaye,
Wasted by the strife and fire?
Wherefore house thee thus alone,
When the other tribes have gone?—
With them to the forest speed;
Leave to human heart the grief,
That in wo, and dusky weed,
Walks sad with hooded thought, through perish'd wood
and leaf.

Sure I know thee—thou art he,
That, with reckless minstrelsy,
Late that sung—while all the grove,
By the spring-buds won to joy,
Bathed in fragrance, breathed of love—
Ditty of a wild annoy;—
Mocking all with scornful strain,
Till the passion grew to pain,
And each humbler warbler fled,
Silent, in his shame and fear,
Thou, the while, with wing outspread,
Sweetly voiced in spite of sneer,
Throned on the topmost bough, or darting wild through
air.

Thou hast pleasures: I have seen,
When the buxom spring was green,
How thy nest was tended—how
Thou didst gather straw and blade,
And, within the ancient bough,
Sit, the stem and leaf to braid.—
Patient was thy watch, and stern,
Lesson might the viper learn,—
Crawling where thy young ones lie,
With his cruel, keen desire,—
From thy eagle-raging eye,
Showing all thy soul on fire,
While talon, beak and wing declared the warrior's ire.

Patient, as thy young ones grow,
Use of feeble wing to show,
How to glide from bough to bough;
How, with gradual flight, to bear,
Poised on spreading pinion now,
Through the yielding heart of air;
And, when free of wing, and high,
Winging, singing, through the sky,—
Then, with thy triumphant strain,
Matchless in unmeasured might,
As if born of madden'd brain,
Ecstasied with deep delight,
Whirling in voice aloft, in far, capricious flight.

Why the cynic temper?—why
Still that strain of mockery?
Art thou truer? Dost thou sneer,
As thou haply know'st that none
Of the love songs spring must hear,
Speaks fidelity but one?
Thou art constant—that I know—
To thy young ones,—to thy foe,—
To thy mate, and to the tree,
That beside my window sill,
Many a year has been to thee
Cottage, home and empire still,—
Thou wast the sovereign there, and ever hadst thy will.

Still maintain it—thou alone,
Of the birds when summer's gone,
Keep'st thy dwelling, hold'st thy place,
As if in thy breast there grew
Something which, to human race,
Kept thee dedicate and true.
Cynical thy song, but mine,
Might be cynical like thine,
Could I deem, with thee, that all
Of the vows in spring we hear,
Were forgotten by the fall,—
But I shrink from doubt so drear:
I yield my heart to faith, and love when thou wouldst
sneer.

A DAY AT CHATSWORTH AND HADDON.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

DURING my pleasant sojourn at my "English home" in Yorkshire, I was invited to accompany my host and his family on a visit to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth, in the neighbouring county of Derbyshire. Our ride afforded a good specimen of the rural scenery of England. The road for the whole distance was as smooth as marble, with not even the slightest stone in the way to disturb the easy railroad motion. The first part of our ride lay through a valley, cultivated like a garden. The meadows were the liveliest green; the hedges looked like dark upheavings of the green sward; clumps of trees hung over the road-side, through which there was occasionally a silver gleam of still water or a meandering brook. Bye and bye the country grew more rough, the trees began to die out, and we were soon on a stony moor. Here nothing grew but furze and weeds, which afforded a safe hiding place for game of various kinds. These moors are preserved for shooting purposes, although the plough is every year making gradual incursions upon their wild barrenness.

Presently the moor gave place again to a cultivated landscape, and soon we saw the groves and lawns of Chatsworth rising before us. A flag was floating from a tower on an adjoining hill to advise "the neighbours" of the presence of his Grace "the Duke," who was on his summer visit to his mansion, and entertaining his friends with the August "shooting" over his preserves. A little village lies in one corner of the park. Every house in it is a beautiful stuccoed cottage in the Elizabethan style. They were all built so by order of the duke, as an ornament to his park, although it is said the unreasonable occupants grumbled exceedingly when the old thatched roofs were pulled down over their heads to make room for their flaunting successors. We concluded to visit the mansion on our return, and rode on through the park towards Haddon Hall. At every turn we started up whole troops of deer, who scampered over the green turf on the wings of the wind. The river Wye wandered by our side, and strove to prolong its way through the enchanting landscape by winding, curving and "doubling" at every possible opportunity; and when it could no longer find a decent excuse for lagging, it stole out reluctantly and prattled off down through the wild valley to make amends for lost time. A little stone bridge thrown over its clear waters, which are filled with trout, leads into the grounds of Haddon. This Haddon Hall is the ancient residence of the Vernons, and is considered the finest remaining specimen of the baronial hall of the olden time. The

Duke of Rutland keeps it in the precise style in which its former occupants left it, with a porter in the lodge hard by, and the "latch string not pulled in." When we walked through the rude old doorway, spanned over with a long trailing ivy, and entered the paved courtyard, I expected to meet some of the veritable Vernons, in full costume, coming out to join in the morning chase. The chapel, in one corner of the court, is dank and gloomy, and the pictures on the stained glass are dim, but on these rude benches Queen Elizabeth once sat, and out of the hollowed stone by the doorway *Dorothy Vernon* crossed her fair brow with the holy water. The ball-room is yet hung with the identical tapestry which her hands wrought. A cradle stands in one of the stone chambers in which the little Vernons were sung to sleep by some wild old ditty, preserved for the wonder of this generation, in Percy's Reliques. The bottom of the cradle is gone—sad emblem of the ancient house of the Vernons, who "fell through" long ago. The bed is even standing now in which Queen Elizabeth slept during her visit to the castle—the sheets looking like burnt paper from the effects of time and dust. That royal rowdy, George IV., sent for this bed when on a visit to Derbyshire, and slept in it one night. It was "of a piece" with his other pranks, which he played whenever his native vulgarity and riotous buffoonery got the better of his assumed kingly dignity.

I was deeply interested in the *dining hall*, which remains entire. This is the scene of the feast in the opening chapters of "Ivanhoe." Here is the stone floor; the huge fire-place, large enough to accommodate a "log heap" of one of our western settlers; the gallery in which the pipers played during the entertainment; the *dais* or raised platform, on which the gentry and the master of the feast were seated; and the uncouth dishes are even preserved. It was hard to repeople such a forlorn, wild apartment, among the arched ceilings of which the swallows were twittering and building their nests, with the fabled beauties of that splendid romance. The *Rowenas* of that day must have been made of "sterner stuff" than their delicate successors, to have enjoyed a feast at such a table, from such dishes, and in such boisterous company. What they had to cover their tables I could conjecture from a visit to the larder and kitchen. There were ovens enough to have baked for an army, and the meat-blocks were intended evidently for a whole ox! The blood-dyed chips are still lying on them to mark the ravages of the butchers who prepared the feast for the Virgin Queen. I

could fancy the time when the fire was roaring up that old chimney, and the ovens were all in full blast, with some Gurths and Wambas seated in the chimney corner; troops of servants, sweating under the load, were bearing in haunches of venison on enormous pewter platters. The butler has just tapped a fresh cask to fill the royal tankard already three times exhausted. Another bullock is brought in by the "men of blood" and laid on the block, and another invoice of barley loaves have been shovelled into the ovens. There is a cry from the banquet hall for "*more ale*," which makes the old arches ring again; and the minstrels have just struck up another stave of a drinking song, with the whole company in "full chorus!"

"Now rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within!
For from the lofty balcony
Rang trumpet, shalm, and psaltery;
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaffed,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laughed.
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry."

But we have no more time to spend over those riotous scenes which such mementos cannot but call up, and we will leave Haddon for Chatsworth. In leaving we will pass out by the postern door, the same through which the celebrated Dorothy Vernon eloped with George Manners, whom she afterwards married. The old oaken door still swings, the stone steps are there, and the velvet sod, and the solemn green tree hangs over the doorway; but poor Dorothy is long since gone down to "darkness and the worm." By the same road over the stone bridge, and along the green banks of the Wye, we returned to the park of Chatsworth.

In going from Haddon to Chatsworth you pass at once through two hundred years. Haddon is the home of the nobility two centuries ago just as they left it; Chatsworth is the most princely abode of that same nobility in our own day. The difference between them is the progress which England has made in refinement and luxury since that time. I have not been able to give any definite description of Haddon, neither shall I, of Chatsworth. Such a thing is impossible; a writer can only give a few statistics at best, and leave the imaginations to paint the scene.

With the exterior of Chatsworth I was disappointed. It is too French;—there is too much gilding and carving, and ostentatious parading of gaudy pilasters. Its size is enormous, being upwards of two hundred feet in length, but it is so completely broken up, and so lacking in unity, that the spectator is at a loss to know how such a mass of materials were ever piled together at such an enormous expense with such poverty of effect. Within, every thing is gorgeous, and, as far as I remember, in very good taste. Here, as in every such place, the visitor is stunned and wearied by the ever-beginning, never-ending displays of boundless magnificence. A rosy-cheeked lassie, well dressed and extremely civil, conducted us through the apart-

ments. Just at the entrance we met a young nobleman—a guest of the duke's—with a companion, going out on a fishing excursion. It is the custom of the host, at these seasons of summer ruralizing, to leave his guests to entertain themselves till dinner time, and the coachman stands in the hall to receive orders for the stable, the kennel, or any other part of the hospitable entertainer's establishment for which they may have a preference. At seven, P. M., they are all to present themselves in full dress at dinner, and the rest of the day is spent in his society.

In going through the rooms I noticed fine busts of Fox and Canning, and many capital pictures by Lawrence and Reynolds. The collection of statuary is superb. There is a splendid "Mother of Napoleon," by Canova. It is just what we should expect for the mother of Napoleon;—the lofty air of decision and invincible resolution, the *naturally* royal bearing, and all the fine classic features of the illustrious son are plainly marked in the mother. Many of the ceilings were by Thornhill and Verrio, in the highest style of the art. The coronation chairs of George IV., and of William IV. and his queen, are exhibited in the state apartments. These were given to the duke as a *perquisite* of his office of lord chamberlain. I would like, if it were possible, to give the reader some idea of the library, which was by far the most exquisite apartment I saw in Europe. It is not large, but is furnished with the highest splendour, and in the highest taste. The mantel-piece was of the finest Carrara marble, the curtains displayed the soft blending of the rainbow, and the carpet sunk under my feet like the velvet turf in the lawn without. To recline on one of those damask couches, and pore over the splendid copy of the *Paradise Lost* which glittered on the shelves, while the murmurs of the fountain in the courtyard fell on the ear, would be an *amazing help* in trying to realize some of the enchanting descriptions which it contains.

In speaking of the outward appearance of Chatsworth, I had no reference to the grounds, which are exceedingly beautiful. Fountains, statues, flowers and green trees have been most tastefully blended in every variety of shape, and beneath all is the soft carpeting of English turf. There is one fountain which throws a jet ninety feet high. Another is in the shape of a dead willow tree, (made of copper,) under which the gardener invites the visitor to take a seat, and suddenly a shower is poured down upon him from the extremities of all the branches. In another place the water is thrown down an artificial cascade, made of wood, and extending some hundred feet like a long pair of stairs. At a given signal the water is "let on," and down it goes, hopping along circumspectly from one step to another, and evidently *relieved* when it gets to the foot of the stairs and slips out through a private *drain* provided for the purpose. Such a device is worthy of a place among the *Etnas* and *Vesuviuses* in the panoramas of Niblo's or McArar's.

But the crowning glory of Chatsworth is the *Conservatory*, which is esteemed the finest in the world. Let the reader imagine a glass building as large as the Philadelphia State House,—with which most of them are familiar,—of a semicircular shape, and ornamented with panes of glass cut in every conceivable shape. At each end of this spacious hall is a large doorway, through which the duke often drives in a coach and four. Around the upper part of the glass palace is a gallery by which you can walk among the tops of the stately shrubs and trees that grow on the ground beneath. Here are congregated trees from every part of the globe, with birds and monkeys among the branches. Humble violets and delicate fucias are stealing out among the artificial rocks, fragrant magnolias are breathing on the balmy air, golden oranges glitter among the dark green foliage, and huge clumps of bread fruit dangle in the air, ready to drop into your lap—every thing that is pleasant to the eye and grateful to the smell is around you, overpowering your senses by their beauty and fragrance. This conservatory is a great hobby with “his grace.” He visits it frequently every day, and takes great pleasure in conducting strangers through it.

The Duke of Devonshire is a handsome bachelor of fifty or over, very accomplished, and now is considered the first nobleman at court. Before her marriage, he was the favourite partner of the queen,

at the royal balls. His soirées at Devonshire House are the most select gatherings of unadulterated, *unquestionable haut ton* in the kingdom. To the arts he has always extended a most liberal patronage, having visited Italy himself frequently, and brought away many of the masters. The heir of this princely establishment and of his immense fortune, (estimated at three hundred thousand pounds a year,) is the present Earl of Burlington. He too is well known in the world of science and of art, and is worthy of the station he expects to occupy. Some time since the earl lost his beautiful wife, a sister of Lord Morpeth, and the “*Lady Coventry*” of her time—although I do not know that she ever wrought any such *feats* of admiration as are recorded of this latter celebrated beauty, who once kept a whole inn-full of people sitting up all night to get a view of her when she rode off in her carriage early in the morning!

On our way home my friend told me that he had once taken a plain, blunt Yankee, who came to Sheffield on some cutlery speculation, to visit Chatsworth. Nothing that he could show him, however, excited in him the least astonishment—he had evidently seen such before, and a “plaghy sight handsomer.” When they returned home, my friend asked him what he thought of it. “Well,” replied the Yankee, with some hesitation, “I thought it *was* rayther a pretty *location*!”

A PORTRAIT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

PENSIVE she seems beyond her years,
Half shade, half light her face appears,
Like waves by snowy clouds o’ercast.
A something in her aspect mild
Tells of the woman, not the child;
Though girlhood’s hours have scarcely pass’d,
And she has only dreamed of Love,
As of some wondrous joy imparted,
In Life’s sweet season, from above,
To all the pure, the tender-hearted!

It is not beauty, not the charm
Of flashing eyes and brilliant smiles;
The heart confesses no alarm,
Nor strives to shun bewitching wiles;
But more than beauty, more than grace,
Pervades her mild and placid face,
And in her every motion dwells—
One, who has watched the early gray
Melting in gradual dawn away;

Or wandered deep in forest-dells,
Dark in the noontide’s highest ray,
May dream how solemn, yet how fair,
The constant twilight round her thrown.

20*

The sadness that her features wear,
The mild, subdued and quiet tone,
In rare old pictures found alone.
Were Raphael’s skill a moment mine,—
Could I the day and night combine,
And to the silent canvas give
Their mingled hues in shapes divine,
Then should *thy* form and features live;
And poets, in the coming time,
In smoother verse and sweeter rhyme
Than any my dull pen can weave,
Should sing of thee, and, singing, grieve.
To think what mournful fate was thine:
That, from an eye so soft and bright,
Could steal one gleam of dazzling light!

Oh, loveliest of our northern maids!
How vain would such sad fancy be!

No sorrow thy young soul invades,—
Regrets are strangers still to thee.

The fountain, as it leaps in air,
Is not more free from soil or stain,
And tears but leave thy cheeks more fair,
Like roses after summer rain.

THE NEW YORK COLONISTS.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THE claims of the Pilgrims have been more than vindicated. The anniversary of their landing is widely celebrated. New England has produced more writers than all other sections of the country, and her annals have been recorded with a particularity which leaves little for the future antiquarian to discover. Scarcely one of her villages but can boast its historian. The Yankees are proverbially shrewd observers and industrious chroniclers; and the many beautiful tributes pronounced at Plymouth, and before local societies dedicated to the memory of the Puritans, seem pledges that oblivion will not soon cast its relentless wave over New England's early story. It is otherwise with New York. Her colonial history, prior to the Revolution, is comparatively barren of events. Let not this make us unmindful of its claims. Gibbon, in his "Roman Empire," in briefly passing over the reign of some prince, acknowledges that the less there is for history to record, the happier for mankind. The original settlers of New York came not to plant creeds, but to find homes. No fierce war of opinion kept society in a ferment. They professed no grand moral enterprise. They were honest, but unambitious men. To live unmolested, to enjoy the comforts of life in peace, was all they sought. Let us not on this account condemn them. Let us acknowledge the honest manliness that made them so prize "the glorious privilege of being independent," and the bravery with which they met all the hardships of uncivilized life, to leave their children free and happy firesides. Although they had no poet, let us not suffer their memories to die.

The few pictures of Dutch life that have come down to us, are far from unattractive. Some delightful sketches, published many years since in England, furnish a charming outline, which imagination readily fills out, of the simple manners and native integrity by which the early colonists fashioned their lives.* It is remarkable, that the only popular picture of these times and people should be a caricature; nor must we be surprised that "Knickerbocker's New York" should be quoted in Europe as a veritable history, until some serious effort is made to redeem the fame and brighten the dirty but untarnished escutcheon of these honest Dutch. It is difficult to account for their comparative misappreciation. We always fancy a Dutchman as a corpulent, sleepy fellow, with a pipe in his mouth. Yet is there not an enviable wisdom in their tranquil philosophy? It is true, that in the

march of mind they were "dragged along in the procession," but if rational enjoyment and a contented spirit be any test of character, they may claim no inferior rank among the nations. Consider their history. For more than a century learning, science and philosophy, found their sole refuge in the free states of Holland. Recall the bravery with which they resisted their Spanish invaders; the enterprise that so long made their ships the carriers of all Europe; the patient industry which constructed those immense dykes that render Holland one of the most remarkable of countries; the genius exhibited in their school of painting—no inadequate illustration of their national character—which triumphs in a humble sphere, and, if it create not the Madonnas of Raphael or the angels of Corregio, makes the canvas glow with many a scene of homely festivity, and invests the most common-place objects with a picturesque charm.

There are few objects in this country which convey to my mind so significant an idea of comfort as an old Dutch dwelling. Its ample portico alone seems an emblem of hospitality; and I cannot but sympathise with the murmurs of the few old inhabitants of Rockland county, who so reluctantly yield up their ancient landmarks to the devouring locomotive. The hunting and trading excursions of the early colonists made them as hardy in the field as they were contented in their homes, so that it was a proverb, during the Revolution, that a well armed body of New York provincials had nothing to fear but an ague or an ambush. Cheap literature was unknown in those days, but when Colonel Schuyler brought from England "Paradise Lost" and the "Spectator," every intelligent person in the colony made them a study for years. The influx of other than the original settlers, such as the French Protestants, induced liberality of feeling; and their equal condition kept at bay that "unconquered devil—ambition," which lays waste so large a portion of modern dignity and happiness. The very pride of opinion that the Puritans cherish, would have been a pernicious element in the American character, had it not been modified by the less intellectual but more genial characteristics of the New York colonists. If the New Englander represented the great principle of reform, the Manhattanese embodied the no less grand principle of conservatism. If the New England character furnished the sails when our ship of state was launched, the Dutch emigrants were the ballast that kept her in trim. If in New York there was less obvious religious zeal than in Massachusetts, there was less

* Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American Lady."

also of bigotry; if there was less enterprise, there was more contentment; less of public spirit, there was more personal independence. If the school-master was not abroad, the bitterest fruits of the tree of knowledge remained unplucked. If no marble banks adorned their streets, well-stocked barns gave assurance of wealth no less substantial.

If the even tenor of life yielded few striking points to the annalists, the peace that reigned in every bosom put to shame the bloody tales of history; and if poetry found little to celebrate, existence itself was like an acted poem, gliding onward in beautiful tranquillity.

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.*

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

Room for the mighty Conqueror—a place where Death may reign,
Nor fear the restless tide of Life will roll o'er his domain!
Oh! narrow not the place of Graves, nor 'grudge the coffin room,
But let the breath of Freedom float around the Freeman's Tomb:
The heaven's high arch above our Dead,—and stars the lamps that burn—

* The plan of this Cemetery is on a scale of magnificence, which allows the greatest scope for improvements. There are over one hundred acres of ground devoted to the burial of the Dead and an Horticultural Garden, where flowers and shrubs are chiefly cultivated. This union of the Grave and the Garden is congenial with our humblest and our holiest feelings. In a Garden was done the deed that

"Brought Death into this world and all our wo,"—

and in a Garden was the Resurrection of our Saviour, giving promise of Life eternal. It is necessary to the improvement of the living, that the memory of the Dead should be tenderly cherished. Taste is refined and piety strengthened by such observances. The most splendid efforts of Genius have been called forth by the feelings of the heart which would eternize the departed; and the mightiest efforts of human power are impressed on works sacred to the Dead.

And Nature's incense going up as from an hallowed urn,
Where treasured are the tears and sighs that mourning Love will bring,
Till its tribute on the leaves and flowers shall fall like dews of Spring;
That give the loveliest things to bloom where the loveliest lie dead,
And o'er the richest spoils of Time the richest beauties spread!

Away with human pageantries, the Temple's solemn gloom!
No need of Mausoleum, if ye give the Dead but room—
And hallow from earth's cares and fears the spot wherein they sleep,
And let Nature, on her living page, their holy Memory keep—
Oh, not the proudest Pyramid, o'er Egypt's sands that frown'd,
Had the grandeur that will rest upon this consecrated ground!
Like the tone of spirit voices, hark! the whispering breezes tell—
"Here's a Home where all who gather may in peace securely dwell—
And here's a Tomb will moulder not till Nature's self decay,
An Empire that will never cease till the Heavens shall pass away!

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY J. E. KNIGHT.

THE truant from his native land,
The veriest wanderer 'neath the sun—
When from his glass of life, the sand
Has almost its whole volume run—
Turns to the clime that gave him birth,
Though banished from his heart for years,
And yearns to see that spot of earth
Which knew his childhood's smiles and tears!

So will *thy heart* turn fondly back,
Wanderer as it will ever be,
To these oases in its track—
These green spots in thy memory!

And hallowed every page will be
Through the long lapse of coming years,
And each word here will live with thee,
Warmed by thy smiles, and watered with thy tears!

But do not stop to scan *this lay*;
Oh! never, never linger here!
On *this* ne'er let thy bright smile play—
I cannot ask of thee a *tear*!
No—no!—pass coldly o'er each line—
I only claim this boon from thee—
Let not a spirit pure as thine
Be sullied by one thought of *me*!

MY OWN MARIE.

POETRY BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

MUSIC BY MRS. C. L. HULL.

EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S MAGAZINE.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1844, by William Hull, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MODERATO.

Svo.

loco.

When the morn - ing light a - - wa - - keth, The glad song of bird and

bee, Then my heart its si - lence break - eth, And is thine, all thine, Ma-

MY OWN MARIE.

237

rie. For at such an hour I've wandered On the sea-beat shore with

thee; And o'er many a bright dream pondered, By thy side, my own Ma-

rie. By thy side, my own Marie, My own Marie, My

own Ma - - rie.

Cres.

When the summer sun declineth,
And above the glowing sea,
Evening's star of beauty shineth,
Then my thoughts are thine, Marie.

For at such an hour we parted,
And tho' thou thinkest not of me,
Still I wander weary hearted,
For thy sake, my own Marie.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"The selfish, like November, gather
The clouds of fear and storms of wrath,
And by their cruel coldness wither
Hearts that would bless their path."

Economy and benevolence are fine subjects for displaying one's good sense and good feelings. Many ladies talk beautifully about them; indeed, few women can be found who are not very prudent and charitable—in theory. But let the actual saving, self-denying system become necessary, and it is to many a terribly inconvenient and mortifying affair. So likewise of charity:—there is scarcely a lady in our land but would rejoice to see all suffering and want removed; but their individual efforts will do so little that each one must relinquish her share as hopeless.

Was there ever a person who heard of Aladdin's Lamp, and has not, at some time, wished to possess it? If we knew the occasions when this power of obtaining wealth has been most eagerly coveted, we should probably find that, nine times out of ten, it has been with the intent of benefiting others, or the hope of diffusing happiness, rather than selfishly enjoying the treasure. The reason why, when wealth is obtained, we do not oftener see it used for noble and benevolent purposes is, not so much that people are selfish, as that they are *inconsistent*. It is circumstance, that "unspiritual god," which modifies our magnificent purposes, and, in spite of our ardent anticipations, will bring us down to some pitiable conclusion at last.

There is no time like a November night for meditating themes of sorrow. The approaching winter seems then almost interminable, and its cold tempests give to the condition of the poor the aspect of unmitigated misery. And Sterne's method was the right one—take a "single object" for your picture, if you wish to move your own heart or that of another. Poverty, pain and want, in the aggregate, do not affect us like the individual sufferer. And these dreams of fancy, which soften the heart towards others, are always beneficial to our own characters,—if we do not rest satisfied with the dream only. We should strive to keep the heart warm by active exertions in doing good, if we would enjoy, in its highest sense, the pleasure which a bright hearth and a happy home afford in this month of storms and sadness.

Some writer has remarked, that "an elderly maiden lady was the month of November embodied." The observation was illiberal and unjust. Many a single lady,

"long since past her prime," is still the light and charm of her home and an ornament to society—a summer flower still.

"A few evenings since," wrote a lady to us some years ago, "I visited my friend M. I have seldom seen a happier group than was there assembled. It was a cold, dreary November night; but the closed shutters and heavy curtains excluded all sounds of the storm without, while the bright wood fire and the general appearance of the apartment realized Cowper's beautiful description of domestic comfort. A lady, who is probably forty-five years of age, but who still retains the bloom of health and the smile of cheerfulness, was surrounded by three beautiful girls, apparently from fifteen to twenty years of age, all busy with their needles, while, at a little distance, sat a fine young man, who was reading aloud to them. You will no doubt imagine this a good and happy mother, surrounded by her children. No such thing—the lady to whom they all look up with so much respect and affection, and who contributes so largely to the happiness of their domestic circle, is—a maiden aunt."

So our young friends, we trust, will remember, that even an old maid need not be a solitary and neglected being if she keeps her heart warm with feelings of kindness, and her hands busy in works of benevolence. But a maiden lady seldom thus proves herself "a ministering angel" when age creeps on, if she has, while young, been entirely devoted to fashion and frivolity. As reasonably may we look for May flowers on the sere November stalk.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have found the following articles worthy of publication, viz: "*The Artist*"—"An Hour in the Attic of Fancy"—"*Reception of a Lady in a Turkish Harem*"—"Battle of Fort Mims"—"*To a Gray Hair*"—and "*Communion with the Dead*."

The following will be returned to their respective writers when called for:—"Memory"—"*Military Glory*"—"Lizzie Crawford"—(these two declined because we have not room for so many stories)—"*The Prediction*"—(this was translated and published years ago)—"*The Power of Sympathy*"—"A Legend of Charles Allan"—"*The Wind*"—"When should we Pray?"—"Joan of Arc"—"*The Noviciate*"—"To —"—"*Sonnet to the Autumn*"—"Worth Winning"—"*Texas*"—"The Glory of Life"—and "*The Sorrows of Life*."

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*The Diadem*" is the title of Messrs. Carey & Hart's great quarto annual, with mezzotint engravings by Sartain, engraved from some of those masterpieces of modern art in Mr. Carey's private gallery of paintings. If Messrs. Carey & Hart were given to boasting, what a dashing account they could give in their advertisement of the first cost of the Diadem! Let us see how it would run:—say

eight hundred dollars for Huntington's picture of "*Christiana and Mercy in the Valley of the Shadow of Death*," and cheap enough at that, besides what was paid to Sartain for engraving the plate. Next, twenty-five hundred for Eastlake's "*Hagar and Ishmael*," five hundred for Sully's "*Mantilla*," two or three hundred a-piece for all those pictures of Leutze, and so on. "A trim reckoning!" as Fal-

staff says. But, nevertheless, a true one, which would run up the expenses to some eight or ten thousand dollars for paintings alone. Then follow engraving, paper, printing, binding, which run away with heaps of money, as we know by *dear* experience, to say nothing of the rouleaus of gold pieces which these courteous publishers are accustomed to send to such true poets as Anne C. Lynch, C. T. Brooks, and William Ellery Channing, and such translators as it takes to turn the German of *Richter* and *Zschokke* into good readable English, such as we find here. One word we have to say about the unknown editor of the *Diadem*; which is, that he or she (we cannot guess which) has given it a stamp, an impress of vigour and spirit in the literary department, which is by no means common. This is apparent throughout. We see everywhere the traces of a master hand. The poetry of Anne C. Lynch has a naïveté and animation which remind us of Mary Howitt and Mrs. Hemans. After being surfeited with the heavy, pompous and verbose rhymes which often pass for poetry in these times, it is refreshing to read such verses as these, which serve to illustrate Landseer's capital picture of

THE NAUGHTY BOY.

How now! thou little pouting elf,
With fury-flashing eye,
How darest thou from thy corner thus
The rule and rod defy?

That broken slate, that dog-eared book,
Have sorry tales to tell;
Thou wilt not add and multiply,
Thou wilt not learn to spell!

But sulkily thou standest there,
With cross and frowning look;—
Hold! I will sketch his naughty face,
And put it in a book.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published "*The Literary Souvenir*," for 1845, with ten splendid steel engravings, after paintings by Sully, Barrett, Chapin, Collins, Truman and Mount. The engravers are Cheney, Forrest, Dodson, A. Lawson, Graham, Pease, Humphreys and Andrews. There are no better artists than these in either department. The literary portion of the book is also first rate. Our own contributor, Mrs. Robbins, we notice is among the writers, and other names of equal merit and celebrity appear on the list. The Yankee story of the "*Hard Bargain*," and the instructive sketch entitled "*Humphrey*," will be extensively copied in the newspapers, as well as that splendid translation from Beranger. Commend us to such annuals as this.

Messrs. Collins, Keese & Co., New York, have published "*Essays on the Principles of Morality, and on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Mankind*." By Jonathan Dymond. This work is an excellent system of moral philosophy, and will undoubtedly be introduced as a text-book in colleges, academies and schools. The author's standard of moral virtue is considerably higher than that of Paley, who is the apologist for every abuse in the social, political and ecclesiastical systems of Great Britain. Still, Paley's clear method, winning style and direct appeals to common sense and common prejudices, have rendered his work the popular text-book of moral philosophy in the United States. We presume that Dymond's will speedily displace it, from its superior adaptation to an improved state of public sentiment.

The same publishers have just issued "*Olmstead's Rudiment's of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy for the Younger Classes in Academies and Common Schools*." The author's larger work is a standard book for the higher seminaries.

This neat little volume will make a good text-book for common schools, and will serve as the basis of the oral and experimental instruction which is absolutely essential in natural philosophy. We are happy to notice, by the way, that Messrs. Collins, Keese & Co. furnish cheap sets of philosophical apparatus for common schools, which may be obtained by sending to their bookstore, No. 254 Pearl street, New York.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and George S. Appleton, of this city, have published "*Biographical, Literary and Philosophical Essays: contributed to the Eclectic Review*." By John Foster. These papers are worthy of the author of the *Essay on Decision of Character*. Their vigour of style and masterly handling entitle them to the highest rank among critical and historical disquisitions. Foster, as a critical writer, resembles Macaulay more than any one else; but, in some respects, he has the advantage even of this distinguished author.

The same publishers have just completed a series of juvenile works, among which are "*The Prize Story Book*," a capital collection of fairy tales from the German, French and Italian, beautifully illustrated with wood-cuts; and "*The Child's Delight*," a dashing sort of annual, with splendid coloured pictures, and poems and stories by some of our best writers.

The same publishers give an embellished edition of "*Puss in Boots*," the pictures done by Otto Speckter in a most masterly style; and a second series of "*Very Little Tales for Very Little Folks*," of which the first series was so popular last year. It is done in the same style as the first series.

Mr. A. V. Blake, of New York, has issued a new edition of "*Howe's Memoirs of American Mechanics*," with fifty engravings, a most interesting and valuable work, got up in a handsome style, the embellishments being printed on tinted paper. Mr. Blake has also published the "*Literary Remains of the Rev. Jonathan Maxcy, D. D.*" By Dr. Elton. This elegant volume comprises fifteen sermons, five addresses to college graduates, three orations, and sundry miscellaneous papers, besides a memoir of the author. These productions all bear the impress of a master hand, affording abundant proof that President Maxcy's boundless popularity, as a speaker and writer, was not unmerited.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published the second volume of "*Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford, to Sir Horace Mann*," (now first published from the original MSS.) This, it will be recollected, is the concluding series, extending from 1776 to 1786, through the whole period of our revolutionary war. They give, therefore, the most true and perfect reflection of that great era from the mirror of London society. All the gossip of the court and the clubs, about the rebellious Americans, is given fresh and sparkling, with all the wit of Walpole, and all the anecdotic wealth of his brilliant coterie. This is a book of a thousand, a perfect treasure of its kind. To read it through during the approaching long evenings of the season, will be a treat of the most inviting sort.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published the "*Ingoldsby Legends, or Mirth and Marvels*," an exceeding rich collection of humorous stories and ballads, with illustrations by Cruikshanks, Leech and others.

Theodore Hook's novel, "*Peregrine Bunce, or Settled at Last*," has just been issued by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard. It is in Theodore's happiest vein.

Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co. have published Parts I, II, and III, of "*Prose Fictions, written for the Illustration of True Principles in their bearing upon every-day Life*." By T. S. Arthur. These are short stories applicable to the moral improvement of society, and calculated to be extensively useful. They are published in the cheap pamphlet form.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co., Publisher's Hall, No. 101 Chestnut street, have just received a supply of the "Omnibus of Modern Romance," No. 4. This is a publication which we prize highly, as it gives choice specimens of British and continental literature not before published in this country. Besides the reprints from scarce English collections of tales, we have in it translations from the best German authors, such as Zschokke, Hoffman and La Motte Fonqué, all fresh and newly translated expressly for this work. The selections are very judiciously made.

Messrs. Ferrett & Co. have for sale all the works of T. S. Arthur; which can be obtained in pamphlet form or done up in volumes for the library.

Ferrett & Co. also receive all the cheap publications of the Harpers and Appletons, and of the New World publication office, as well as the pictorial newspapers, "Punch," the "London Illustrated News," and "Pictorial Times," and the various musical and other cheap publications of the day.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published "The Land of Israel," a lively account of Palestine, with steel-plate views by Dr. Keith, the author of the celebrated work on the Prophecies, of which so many thousands have been sold. This will be a popular book. The Harpers continue the issue of "Macculloch's Gazetteer," "Neal's History of the Puritans," and the incomparable Pictorial Bible.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. and George S. Appleton have just published "The Keepsake," a splendid annual, with ten steel plates, and literary contributions from the best writers of our time. Some of our Lady's Book writers, we observe, have assisted. Their popular annual, "The Rose," is also continued with the usual number of steel plates and the usual merit in the literary department.

Mr. B. Walker, No. 20 South Fourth street, has just published two exquisite little volumes for young people, entitled "The Little Gift," and "The Phoenix of Story Tellers." They are filled with lively and agreeable stories, illustrated with steel plates, and done up in "dusky" illuminated binding. If these volumes do not captivate the eyes of "Young America," we mistake in our estimate of the taste of the rising generation. Mr. Walker announces a "Pictorial History of the World," now in preparation by Professor Frost, author of the Pictorial History of the United States. This work will be executed in a style of beauty, as it respects the artistical department, not surpassed by any of the Paris and London embellished works. We have seen some of the embellishments for the early numbers, and they are really superb. Of Dr. Frost's ability to furnish an excellent "Universal History," it is quite superfluous to speak.

Messrs. Saxton & Miles, of New York, have sent us the last number of the "American Agriculturist," one of the most useful and popular publications of the day.

Messrs. Ferrett & Co. have received a supply of the famous "Amber Witch," written to entrap the transcendental critics of Germany, who had arrogated to themselves the absolute power of deciding with certainty whether any given work was fiction or truth. The author of the "Amber Witch" published it as an actual report of a trial. The hoax took, and when the critics had fully committed themselves, the author came out and turned the laugh of all Europe upon the presumptuous charlatans of the reviews. The "Amber Witch" resembles the works of De Foe, and belongs precisely to the same class.

Messrs. Carey & Hart are publishing, through their agents, the great "Family Bible," with the commentaries of Patrick, Lowth, Whitby and others united. This work will form in itself, when complete, a great library of theology. "Sydney Smith's Works," published last month by Messrs. Carey & Hart, are having a prodigious run. We are not surprised at this. Those letters of Peter Plymley, and the piquant reviews on America and on Female Education,

would make the fortune of any new aspirant for literary fame; but they cannot add to the brilliant reputation of the most celebrated wit in Europe.

Mrs. Hannah More's "Rural Tales, portraying Social Life," are just out, in a neat 18mo. volume, to form one of Appleton's Library for Young People. The idea of reprinting standard works of fiction of an elevated moral and religious character, and putting them into a cheap pocket edition, is an excellent one, and will be highly acceptable.

Messrs. Butler & Williams have published "Leaflets of Memory: an Annual for 1845." Edited by Reynell Coates, M. D. This is an elegant affair, certainly. It is of the royal octavo size, on thick, smooth paper, and large type, with twelve splendid illustrations, and binding of the kind emphatically termed *superb*. Dr. Coates has performed his duty with great fidelity, giving an unusually large number of original articles from his own vigorous and elegant pen. The contributors are of the first class of living writers. Besides the usual mode of illustration with line engravings, there are three coloured illustrations, printed in colours and gold, after the manner of the beautiful illuminated missals of the middle ages. This book will be a present of the magnificent sort.

Messrs. Butler & Williams have just published an annual, entitled "Friendship's Offering." It contains an excellent collection of tales and poems, the productions of several of the most accomplished writers of the day. The embellishments are all in the mezzotint style, executed by Sartain, the best mezzotint engraver of the age. The paper, print and binding are very beautiful.

FASHION PLATES.

Quite a crusade has been attempted by a magazine in a neighbouring city, against these very useful adornments. In most of the works that publish them, they are ridiculous enough; but, with us, it is quite a different affair. We have our arrangements so perfect, that our Fashion Plates are universally looked up to as the real guides for dress, at the same time that they are an ornament to our work; and it would be quite as much in keeping to rail against eating, drinking, riding, &c., as to put down Fashions with us. We go for Fashion Plates; and we are not easily moved from our determination.

OUR PLATES.

Look at those in the number now before you. See T. S. Arthur—compare the engraving of that with any other portrait ever given in a magazine, of an American writer. We feel proud of the superiority of our efforts. The likeness, too, is unexceptionable. Professor Frost is now in Mr. Armstrong's hands; Cheney is engaged with Miss Leslie's. Professor Simms is being painted for us by West, of New York. The likeness of Mrs. E. F. Ellet is nearly finished, by Welch & Walters. We will give to the public portraits of the real writers of the day. The Teacher is a beautiful line engraving by W. H. Ellis.

Our New Style of Fashions.—Look to seeing them copied by some of our cotemporaries.

"The Lady and the Arrows," a continuation of our national designs and American views. We have now in the printer's hands, "The First News of the Battle of Lexington," and "General Marion in his Camp."

We expect to visit Europe next year. We will then try what English engravers can do. If they are better than ours, we shall feel bound to patronize them—at least for a time—for "Godey" must give the best that can be had for money; and if any contributors superior to our own can be procured, they will appear in "The Lady's Book."





Engraving of Penelope Wagner & W. G. G. G. G. G.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

DECEMBER, 1844.

THE BATTLE-GROUND OF GERMANTOWN.

(See Plate.)

THE occupation of Philadelphia by the British, after the disastrous battle of Brandywine, made the neighbourhood of this city the theatre of many brilliant exploits during the most active period of the Revolutionary war. None of these is more remarkable than the battle of Germantown, in which an attempt was made by Washington to surprise the camp of the British. The circumstance that the fate of this battle was made to turn apparently on the occupation of Mr. Chew's house by a party of the British, has given that mansion an unusual degree of celebrity. The accounts of this battle are exceedingly various and contradictory, and the causes assigned for the failure of Washington in his design are not less irreconcilable. The most satisfactory narrative of the affair we have seen, is that contained in Armstrong's *Life of Wayne*, which forms a part of the fourth volume of Sparks's *Library of American Biography*. We have the more confidence in this account from the general accuracy and fidelity to facts which characterize the whole of Mr. Sparks's work. Mr. Armstrong's account is as follows:—

"Among other means employed for the defence of Philadelphia against an attack from the water, were two forts, the one erected on Mud Island, near the western shore of the Delaware, the other at Billingsport, on its eastern bank, which, with hulks and chevaux-de-frise sunk in the river, so commanded and obstructed the navigation, as entirely prevented the ascent of the British fleet to the city. To remove impediments so unfavourable to Howe's present convenience and future purposes,

a draft of three regiments from his field force became necessary, as well to assist in reducing the forts as to cover a land transportation from Chester, until that object, the reduction of the forts, could be accomplished. Assured of this fact, and that four other regiments, composing a part of the élite, had been retained in the city for a garrison duty, Washington conceived the project of attacking and carrying by surprise the British camp at Germantown.

"The position given to the object of this enterprise had been carefully reconnoitred. On the eastern side of the main street of Germantown lay the right wing of the British army, encamped in two parallel lines half a mile apart, and extending to a wood about one mile distant from the town. On the opposite or western side of the street, with a formation similar to the former, and extending to the Schuylkill, lay the left wing. Few, if any, artificial defences had been employed on this position, the security of which had been confidently committed to the courage, fidelity and vigilance of strong picket guards and outposts, stationed on the different roads leading to the camp from north and east.

"Thus minutely informed with regard to the enemy's arrangements, Washington's plan of attack was soon formed, consisting, in its general outline, of a night march and double attack, contemporaneously made, on both flanks of the enemy's right wing, while a demonstration, or attack, as circumstances made proper, should be directed on the western flank of his left wing. With these orders

and objects, the American army began its march from Skippack, at seven o'clock in the afternoon of the 3d of October, in two columns; that of the right composed of the divisions of Sullivan and Wayne, with Conway's brigade, and assigned to the attack of the left flank of the enemy's right wing, took the Chestnut Hill road, followed by Sterling's division in reserve. The column of the left, composed of the divisions of Greene and Stephen, with McDougald's brigade and fourteen hundred Maryland and Jersey militia, destined to the attack of the right flank of the wing aforesaid, took the two eastern roads called the Limekiln and Old York roads; while Armstrong's division of Pennsylvania militia, directed against the western extremity of the British camp, pursued the Mantawny or Ridge road.

"On reaching the summit of Chestnut, two regiments, forming the head of Sullivan's column, were detached at daybreak to carry the enemy's picket guard, stationed at Mount Airy. The attack was brisk and well conducted, but the picket being speedily reinforced by a battalion of light infantry and the fortieth regiment, the defence became obstinate; nor was the position carried 'till Sullivan brought up in succession Conway's brigade and his own division to support the attack.' Colonel Musgrave, the British commanding officer at this point, unwilling to fall back on the main army, and unable longer to maintain a contest in the field against a force so far superior to his own, promptly determined to throw himself and six companies of the fortieth into Chew's house, a large and strong stone building, whence he is said to have kept up 'an incessant and galling fire' on the advancing American column—a circumstance which, whether true or false, was not permitted to impede the progress of Sullivan or Wayne, who, pressing eagerly forward, were soon and seriously engaged on different sides of the road, with detachments made by the enemy from Germantown. The conflicts which followed were numerous, close and sharp; at some points decided by the bayonet, and in their issue honourable to the American arms, as the enemy, though availing himself of every house, hedge and yard on the route, was driven back to the village as far as Church lane. The column on the left, commanded by Greene, though getting later into action than that of the right, from the *détour* necessarily made in reaching its point of attack, had now been engaged for some time, and with fortunes not widely dissimilar from those of the right. The enemy's posts on the Limekiln route had been forced, and the right flank of the camp gained, when an unexpected obstacle, a breastwork at Lucan's mill, gave a new direction to the march; in prosecuting which, two of the leading regiments broke into his camp, made more than one hundred prisoners, and at length debouched on the Germantown road, near the market-house, where they halted amidst his park of artillery. Thus far the battle wore an aspect favourable to the American arms, and even gave promise of eventual success; but

here fortune changed sides, and, as she generally does, took part with the strongest. The demonstration on the left, or Schuylkill flank of the enemy, which, as already stated, made part of Washington's plan, succeeded for a time in confining the attention of that wing to the security of its own outposts; but when the day broke, and the small number of the assailing corps could be correctly estimated, this effect ceased. The detachments made in support of this flank of the encampment were recalled, and means promptly taken to reinforce the right wing, which, it was now seen, was the only object of the real attack. Grey, who led this reinforcement, was not long in reaching the scene of action, and selecting for his first experiment the two regiments which had halted at the market-house, he put that of Stewart to flight, and killing or capturing every man belonging to the other, hastened to the position on which he expected to find Sullivan; but, on reaching this, he, to his great mortification, discovered that his principal enemy had, by a rapid retreat, escaped the blow he meditated against him.

"Of the causes and character of this movement, common to all the advanced corps, we have a full and faithful exposition, given by Sullivan, in these words—'My division, with the North Carolina regiment, commanded by Colonel Armstrong, and a part of Conway's brigade, having driven the enemy a mile and a half below Chew's house, and finding themselves unsupported by any other troops, their cartridges all expended, the force of the enemy on the right, collecting on the left to oppose them, being alarmed by the firing at Chew's House, so far in their rear, and by the cry of a light-horseman on the right that the enemy had got round us, and at the same time discovering some troops flying on the right, retired with as much precipitation as they had before advanced, against every effort of their officers to rally them. When the retreat took place, we had been engaged near three hours, which, with the march of the preceding night, rendered them almost unfit for fighting or retreating. We, however, made a safe retreat, though not a regular one. We brought off all our cannon and wounded.'

"While the incidents above-mentioned were taking place in the front, others of a character still more extraordinary occurred in the rear. The annoyance, real or imaginary, given from Chew's house to the advancing troops, raised a question whether it would be safe to go forward until this unexpected fortress and its garrison were reduced. Some of the persons consulted upon this occasion, perceiving that, to withhold any considerable portion of the force destined to attack in front could not fail to jeopard, if it did not defeat the great object of the expedition, advised to a *flank* movement, and the designation of a regiment whose duty it should be to keep Musgrave shut up in his fortress, or, if he came out, to attack and destroy him.

"This common sense advice, though so obviously sound, was unfortunately made to yield to

the supposed authority of a military maxim, not well understood, and, on this occasion, entirely misapplied. A pause in the march of the reserve and other corps now took place, when a battery of six-pounders was promptly established, and a fire opened on the house, but without making any useful impression on either the walls or the garrison. An attempt to effect by bayonets and muskets what six-pounders had failed to accomplish, now followed, but being equally unsuccessful, a third expedient was found in negotiation; when the flag which accompanied the summons of surrender being fired upon and its bearer killed, this also was abandoned. As a dernier resort, investment was tried, but suddenly ended by the flight of the advanced corps and the near approach of Grant and Grey in pursuit of them. To cover this retreat, fell to the

share of Wayne, who, seizing an eminence near White Marsh church, established upon it a battery, by a well-directed fire, from which he so checked the enemy's career as to give it a retrograde direction, and thus enabled four hundred men, nearly sinking under fatigue, to escape the grasp of the enemy. The commander-in-chief, in his official report of this affair, says—"In justice to the right wing of the army, (composed of the divisions of Sullivan and Wayne and Conway's brigade,) whose conduct I had an opportunity of observing, as they acted immediately under my eye, I have the greatest pleasure to inform you that both the officers and men behaved with a degree of gallantry which did them the highest honour."

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY MRS. JOHN K. LASKEY.

It is a custom in some parts of Germany to celebrate the anniversary of our Saviour's birth as described in the following poem. The church in which the nocturnal service is performed is called the "Church of Lights."

It was the Saviour's Birth-night,
And stillness reigned around,
When from the church-tower pealing
The bell sent forth its sound;
And soon from peaceful slumber
It roused each pillowed head,
And called them to the service—
For midnight-hour had fled.

Oh! glorious was the scenery—
The stars, all burning bright,
Seemed like a dazzling diadem
Upon the brow of night!
Forest and fane reflected
Their soft and silvery sheen;
And chandeliers were lighted,
And torches too were seen.

And multitudes were moving
Before the morning's dawn,
And calling to each other,
"For us a Saviour's born!"
And then sweet infant-voices
Were heard in hymns of praise,
When from the glittering steeple
The bright cross met their gaze.

Again the bell came pealing
With stern and solemn sound,
And hymns and joyous greetings,
In its deep tones were drowned;
And with their torches gleaming,
The shadowy streets along,
To the nocturnal service,
Moved forth the pilgrim throng.

The antique church was lighted—
Tapers their radiance flung
O'er the rich wreaths of evergreen
Around the altar hung.

The organ pealed triumphantly—
And voices soft and loud
Joined in the "Hallelujah,"
That floated o'er the crowd.

It was a glorious vision,
The "Church of Lights" that hour,
A bright, resplendent picture
That mocked the painter's power!
There age and youth and childhood
Were mingled in the crowd,
And were before the Saviour
In faith and fervour bowed.

The first rose-tints of morning
Gleamed in the eastern sky;
The stars were softly fading
From out their thrones on high;
And nature's snowy mantle
Seemed gemmed with jewels rare,
Reflecting gorgeous lustre
From a thousand torches' glare.

Again the deep-toned organ
Pealed with exulting sound;
Again the "Hallelujah"
Floated the church around;
Again sweet infant voices
Sang softly "Peace on earth!"
Oh! like a choir of Seraphim
They hymned the Saviour's Birth!

Say not that it was mockery,
The services that night—
Something perchance of pageantry
Was mingled with the rite;—
But let deep prayer and praises
And joyous greetings flow
From age and youth and childhood—
Christ ransomed us from woe!

THE DAMPWOODS.

A SLIGHT SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

FRANK SHELFORD had just arrived from one of the principal cities in the west, where, though a very young man, he was a partner in a large and flourishing mercantile establishment. He brought with him a letter to Mr. Dampwood, of Philadelphia, with whom his father had long done business; and as it enclosed a bill for a thousand dollars, Shelford resolved to deliver it immediately, and into no hands but those of Mr. Dampwood himself. With this intention, having indulged in a leisurely and excellent repast at the hotel tea-table, and exchanged his travelling dress for habiliments perfectly *comme il faut*, and taken a view in the glass, and congratulated himself on his hair and eyes and teeth (all of which he could not but perceive were likewise *comme il faut*), our hero set out for the residence of Mr. Dampwood, whom he understood to have daughters. He recollected dining at this house with his father, on a former visit to Philadelphia, when he was a bashful boy who did not speak before strangers. But he had then seen no lady except Mrs. Dampwood, who presided at the head of the table, unsupported by any other females; and of her conversation he remembered nothing, because he was all the while earnestly engaged in listening to Mr. Dampwood's lamentations over the badness of the times, and his anticipations that they would "be worse by-and-by," and that nothing could save the country from utter ruin.

On the present occasion, when Mr. Shelford (now a very handsome young gentleman that had outgrown his bashfulness) was ushered into the front parlour, he found there Mrs. Dampwood and her two daughters, all seated at a table that was covered with materials of which they were making articles for a fancy fair. In a corner, at a little distance, sat a very young girl at a small stand. She had a book in her hand and a pile of other books before her, which, as might be seen at a glance, were all lesson books. Her eyes were screened by a projecting green silk shade, and, though evidently no child, she was attired in a short frock and very visible pantalets.

Mr. Francis Shelford having introduced himself and inquired for Mr. Dampwood, was informed of that gentleman having gone to the Exchange, after tea, to learn the news by the eastern mail; but Mrs. Dampwood requested him to be seated and wait her husband's return. Shelford, being desirous to deliver the letter with its enclosure, as soon as possible, and scrupulously intent on putting it into Mr. Dampwood's own hands, took the chair

that was indicated to him. He placed it near the work-table, and opposite the stand at which sat the fair student, who made an attempt to untie and take off her green shade, but was prevented by Mrs. Dampwood saying to her, in a voice meant to be low, but in reality very audible—"Elizabeth, keep that on."

Mrs. Dampwood stiffly and formally introduced her daughters, Alice and Agnes, who as stiffly and formally inclined their heads to Shelford's smile and bow, and then proceeded steadfastly with their pin-cushion work. Observing Shelford look towards the third young lady as if expecting that she also would be mentioned to him, Mrs. Dampwood coldly said—"The child at her lessons is a niece of mine from Dauphin county, and is staying with me to finish her education. Elizabeth, take your elbows off the table. She goes to one of the best schools in the city, but it really requires all three of us, (both my daughters and myself,) to regulate her behaviour when at home. She has been brought up as wild as an Indian, and never studied any thing but nonsense. Elizabeth, mind your book."

Elizabeth minded her book, and her aunt and cousins all turned their heads round to see that she did so.

There was a silence of some moments, which Shelford employed in wondering if the upper part of the fair school-girl's face could be as pretty as the lower.

"Pa' stays longer than usual at the Exchange"—said Miss Alice.

"Patience is a virtue"—observed Miss Agnes.

"We would gladly have him with us; but no doubt all is for the best!"—remarked Mrs. Dampwood.

Frank Shelford then, by way of saying something, spoke of the Exchange, and alluded to the beauty of the edifice.

"I think I have heard it called a handsome building!"—said Mrs. Dampwood—"but, for my part, I am no judge."

"I particularly admire the vane"—continued Shelford. "The caduceus of Mercury, the god of commerce, is an appropriate symbol for a place 'where merchants most do congregate.'"

"They used to meet down Second street!"—said Mrs. Dampwood. "It was quite disagreeable on that account for ladies to walk past the old coffee-house, for they were always about the steps. I have gone round a whole square to avoid that

place. They never had the consideration to keep themselves in-doors."

There was another pause—and then Shelford inquired of Miss Alice if she had read Dickens's last novel.

"What a strange name Dickens is!"—was her reply.

"But there are many names still worse"—said Mrs. Dampwood. "Elizabeth, don't push up your shade to the top of your head."

"There are a great variety of names in the world"—sagely remarked Agnes.

"I have understood that Smith is rather the most common"—observed Alice.

"There are also many persons named Brown"—resumed Agnes.

"And some that are called Jones, and some Robinson"—ventured Shelford.

"Elizabeth"—said Mrs. Dampwood—"you've now got that shade down over your mouth."

"May I presume to suggest that the young lady takes it off entirely?"—said Shelford.

The Dampwoods were all shocked at his temerity, but on raising their eyes to look aghast, they saw before them such a very handsome and pleasant-faced young man, (whom they knew to be the son of a rich father,) that they felt more disposed to clemency than if he had possessed none of these advantages.

Availing herself of Mr. Shelford's suggestion, Elizabeth did take off her shade entirely; and the Dampwood ladies, after glancing all around, seemed tacitly to conclude to give up the point for the present.

To break the next silence, Shelford spoke of the magnetic telegraph, which he had seen in passing through Washington and Baltimore, and added—"It is a truly wonderful invention; and the instantaneous rapidity with which it transmits intelligence seems almost like the effect of magic."

"Magic is now quite out of date," said Alice.

"Therefore there is one sin the less in this wicked world"—said Agnes.

"The only magic that ever really existed"—observed Shelford—"must have been produced by a knowledge of certain chemical and philosophical combinations, (at a time when any acquaintance with those sciences was confined to a very few persons,) by successful practice in manual dexterity, and by skill and perseverance in teaching and controlling animals. We are all familiar with the feats of circus horses and circus riders—"

"I am *not*"—interrupted Miss Alice, proudly.

"And I never wish to be"—exclaimed Miss Agnes, indignantly.

"Happily, I have always preserved my children from public shows"—said Mrs. Dampwood, solemnly.

"I was going to relate"—persisted Shelford—"that Ward, the man who, two centuries ago, first taught a horse to perform such exploits as are now common at all equestrian exhibitions, after exciting much admiration and receiving great favour in

England and France, went unfortunately to Rome. He was there seized by the Inquisition and condemned to a dreadful death as a sorcerer; his poor horse suffering the same punishment as a demon or familiar spirit."

"Mrs. Bradley has been looking at a pair of new horses for her carriage"—said Alice, turning to her mother.

There was again a pause; and Frank Shelford began to despair of obtaining an appropriate reply from either of the ladies, let him say what he might. "Is this"—thought he—"owing to obtuseness of comprehension, paucity of ideas, narrowness of mind, self-sufficiency, acerbity of temper, want of tact, hardness, stiffness, or a combination of all?" He concluded, however, that the dim, cold planet of the Dampwood family had always revolved in a very small orbit—and he was right.

Now Shelford was a person who liked equally to be amused himself and to be the cause of amusement to others, and nothing was more irksome to him than a dead silence. Though a very young man, he had read much, heard much and remembered much; but he had not yet lived long enough in the world to be cured of the folly of occasionally throwing pearls to swine. He had a quick perception of the ludicrous, and great enjoyment of humour. His memory was furnished with a copious collection of anecdotes, which he was conscious of telling very well; and as one anecdote often brings on another, he regarded them as excellent props to a flagging conversation—so he thought he would relate an anecdote; being also desirous of seeing how the faces of the Dampwoods would look when they smiled, and particularly anxious to hear Elizabeth laugh.

But he saw no opening for an anecdote of any description, and was almost tempted to follow the example of a noted *raconteur*, who, when hopeless of an opportunity of introducing his favourite story, would give a sudden start, and exclaim—"Ha! did not I hear a gun? Oh no—it must have been some other sound. But, now I talk of guns, did you ever hear of a certain great general, who, at a certain great battle," &c., &c., &c.

At length our hero found a gun by raising his eyes to a print that hung over the sofa, and saying—"That is a very fine engraving of Stuart's Washington."

"Mr. Dampwood bought it at a sale"—said Mrs. Dampwood.

"And yet"—observed Shelford—"many of Washington's cotemporaries thought that Stuart had not done justice to his immortal subject. And no wonder, for the artist often declared that he had been so much in awe of his illustrious sitter that he felt nervous all the time. Yet he had painted the King of England. *Apropos de bottles*—"

"Sir?"—said Mrs. Dampwood, gravely raising her eyes from her work. "Excuse, sir, my not understanding the expression you have last made use of."

"It is French, ma"—said Miss Alice—"it belongs to the French language."

"Do either of you know the meaning of it?"—inquired Mrs. Dampwood, turning first to one daughter and then to the other.

"I can't say I can call it to mind just now"—replied Alice. "It could not have been in my vocabulary, or in my dialogue book."

"And I am sure I do not recollect any thing like it in *Telemaque*"—said Agnes. "It seems to me that *bottes* must mean boots."

Shelford heard something in the direction of Elizabeth's little table that sounded very much like a smothered laugh.

"Please to explain, sir"—said Mrs. Dampwood, coldly.

How could he explain? There was no possibility of doing so to such an audience. But he made a mental vow never again to say *apropos de bottes*.

"I was referring"—said he, evasively—"to Stuart while in England having painted a portrait of George the Third."

"Elizabeth, fix your shade properly, and attend to your studies"—said Mrs. Dampwood.

"The American artist"—proceeded Shelford—"took the precaution, before the first sitting, to inquire of a nobleman about the court, as to the manner in which he was expected to demean himself in the presence of royalty. He was told that, according to etiquette, he must speak only when spoken to, and that he must on no account presume to make any remark or to introduce any topic of his own, but that his share of the conversation was to be limited to concise and respectful answers when the king deigned to ask him a question; and that he must all the time take especial care to utter as few words as possible."

"Few words are always best"—observed Alice.

"Least said is soonest mended"—remarked Agnes.

"It would be a good rule for every one to speak only when spoken to"—added Mrs. Dampwood. "Now, sir, will you please to proceed. Elizabeth, move farther off."

"In consequence of this lesson"—proceeded Shelford—"Stuart, a man of great wit and vivacity, and a most amusing talker, kept himself in check during all the first sitting, saying nothing about any thing, and merely venturing to reply in very short sentences and in a very respectful tone, to the abrupt questions and disjointed chat of the majesty of England. The king, after awhile, became tired of talking, and the conversation, such as it was, dropped into silence. On the next sitting, Stuart resolved upon risking the resumption of his natural manner, trusting to the effect he was accustomed to produce in pleasing his sitters by amusing them highly. This time he talked of his own accord, and very soon with his usual ease and vivacity. He made himself as amusing as possible, and the king, who could not be otherwise than exceedingly entertained, laughed heartily and seemed highly to enjoy the sitting."

"Previous to his third and last interview with royalty, Stuart was again admonished by the nobleman who had given him the first caution, and also by several others. They all told him that he had committed a great and unprecedented solecism in propriety by so utterly forgetting himself as to feel at ease in presence of the sovereign, and to presume to take the liberty of conversing freely with his majesty; who, though he might graciously condescend to overlook the ignorance and presumption of the American painter, was no doubt much displeased at his familiarity. Also, that though his majesty had not deigned to mention it, the whole court was shocked at Mr. Stuart's strange behaviour, the report of which had spread through the palace before the sitting was half over. Thus schooled, the repentant artist resolved to transgress no farther, but to make atonement by maintaining, as far as possible, a respectful silence during the next sitting, and he was now glad of its being the last. Accordingly the king, somewhat surprised at the renewal of the painter's taciturnity, was again left to entertain himself."

"Is that all, sir?"—inquired Mrs. Dampwood.

"Not quite"—replied Shelford, smiling.

"Oh, I am so glad!"—involuntarily exclaimed the young lady of the lesson books.

"Elizabeth, go out of the room"—said Mrs. Dampwood.

The poor girl coloured deeply, and with quivering lip and tears springing to her eyes, rose to obey.

"Gather up your books and take them with you"—said Mrs. Dampwood—"and I shall come to your room very soon to see if you are studying."

Frank Shelford could scarcely restrain his indignation. As Elizabeth, having collected her books, was proceeding with them to the door, her green shade now hanging on her arm, he perceived that, though disfigured and embarrassed by her childish dress, which, however pretty on a veritable child, always gives an awkward and ungainly appearance to a maiden that has entered her teens, she was really a beautiful girl, with a symmetrical figure and a fine intelligent face.

"Allow me"—said Shelford—"to intercede for this young lady, and request that she may be permitted to remain."

Again all the Dampwoods looked aghast—first at their intrepid visitor, then at each other, and then at Elizabeth, who, with head turned back, was lingering on her way to the door.

"We have a great deal of trouble with this wayward child"—said Mrs. Dampwood. "Though her father, Mr. Grovenor, is my own brother, she is not the least like either myself or my daughters, and never will be."

Shelford thought so, too; but he was glad to hear Mrs. Dampwood say—

"Elizabeth, for this time you may stay. Get to your lessons, again; but if I see you once looking off, you know what you have to expect. There, now, you are moving the stand out of its place."

"Suffer me to assist you"—said Shelford, starting up and placing the stand nearer the work-table.

All the Dampwoods winced, but none of them spoke out.

"Where was I?"—continued Shelford, resuming his chair after moving it a little nearer to Elizabeth. "Oh, now I recollect. A few evenings after the third sitting, Mr. Stuart happened to be at the theatre. He was in a front row of the pit, and very near the royal box in which, that night, were seated the king and queen and some of their children."

"A dreadful example!"—ejaculated Mrs. Dampwood—"taking children to the play-house!"

Shelford was glad to approach the conclusion of his unlucky anecdote, which, had he not been compelled to fritter away and relate piecemeal, he could have finished in less than five minutes.

"Being close to the royal box"—continued Shelford—"Stuart was much diverted on hearing the king say to the queen, in his usual rapid manner—'Look—look—there's Stuart, the American painter. That's Stuart. Sat to him for my picture—sat three times. First day he hardly said a word—thought him stupid. Next time he talked all the while—very amusing—very amusing—kept me laughing. Third day he was silent again—very dull—very—did not amuse me at all. Strange fellow, that. Like a nine-pin—like a nine-pin—big in the middle and small at both ends.'"

Elizabeth now laughed out, and trying the next moment to check herself, was set off again by Alice Dampwood, saying—"Nine-pins and all other games should be prohibited by law."

"Is that all, sir?"—enquired Agnes.

"All—entirely"—replied Shelford. "I have, at last, finished my story."

"Oh! do tell another!"—exclaimed Elizabeth—"pray do."

"The girl must be delirious!"—said Mrs. Dampwood—looking at both her daughters—"I never knew her act thus before—at least not *quite* so strangely."

Shelford had actually drawn his chair beside Elizabeth's, and began to converse with her.

"Elizabeth is talking!"—said Agnes—"she is talking out."

"Let her alone for the present!"—replied Alice—"and do not let us disturb ourselves any more about her this evening. It will only make things worse. Behold how she is aided and abetted."

"She can be properly punished for it to-morrow, when she has no one to uphold her!"—added Mrs. Dampwood.

For the next half hour there was nothing more done to Elizabeth; except to give her occasionally a trio of ferocious looks.

"I cannot make him out!"—said Alice to her sister, and glancing towards Shelford. "Do you not think there is something idiotic about his mouth?"

"I do not know!"—replied Agnes. "There seems to be a wildness in his eyes."

"Cease now!"—said Mrs. Dampwood—"you are going too far—do give him his due; he has rather a bright, handsome face after all—there is nothing the matter with him but light-mindedness, and want of seriousness. And his father is a very rich man. We must not let him waste himself on Elizabeth."

Then elevating her voice (for the foregoing conference between the mother and daughters had been carried on in a whisper across the table) Mrs. Dampwood cleared her throat, and after two hems and a short cough, uttered the words—"Mr. Shelford."

"Madam!"—replied Shelford, turning round from Elizabeth.

"I suppose sir, you have seen our market?" said his hostess. "Philadelphia market, I believe, is universally considered the finest in the whole world. And this has been an unusually early season. We had asparagus in March."

Our hero might now have said with the musician Handel, putting his finger to his forehead—"I have got a thought." And this thought immediately elicited itself in his exclaiming—"Apropos to asparagus. Fontenelle was one day visited in his library by an old acquaintance whom he had not seen for many years."

"Who is Fontenelle?" interrupted Agnes—trying to look interested—"Is he another painter?"

"Oh! no!"—replied Shelford—"he was a celebrated French poet, of the last age."

"He is dead then?"—said Agnes.

"Near a century ago!"—answered Shelford—"A friend of Fontenelle chancing to visit him one morning, the poet invited him to stay and dine; adding, by way of inducement—"I am going to have asparagus, for the first time this season. I really know nothing more delicious than asparagus nicely drest with sweet fresh oil."

"I like asparagus myself!"—replied the visitor—"provided it is drest with butter; having, I am sorry to say, an unconquerable aversion to oil."

"Well then!"—said Fontenelle, after a short pause—"if you will allow me the pleasure of your company, I will have two dishes made of the asparagus—one half shall be drest with butter for you; the remainder with oil for myself."

"His friend assented; and Fontenelle left him for a moment to apprise the cook of this new arrangement. On his return, while earnestly engaged in conversation, the friend suddenly fell off his chair in a fit, and expired immediately. Fontenelle then ran to the head of the stairs, and called out to the cook."

"All in oil—all in oil—the butter man's dead!"

Unlucky anecdote! The Dampwood ladies now put on shocked faces, (Agnes's being the least shocked,) and murmured something about the dreadful depravity of human nature, and of French nature in particular. Each made an indignant comment on the wicked want of feeling in the host, (Agnes's being the least indignant,) and Alice solemnly demanded the moral of the story.

Shelford would have been exceedingly discon-

certed, if he had not been exceedingly amused; and he could not refrain from smiling, especially as he saw the ever-sinful Elizabeth hiding her face behind her open book to conceal something verging towards laughter.

Our hero began to think it was time to retreat, and said—"Perhaps I had best call again, or see Mr. Dampwood at his store to-morrow."

"Pa' will certainly be home very soon, now"—said Agnes. "He may have gone from the Exchange to the Athenæum to read the new English papers."

"Be seated, sir"—said Mrs. Dampwood. "My husband is always in his own house before nine o'clock. We hope you are not tired of our poor attempts to entertain you."

"On the contrary"—replied Shelford—"I have been exceedingly well entertained—and have many thanks to offer."

Just then, a key was heard at the front door, and Mr. Dampwood made his appearance. Shelford advanced to meet him, introduced himself, was received with great civility, presented his letter, and saw that Mr. Dampwood was naturally well pleased with its inclosure of a thousand dollar bill. He was invited to resume his seat; and his host commenced conversation by asking Shelford if he was aware of the dreadful state of the nation. Shelford replied in the negative. And Mr. Dampwood then proceeded to enlighten him by the assurance that if the whig candidate for governor of Delaware was not elected, that unhappy little state must sink into a bottomless pit from which she could never be extricated, and doubtless in her fall she would drag down Pennsylvania already tottering, and New Jersey whose footing had always rested on nothing, and New York already torn to pieces by its hundreds of useless railroads. "Now"—continued Mr. Dampwood—"it is as clear as the light of the sun that when the Middle States begin to go all the rest must follow."

"But where will they go to?"—inquired Shelford.

"My young friend"—said Mr. Dampwood—"I perceive you have not yet studied the condition of the Union, particularly Pennsylvania."

"I know not how a country can expect to prosper"—said Mrs. Dampwood—"when there is so much wickedness among the people."

"The newspapers are full of it"—said Mr. Dampwood. "And they help most sinfully to keep it up, by the admission of so many light anecdotes, which good people ought rather to cry than laugh at."

Elizabeth and Shelford involuntarily exchanged glances.

"I was very much struck with one, which I chanced to find this evening in a paper at the Athenæum"—pursued Mr. Dampwood—"and I was told, the story, bad as it is, had been lately revived, and seen in several of those publications. It appears that a person who seems to have been a literary man, and they are generally a depraved

class from their being puffed up with worldly vanity, and pursuing a useless occupation, which very fortunately brings them no profit, but always keeps them poor; a most lucky circumstance, for if they had the power which always and properly belongs to wealth, the world would be turned upside down, and Pennsylvania still worse off than she is"—(heaving a deep sigh, which was echoed by his wife.) "Well, sir, this writer, it appears, was sitting in his library (I suppose they must have libraries.) For my part I have never found the necessity of one; and where newspapers (bad as they are) are staring you in the face at every corner, I see no reason why money should be wasted on books. Well, sir, this author that I speak of, was sitting in his library. It is not mentioned whether he was engaged at the time in reading or writing—perhaps both—or perhaps neither (for I do not believe the tribe is by any means industrious,) when he was unexpectedly visited by a friend, whom, for reasons not given, he had not seen for a considerable time. The friend might have been taking a voyage to India, or been all the while imprisoned for debt, which last is most likely. The author of course invited him to sit down, and it is to be supposed they entered into conversation. There is no account of the topics they discussed. They may have conversed on the state of the nation, but it is far more probable their talk was idle stuff. When the visitor rose to go, the writer had the civility to invite him to stay to dinner; perhaps, because it was the only decent dinner he expected for a month. And still there is no mention made of any thing but asparagus."

A sort of scream was heard from Elizabeth; and Shelford with laughing eyes pressed his finger on his lips, and motioned her to silence. The Dampwood ladies looked surprised; but respectfully awaited the rest of pa's narrative, which he continued to utter with his eyes still fixed immovably on the mantel-piece.

"To be brief"—proceeded the narrator, who had never been brief in his life—"Asparagus was held out by the literary man, as an inducement for his guest to remain to dinner. As I said, there was no mention made of any other dish; from which we can draw the conclusion, that authors may be very well satisfied if they can get one dish only: and doubtless they seldom count upon having meat to their vegetables. However, observe, I do not positively say that this man had no meat for his dinner—notwithstanding that he spoke only of asparagus. He said he thought it an excellent article when dressed with oil. He of course meant olive oil; though that should have been specified. Perhaps it was for this reason, that his friend, misunderstanding him, and thinking only of the other sort, declared his preference of butter; and if such was his idea, nobody can blame him. For my part, I have always seen asparagus served up with butter; but then one-half the world has no notion how the other half lives: The writer (strange to say,) went so far as to pro-

mise his guest that if he would stay, the asparagus should be divided into two dishes, (perhaps he only meant plates) one of them to be done up with butter, and the other done up with oil. He *must* have meant sweet oil. The friend agreeing (how little we know what is before us) the author went to his cook to give new orders respecting the asparagus, and to say that half was to be oiled and half buttered! It is something singular that an author should possess a cook. He came back—sat down—they conversed awhile longer, no doubt on some light and trifling and unprofitable subject; literary people never seem to know any thing about the state of the nation. I suppose because they don't care, having nothing to lose. And now listen attentively—and prepare yourselves for astonishment. What is now coming will truly amaze you."

An audible giggle was heard from Elizabeth, through the fingers that covered her mouth. Shelford turned back his face, and looked steadily at the carpet behind his chair. The Dampwood ladies plied their needles with great intentness.

"I know you will be shocked"—continued the old gentleman—"but try and nerve yourselves for the catastrophe."

The ladies set their faces, bit in their lips, and drew their sewing-threads very hard. This was nerving themselves.

"The catastrophe"—he proceeded—"which is now at hand. All of a sudden, the visitor was taken with a fit, of what sort is not specified; but it must have been a severe one, for he fell on the floor (or it might have been on the carpet; which, however, I rather doubt) and before a doctor could be summoned, (if indeed the literary man ever thought of one, which is also doubtful) the guest had departed this life. And now listen with becoming indignation to what followed. The first thought of his selfish friend was the asparagus, and he immediately desired the cook to do the whole of it in oil. 'Cook!'—said he—('I am not sure these were his exact words) cook, I wish to inform you that the gentleman who expressed a preference for butter has unexpectedly deceased; therefore, as I can now have all the asparagus to myself according to my first intention, I desire you to dress the whole of it (the whole of it mark you) in oil, without a bit of butter.'"

Elizabeth could bear no more, and ran out of the room to laugh at her ease in the entry, and Shelford started up to run after her and join in her mirth. Our readers may imagine with what difficulty he restrained himself while obliged to sit and listen to his own *bagatelle* of an anecdote, slowly, solemnly and sententiously related by a dull, prosing man, who had no anecdote in his soul.

He glanced round at the faces of the Dampwood ladies, but seeing in them no expression whatever, he was at a loss to conjecture in what manner the twice-told tale had affected *them*, and to this day he has never had an opportunity of discovering.

Shelford now took his leave as speedily as politeness would allow, impatient to get into the street and have his laugh out, commencing it on the door-step.

For several days, notwithstanding his attention to the business which brought him to Philadelphia, our hero found his thoughts wandering towards Elizabeth Grovenor. Resolving to see more of her, he repaired, on the third morning, again to the mansion of the Dampwoods, where he saw only the mother—her daughters being at the fancy fair for which they had been working. He learnt from Mrs. Dampwood that her brother, Mr. Grovenor, had been in town and taken Elizabeth home with him, considering that she had had education enough. "The truth is!"—continued Mrs. Dampwood—"I was not sorry to relinquish this awful charge. The care and responsibility of keeping an unmanageable little girl in order are tremendous. Elizabeth's mother having never studied any thing herself, was certainly very unfit to superintend the studies of her daughter, and, therefore, I prevailed on her parents to let me try and do something with her; but I found it a hopeless attempt to make her any thing like my own exemplary daughters."

Shelford remained a month in Philadelphia and New York, and then set out on his return home; diverging from his way to see something of Dauphin county, or rather to see something in it. Furnished with a letter from Mr. Dampwood to Elizabeth's father, he presented himself at the house of Mr. Grovenor, who was proprietor of a large and valuable farm, and lived like a gentleman. Shelford found all the Grovenor family delightful people, and Elizabeth particularly so. She was now properly and becomingly dressed, and looked like a handsome young lady, and not like an overgrown child. The green shade was discarded. Being perfectly natural, she was not only bright and animated, but also intelligent and kind-hearted.

Frank Shelford returned to his home beyond the Allegheny, a home that was always pleasant to him. Most American parents are desirous that their children should marry young, and Frank's father had long been urgent for his son to settle. Frank found that the time for obedience had arrived, and settled with Elizabeth Grovenor.

He forswore anecdotes, and always kept his vow in presence of dull people. Reader, remember to do the same.

THE SOLEMN CELEBRATION.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

It was a great—a momentous day to our country. The storm of her revolution had gathered in its elements. Dark clouds on every side, rolling up from the wrongs of an oppressed people to the skies, had closed at the zenith; and the blackness of our political heavens cast a fearful gloom upon the earth.

Then, on that memorable NINETEENTH OF APRIL, the first dread thunderbolt of battle burst suddenly over the plain of Lexington, to leave it irrigated by a crimson shower! The temple of the prince of peace was shaken and shattered by the din of war, and became at once a place of refuge and of ambush to soldiers armed for liberty or death.

He* whose office it was to minister at the sacred altar, looked forth from his dwelling, and saw the way of his quiet walk from his own door to the sanctuary turned into the theatre of a most wondrous and awful tragedy—the infant blades of the early spring grass baptized in the name of freedom with the life-blood of the lambs of his care. And the grass then shooting up throughout the land was not mown till it had carpeted a free soil. That patriotic pastor beheld the first grand sacrifice to American liberty slain from among his own little village flock! And there they lay on the green turf before him; some in the mortal agony, and of others, the yet warm but breathless clay, just left by the spirits which he had laboured to train for Heaven, as they sprang up into the presence of the Lord of Hosts, invoking aid for their struggling country, and appealing with her cause to the high court above, the earliest there in her behalf.

The pale remains of these magnanimous soldier patriots were hastily borne from the field of their martyrdom by their sorrowing friends, and with no other shroud than the gory garments in which they died, laid side by side in one rude receptacle; and thus cemented together by their clotted life-streams, as their hearts had been by the cause in which they were poured out, committed to a common grave. There, shoulder to shoulder, as they had stood in battle, they slept undisturbed through the lapse of three-score years. They sighed no more for liberty—no more they heard the clang of arms or the groans of their dying brethren. They heard not the shout of freedom as it rent the air, nor the sound of the sword being beaten into the ploughshare, and the spear to the pruning-hook, in their beloved land. They saw not how proudly and how

fondly a vigorous young American eagle was hanging in the blue ether deep above their bed of earth, with his warm plummy breast to them, his eye drinking at the sun, and his wings outspread to span the globe.

A few years ago these remains were exhumed, to be, on the sixtieth anniversary of the battle, entombed with military honours, in a vault—a new tomb prepared for them by the inhabitants of Lexington, beneath a monument which marks the spot where they fell. They were gathered into one rich sarcophagus, inscribed with all their names, and, taking a long leave of their open grave, borne with solemn pomp from beside it in the cemetery to the church hard by, with Columbia's star-spangled banner spread over them for the first—the last time, and there placed in the aisle, before a great cloud of witnesses raining tears at the affecting sight.

Never before did mortal remains return from the dark chambers of the dead into the light of day with so truly pious and magnificent a welcome, or to occasion such a tide of new and powerful emotion as suddenly overwhelmed every heart in that immense assembly, on beholding these lugubrious evidences come back, after sixty years' repose, to attest to the longing, the sighing, the burning desire of the spirits that once animated them for the rights which they never obtained.

Yet it was not mourning—it was not sorrow, nor pain from sympathy with present or recent suffering, that melted the beholders. It was a mysterious, irresistible power, penetrating every breast with a deep, realizing sense never felt before, of the price of peril, agony and life, at which the blessings of freedom were purchased by our fathers for our inheritance. It was a feeling to which not a bosom in the throng had till that moment known itself susceptible. The occasion was unique in the world's annals, and the emotions it caused no less so. The effect of these honoured relics on that grand body of people was wondrous, almost as that produced by the bones of the Prophet of Israel on the body of the young man that touched them as it lowered into his sepulchre. They reanimated the material form, so that it rose up and stood upon its feet. But these touched the soul of the beholder, infusing, as it were, a new life and power of perception, and bringing over it a solemnity in view of the rights which our fathers sighed and toiled for, and which we may have but too thoughtlessly possessed. There seemed, throughout the crowd, almost

* The Rev. Mr. Clarke.

a general suspension of breath, as if they had simultaneously imagined the air which we so freely breathe meted out to our ancestors by weight and measure. The presence of these mouldering remains enkindled in the hearts of the spectators a lively gratitude towards those valiant men who achieved our independence, the more intensely glowing, as it now seemed almost too late to bestow it this side of the invisible world. It must be directed, with scarce an earthly medium, to that all-wise Being who has taken to himself so many to whom it was due; that of all that noble army of patriot heroes, we see now only a thin and faded remnant—a few white-haired, trembling, weary pilgrims, lingering here and there, feeble and solitary, on the bleak shore of time, awaiting the barge that is to convey them home.

A small number of these, and some who had belonged to the same company with the fallen in the battle of Lexington, were present at the solemn celebration—each bearing on his breast a badge of that company which had been so closely bound together by the one great cause, when those bosoms were warmed by the fire of youth.

As they tottered near, and their aged eyes looked darkly on their brethren in the coffin, they remembered how they once—how they last had seen them; and, contrasting that day with this, almost ready to cry with the voice in the valley of vision—*Can these dry bones live?*—they, in spirit, turned away the sight from earth and ashes, blessing the promise and the author of a more glorious resurrection.

The funeral oration pronounced over those revered relics before that dignified audience, was by one wisely chosen and well qualified for an occasion so great, so deeply interesting and affecting as no man ever addressed an assembly on before, and none could ever again. While every ear of the vast multitude hung on the eloquent lips of EDWARD

EVERETT, and every heart felt itself melting at the pathetic story he was telling in his own peculiar, thrilling accents, or enlarged and elevated by the high-toned sentiments he was uttering, so death-like was the stillness of the house, you could almost hear the drop of the soldier's tear on his glittering armour, as he listened and looked, and beholding what was near him in the aisle, realized that it was for no vain pageant or empty show that he and his company were equipped in military array.

The half-stifled sob of the statesman, too, was detected through the reigning stillness that betrayed the bosom it was shaking, while he considered the sacredness of the charge committed to his trust—the great duties of his office, and viewed himself as a high-priest in the temple of our liberty, with the ark of a nation's rights to protect from the touch of profane or unclean hands.

But the orator had done. The dirge was sung; the benediction was pronounced. The people moved—

As a rich, rare casket filled with gold
And pearls and precious stones,
They took up the coffin dim and cold
With the soldiers' names and bones.

Then slowly forth to the battle-ground,
While every mouth was dumb,
They moved to the mournful music's sound
And the beat of the muffled drum.

They reached the place for the honoured dead,
The proudest and the best—
The earth that had been their dying bed,
Prepared for their final rest.

Those relics dark from the light they lowered,
Where the bleeding warriors fell,
And volleys three o'er the tomb they poured—
'Twas the soldier's long farewell.

LOVE'S MESSAGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINICK.

Cloud, that hurriest to the west,
Where dwells the one that I love best,
Oh! let my love, my hope, my song,
Float airily with you along.
Hasten, vapoury one,
Over house and tree;
Take my beloved one
One or two blessed thoughts of me.

Keep from her eyes the early light—
Protract with pleasant dreams her night;
Over her garden hover then—
And pour down dew as a gentle rain
On leaf and flower,
To gladden her sight,
That the morning hour
May beam with joy in her garden bright.

And in the burning noontide hour,
Friendly cloud, exert thy power;
Spread thy curtain o'er the sky,
Making a pleasant shade to her eye.
Air spirits call
From the east and west;
Bid them all
Go fan the one that I love best.

And when daylight fades away,
Deck thyself in bright array;
A gorgeous bed for the dying sun,
To rest his sinking head upon.
So hasten, vapoury one,
Over house and tree;
Take my beloved one
One or two blessed thoughts of me.

THE NEW CINDERELLA.

BY MISS PENINA MOISE.

(See Plate.)

MANY true Cinderellas on earth may be seen,
Lovely children of Genius, and others,
Condemned to a menial and moping routine,
By unnatural sisters or brothers.

One of these in the course of my travels I met,
Dropping tears over onerous tasks,
Which the muses—her nearest of kindred—had set,
While they reveled at galas and masques.

In the basement of Poetry's palace I found her,
Preparing a lyric repast;
With the ashes of Memory scattered around her,
That from Sorrow's great furnace were cast.

She had just decorated her heartless relations
For the hall of a potentate proud;
And again was resuming her sad lucubrations,
When her name was thrice uttered aloud.

Bewildered she rose to reply to a call
Made in accents so mild and unvoiced,
When she heard the light sound of a fairy-foot fall,
And Fancy the maiden confronted.

"Is it you, my dear Godmother? blest be the minute
That brings such a friend to my aid;
My song will have something of melody in it,
When your wand o'er my lyre is swayed."

"Would you not join the crowd that assemble to night
In the halls of an epic grandee?"

"That honour, alas!" said the sensitive sprite,
"Is too high for a minstrel like me."

"Not so.—From the laurel-hedged garden of Fame
Go bring me a hyacinth-star;
And there gather also the blossom whose name,
From its form, is called Venus's Car."

The first was soon changed by a touch of the fairy
To a robe of imperial hue;
To diamonds, besides, as speedily vary
A thousand pure droplets of dew.

No less marvellous change in the second was seen,
When its graceful corolla unclosing,
A phaeton rose where a flower had been,
And horses where doves were reposing.

"Your dress and your vehicle, daughter, are ready,
And here is a pair of glass sandals;

Let not flattery render your movements unsteady,
Heed time, and avoid petty scandals."

Inspiration was felt as the wand's final stroke
Passed over her bosom and brow;
In Glory's high heart a new sentiment woke,
As he made to the stranger his bow.

"What muse, what enchantress, great lord of the fête,
Has arrived all your guests to eclipse?"
"I know not myself;—but I ne'er shall forget
The music that flows from her lips."

The Prince of Parnassus and many fine peers
Yield homage to charms so divine;
She greets her oppressors, and smiles as she hears,
Undetected, the praise of the Nine.

Forgotten, alas! is the fairy's monition
To mark as they fled the hours;
Gems, robe and barouche, as before their transition,
Are but vapour, and fiction's wild flowers.

One sandal alone was retained in her fright,
The other to fragments was shivered;
But the glittering relics were found by a knight,
And to Glory in secret delivered.

"What strange metamorphose is this?" said the king,
(Inspecting with care every shred;)
"These are fugitive pieces, which she who can sing
I swear by Apollo to wed."

Next morn, as the nymph of the basement was brushing
The tears of repentance away,
And sighing to think of the merciless crushing
Of many an exquisite lay,

She was called into one of the muses' saloons,
Where a gallant and bold troubadour
Requested to hear the sweet stanzas and tunes
That had charmed him the evening before.

Her godmother's wand now invisibly passed
O'er the spirit and form of the maiden;
On her foot, too, the unbroken sandal was placed,
And her temples with laurels were laden.

Then Glory the bride of his heart recognized
In the poor Cinderella of song;
'Twas a scheme by poetical justice devised
In redress of the melodist's wrong.

NOTICES OF NOTICEABLE PEOPLE AND THEIR PRODUCTIONS.

BY A PEN.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE been for many years connected with "*the Press*," in England, both as contributor and editor—a trembler, at first, for the fate of my own literary children, and afterwards a judge of the merits or demerits of other people's bantlings. I well remember my first contribution to a B—I newspaper. How anxiously I awaited the day of publication; how I hoped and feared—hoped every night and feared every morning—that the editor would or would not insert my lines "To an Æolian Harp" in his "poet's corner"—(by the way, I had never heard that wind instrument). At length, one evening I ventured to invest fivepence in literature; the clerk gave me a damp sheet. I hurried from the office door, rushed into an alley, and, esconced behind an old apple woman, unfolded the damp sheet. I never looked at the "leader." What were politics to a young poet? But I glanced instinctively at the first column of the back page, and,

"How sweet and calmly on the breeze those airy murmurs float,"

dazzled my pleased eye. *I was in print*; and who but an author can tell the rapturous feeling of a boy who sees his first production *publicized*—if I may coin a word? Well, I read them over and over again, saw a few misprints, but little heeded them; and knew not then, as I now know, to quote from these my first rhymes, when referring to the wind-harp's tones—

"Alas! with us they stay not long but swiftly pass away,
Like all the sweetest things of earth, the first to know decay.

O'er the harp's strings the winds sweep on to sweet and mournful strain,

Then in the distance die away, and all is hushed again,"

that the press music, which had such power to charm then, would lose its charm for ever before long.

Success in my first newspaper article emboldened me, and I employed, I fear, too many hours in wooing the muse. As a surgeon's apprentice, I made effusions instead of infusions, and looked blue enough when compelled to make blue-pill. Heliconian draughts I preferred to black ones; plaster of Paris busts of Shakspeare and Milton to making plasters of Burgundy pitch, or strengthening stuff for the busts of prosaic people; and—but no matter—I continued scribbling until I got into the magazines; then published a volume; experienced the misery of proof-sheets; mixed with authors

and authoresses in that great reservoir of talent—London; became reporter, then editor of a newspaper; and in all these capacities, having necessarily had much to do with literary folks, I have jotted down my recollections of them for the especial benefit of the numerous readers of "*Godey*."

I must premise, that I have pursued no order of arrangement in my recollections. As the individuals referred to have stepped on the platform of memory, I have noted at once whatever, as the title of these papers indicates, was noticeable. We are all interested in the very trifles connected with the characters of those whose works have afforded us recreation or improvement; and to give some idea of their every-day manners is my object in writing these papers. Most of the authors referred to are living—some are far beyond the world's applause or its censure. I have, however, endeavoured so to write respecting both as to offend neither the sensibilities of the one class nor awaken unpleasant feelings in near and dear survivors of the other. There is nothing more despicable than the misrepresenting sayings and doings of those who are living and breathing the air we breathe, except it be raking amongst the ashes of the dead for peculiarities which the world would consider faults, but which, after all, were not so, save in the diseased imaginations of carping writers. And now to the self-imposed task of

A PEN.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1844.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

MORE people have heard of Robert Montgomery than the readers of his books. He was the son of a McGomery who enacted very cleverly the part of a clown on the boards of the Bath theatre some six-and-twenty years ago. Robert was a smart boy, and sent some pieces to the Bath Herald, which attracted the attention of a Mr. Tongue, an artist, who sought him out and furnished him with the means of improving himself. After a boarding-school drilling, he became connected with a magazine, started under the title of the "*Bath Star*," and gained more reputation. James Montgomery was then highly popular, and Robert Gomery, feeling inclined to break a lance with the "*Christian Poet*," dropped the three syllabled parental nomenclature, and prefixed the somewhat aristocratic "*Mont*" to his surname. This was a clever

"move," for when his "Omnipresence of the Deity" came out, Maunder, the publisher, ushered it into the world as a new religious poem by MONTGOMERY. Now, few had heard of Robert, but thousands had read James's verse, and a new poem from him who had delighted all finely constituted minds with the "Pelican's Island," and other pure productions, ordered Robert's poem by mistake. The consequence was, that edition after edition followed each other in rapid succession; and it was not until the first gape of wonderment was over, that the readers discovered their idol was not, as Byron says of his hero, "the true one." The work appeared almost simultaneously with poor Robert Pollok's "Course of Time," a production of sterling genius; and Wilson, in his Blackwood's Magazine, made the two poems the subject of a slashing comparative critique. Montgomery next produced, I think, "Satan," which was a miserable affair, and only gained him the name of "*Robert le Diable*." By a leap, as from darkness into light, he then produced "Woman, the Angel of Life." The title of his book is good. I should advise every one to go no farther than the first page, for the angelic influences give way to Robert Montgomery's verbiage. Robert soon afterwards went to Oxford, was ordained, and produced a poem under that title, which was still-born. His next essay was "Luther," but as it is not my purpose to criticize his poems, I may as well describe his personal appearance.

In the year 1838, hearing that the "popular poet" was to preach a charity sermon in Trinity Church, Hotwell's, Bristol, (England), I edged my way into a pew near that of the vicar, and, after settling myself quietly down, waiting for the organ to peal out its welcome to the clergyman as he entered the sacred desk to promulgate "peace on earth and good will towards men," I turned my head and saw a man of about thirty-six years of age enter—the clerk and sexton bowing to him as if he were the Deity of the place, instead of a servant only of the Most High. He was a carefully dressed clergyman; his hair, black and glossy, was carefully, most pleasantly parted, and not the straightest railroad ever planned could have been straighter than the line from the centre of his "os frontis" to the most prominent process of his "occipital bone;" his black hair was brought down on each side of his head with scrupulous care; his clerical bands were adjusted with the most orthodox accuracy; there was not a fold in his gown out of order. Altogether, he was the pink of propriety.

When he mounted the pulpit stairs, he did so with, I thought, a consciousness that he was an author. His sermon I remember nothing of, for, after he had finished his first part, I sank on a comfortable cushion and dreamt of some of the old divines.

Robert Montgomery had, and I believe has, the incumbency of St. Jude's, Glasgow. His latest work is his "Reflective Discourses," which has not increased his reputation. He has married a

lady of large property, and—may one day be a bishop.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Who does not remember the pious, good, graceful bard of Sheffield?—one ever ready to do any good work and perform any kind action. What friend, whose eye may light on these pages, cannot call to mind that lovely lyric—

"Friend after friend depart—
Who has not lost a friend?"

Who that has experienced the bitterness and endless toil of life, will not join with James Montgomery in mourning

"—— the common lot?"

and what Christian will not feel the force of the following sweet lines, (as yet unpublished, and extracted from a poem furnished to the writer as a contribution in aid of a bazaar, the proceeds arising from which were appropriated to the building a new church on the site of an old one,)

"There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal in the heavens, for them
Who travel singly or in bands
To seek the new Jerusalem.
With them may all who worship here,
Age after age in turn appear,
Where that which men call death on earth,
Spirits may deem their better birth?"

In early years, James Montgomery was editor of the Sheffield Iris, and for some political article was imprisoned. He did not, however, write it; and rather than let a young man who was the author, suffer, he voluntarily endured that worst of privations—a separation from his home, and that greatest of degradations, a prison lodging; but even in his solitude, he sang sweetly to a bird on his prison wall.

James Montgomery is in person, tall, very thin and feeble looking. His appearance is by no means that of a poet—it more resembles the outward man of a Wesleyan minister. His forehead, high and narrow, is partially covered by "stripes" of hair, which was once what is called "sandy," but is now inclining to gray. His features have a melancholy cast, but their saddened expression is of a chastened and subdued character. His voice is exceedingly tremulous when speaking in public, which he occasionally does as chairman of missionary meetings. Some years since, he gave a course of lectures on "Poetry," which were generally considered to be unworthy his reputation. He shines more on paper than in oratory. In private life he is universally esteemed, and nothing can be more delightful than his fireside conversation. I

* It was said, some time since in England, that Robert Montgomery had refused an offer to take the charge of a church in the United States.

once heard him, at the request of Mr. Cottle, (the Cottle whom Byron so mercilessly lashed,) repeat his beautiful poem on *Prayer*, and I need scarcely say that it derived an added sweetness from the voice of the poet. His opinions of other poets were kindly but firmly expressed. Mrs. Hemans was, he told me, his favourite authoress. Of Byron's genius he spoke in lofty terms, but censured, as all must do, his impiety. The conversation turned on novelists. Dickens he preferred to any other living writer of fiction; and of all Boz's tales, that of "Little Nell" pleased him most.

Mr. Montgomery is a member of the Moravian Society, and, I am informed, occasionally preaches in a chapel belonging to that community near Sheffield. He is unaffectedly pious, as his writings abundantly prove; and few poets will lay their heads on their dying pillows with less to regret. He is a widower, and childless, but by no means a solitary; for wherever good may be done in his vicinity, James, "our James," as his fellow-townsmen love to call him, is to be found.

Some two years since, a gang of burglars broke

into the poet's home whilst he was at the Moravian meeting-house, and stole from it a splendid silver inkstand, which had been presented to him by the ladies of Sheffield. The loss was about to be repaired, when, to the astonishment of the bard, he received a box containing the abstracted article, and a note, of which the following is a copy, which Mr. Montgomery permitted me to make. It has not been until now made public.

"Birmingham, March, 1832.

"HONOURED SIR:—When we robbed your house, we did not know that you wrote such beautiful verses as you do. I remember my mother told some of them to me when I was a boy. I found out what house we robbed by the writing on the inkstand. Honoured sir, I send it back; it was my share of the booty, and I hope you and God will forgive me."

Could a higher honour have been paid to a poet? Long may the Christian poet live to enjoy his well-deserved reputation.

THE NIGHT STORM.

BY PROF. WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

THE sun had merged his radiant disk beneath the western wave,
And Nature, wrapped in deep repose, was noiseless as the grave;
Midnight had o'er the weary earth its sable curtain spread,
And the bright orbs, that gem the sky, their lustre dimly shed.

The waters of the glassy lake were sweetly hushed to rest,
While forms of beauty undefined lay mirrored on its breast;
The warblers of the upper deep, whose notes charm every grove,
Had folded up their downy wings, and ceased their songs of love.

No Queenly Moon, with cheering beams, illumed the face of night,
And o'er a sleeping world diffused its soft and balmy light;
The spangled heavens enrobed in gloom, the calm and sickly air,
With fearful certainty foretold an elemental war.

And, lo! the darkness gathering dense athwart the orient sky,
Black clouds across the blue expanse in quick succession fly;
The rustling breeze begins to wail, and bend the trembling wood,
And now! on every hill and vale descends the angry flood.

And while, with startling majesty, the tempest roars around,
The vivid lightnings fiercely glare, and thunder shakes the ground;
A hoary vet'ran, bowed with age, his gloomy pathway wends,
Uncheered, companionless, alone—remote from home and friends.

Through brake and glen he presses on, in quest of some retreat,
But, all in vain his anxious flight! his watchword is defeat;
No glimmering taper meets his eye, or lights his trackless path,
While fiery clouds deform the sky, and mutter forth their wrath.

He strains an aching glance above, and passion gilds its ray,
His weary feet more swiftly move, and suffer no delay;
The tears that wet his furrowed cheek, and sparkle in his eye,
Bespeak a soul-inspiring hope some shelter to descry.

He knows a Providence benign directs his footsteps still,
That all his painful struggles now subserve his Maker's will;
Then though the heavens with ceaseless flash their forked arrows cast,
How blest the hope, whate'er his fate, to be with God at last!

This glorious hope revives his heart, when, sinking in despair,
He neither fears the thunder's voice nor lightning's vivid glare;
He knows that God permits the storm to sweep the earth in wrath,
And scatter wild dismay and death along its fitful path.

At length, fatigued by toil severe, his coming doom unknown,
Uncertain when his course would end, unfriended and alone;
A flaming shaft from yon blue vault, with deadly fury hurled,
Released a spirit pure and bright from this distressful world!

TWO PASSAGES IN AN ARTIST'S LIFE.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

I.

"CHARITY, signor?"

"My child, I have no change in my purse."

"Oh, signor, charity!"

"I have no money, I tell you;" and saying this, the stranger pushed back the extended hand of a little girl, who stood begging at the corner of the Strada di Toledo, in Naples.

"Well, signor, you shall be repaid," said a voice, the sweetness of which contradicted aught that might seem petulant in the words.

The passenger addressed turned with a smile and with some surprise, and looked at the young mendicant. It was a child about eight years of age, with pretty features, though extremely pale, and the largest black eyes he had ever seen. There was an expression of resolution as well as of sorrow in the juvenile face.

"I shall be repaid!" repeated the stranger. "Do you know that such a reply is impertinent?"

"Pardon, signor; give me what you will, but give me something; for I want a great deal of money."

The respectful, yet earnest air of entreaty with which this reply was made, interested the passenger. He stopped and took out his purse; but while searching for a piece of silver, asked—

"Why, my girl, do you want a great deal? At your age, one is usually content with a little."

"Oh, I need much," answered the child, with tears in her eyes. "I have to make up a large sum, and have raised but a very small part."

This is doubtless a victim of selfish parents, thought the stranger, as he put his alms into her hand. She dares not return home without the amount they have ordered her to bring. What a pity! How delicate are those features, and what a touching expression! How expressive the tones of her childish voice! She deserves a better fate, truly, than thus to be nursed by misery and brought up, perhaps, to vice!

The little girl thanked him, and invoked the blessing of the Madonna for his goodness; then turned to other passengers, while he slowly went on.

The next afternoon, towards sunset, the stranger, a young painter and native of France, whom we shall call Albert Monier, escorted a party of ladies to their locanda after a sailing excursion, and chanced to pass the piazza where stood the little

beggar girl. He pointed her out to their attention, and related his encounter of the preceding day. Two of the ladies, resolute never to encourage idleness, passed without noticing her; and the child, who seemed by instinct to know the really benevolent, made no attempt to stop them. But when an English lady drew nigh, leaning on the arm of Monier, both her hands were stretched out in the energy of supplication.

"Are you getting so much money for yourself?" asked the lady, in a sweet voice. Albert translated her words into the Neapolitan dialect. The little girl shook her head, and answered ingenuously—

"It is for my mother."

"And who is the mother that sends you, poor, timid child, to beg in the crowded streets?"

"My mother?—she is *there*!" answered the child, pointing upwards.

"She is dead—poor orphan! And your father?"

"I know not where he is. Perhaps with mamma," replied the little girl, sadly.

The lady shed tears, and gave her a piece of gold. Albert questioned her as to her birth and residence, but could learn no more than that her only protector was Father Anselmo, priest of the church of San Paolo, in one of the faubourgs. Her name was Lucilla. She knew of no family name.

Deeply interested in the fate of the poor child, he resolved to visit the padre, and, some hours after, directed his steps towards the faubourg indicated. Passing through noble streets, where palaces, the abodes of splendour and ostentation, greeted him at every step, through narrow and dirty alleys, where dwelt vice and misery, and observing the contrast which strikes every visitor to the Italian cities, he at last found the church and the lodging of Anselmo. At his ring, the sacristan opened the door, and directed him to walk up a narrow flight of stairs, at the top of which was the priest's chamber.

The old curate was a venerable man, with an open, honest face and mild expression. His snow-white hair fell over the collar of a black robe always worn by the priests in Italy. His apartment was so modestly furnished, that it might have served for the cell of a friar; it contained only a table, a bed, four chairs, a portrait of Napoleon, and an image or two consecrated to devotion.

As he entered, Albert saw that the good old priest was not alone. A little girl sat by the table, finishing her supper of milk and coarse bread; it was Lucilla, who turned quickly as the door opened, and showed by the flashing of her dark eyes that she recognized the young stranger.

* The incident in the first part of this little tale, of the child begging for her mother's burial, is taken from a French story—altogether different, however, in the remaining incidents, and not at all suitable for translation.

Albert took the seat offered him by the padre, explained the object of his visit, and expressed his wish to do something for the benefit of the poor child, who, he added, "is degraded by thus begging in the streets."

"That is what I tell her every day," observed Anselmo.

Lucilla, having saluted Albert, returned to her repast, without paying further attention, as it seemed, to their conversation. In answer to some inquiries concerning her parentage, the priest volunteered to relate what he knew of her mother.

"Some years ago," said he, "I noticed a young woman who was a regular attendant on divine service in the church where I officiate. Her little daughter was always with her, and both would often remain for hours kneeling before the chapel of the Madonna.

"One day there was a funeral ceremony in the church. The rich Count of Cosenza had died at his hotel, and his remains were to be interred in the family vault within the chapel. The whole church was hung with black cloth fringed with silver. An immense number of wax lights burned under the funereal canopy that overhung the coffin, while the candelabras, with red and blue flames, gave a dazzling splendour to the illuminated chapel. The arms of the deceased were displayed on his gilded escutcheon. A great crowd from the neighbourhood and from a distance came to San Paolo to witness the pompous spectacle.

"After the mass and prayers for the dead were ended, the body of the noble count was deposited in the chapel of the Madonna, till the vault belonging to his family could be opened. Among the people in the church were the lovely mother and her child. She had sung in the funeral chant, and remained absorbed in sad meditation, while the lights were extinguished and the crowd dispersed.

"Lucilla stood close by her mother, astonished and dazzled by the spectacle which had so powerfully impressed her youthful imagination. Nursed in the Italian belief that clings so fondly to what takes strong hold on the senses, the child imagined that he who could, after his death, command such sumptuous honours, and prayers offered with so much pomp of worship, must be sure of a happy entrance into heaven. "How beautiful, O mamma!" she cried, breathlessly. "The Madonna blesses those who are brought in such a manner into her chapel!" Then she addressed to her mother a number of questions, to know how long before the body would be interred; if the priests of San Paolo would come to pray over it every day; if they would sprinkle it with holy water; how many masses would be said for the repose of the departed soul, &c.

"I happened to be near, and congratulated the mother upon the religious feelings she had been enabled to cherish in her child—expressing my hopes that her fervent prayers would one day be granted. She made no reply, but only pressed a kiss on her daughter's forehead; tears seemed to

choke her voice, and she hastily quitted the church, probably to conceal her emotion from me. I remarked, as she passed to the door, that she was even paler than usual, and seemed to be suffering much.

"A whole month passed, during which I saw her no more in the church of San Paolo. I concluded that some misfortune had obliged her to quit the country, when, one morning, the little Lucilla came and knocked at my door. She had been weeping, and had quite lost the usual freshness of her complexion. Her dress was in disorder; and she had hardly breath enough to speak as she entreated me to hasten to the help of her mother, who was dying.

"I followed her at once to a small house in one of the neighbouring streets. The chamber into which I was led by the little girl, showed the aspect of poverty, but was by no means lacking in neatness. Her poor mother's condition was, indeed, desperate. When I first glanced at her livid countenance, I saw that her last hour had come.

"My first care was to summon a physician. He paid but a short visit—for a brief examination of the invalid convinced him she was beyond human aid. 'She has not an hour to live,' he whispered to me, as he went out. The dying woman continually murmured the name of her child. When I promised to take care of the orphan, she blessed me, and prayed that God would enable me to fulfil the pious duty. Then pointing to a casket that stood by her bed, she gave into my hands a bundle of papers, most of them letters from the father of Lucilla.

"The tears and cries of the desolate orphan mingled with her mother's last sighs. I consigned her to the care of the sacristan's wife, while I made preparations for the burial of the poor young woman. Lucilla entreated permission to be present at the simple funeral ceremony, and then followed the bier to the cemetery where the poor were interred. As the assistants were about lowering the corpse into the ground, the child threw herself upon it with piercing cries, insisting that it should be carried to the chapel of the Madonna.

"I endeavoured to calm her distress, and explained to her that to inter the body within the church would cost an enormous sum, such as neither she nor I possessed. Wiping away her tears, she asked—'How much would it cost to place my mother near the Madonna?'—for she seemed to think there was no safety for her mother's soul if the body were buried elsewhere.

"I could not make her understand the value of any stated sum, but I showed her a piece of gold, and said it would take at least an hundred like that. From that moment the child devoted herself to fulfil the resolution she had formed to raise the sum required. She commenced begging next morning on the steps of the church, and then passed into the more frequented streets. Every evening she brings me what she has obtained, and when there is enough to make a ducat, begs me to

have it changed into gold, that she may see it added to the others. All she can procure is hoarded up, that in time she may see her mother's remains laid beside the altar of the Madonna, her tomb sprinkled with holy water and incense burned over it.

"To-day Lucilla is happy, for she has brought home the value of a golden ducat. There are now eighteen ducats in her treasury; when she has eighty-two more, the dear child will see her pious wish fulfilled, and the parent she loved so much under the Holy Virgin's protection.

"I ought, perhaps, to have prevented all this; but I had no power to oppose her resolution, from the weakness, it may be called, of admiration; and besides, I knew not if I should do right in withstanding so holy a purpose."

The story of Anselmo touched the heart of the young Frenchman. So much courage and perseverance evinced by so young a child, to secure, as she believed, her mother's eternal happiness, appeared to him an example of filial piety such as he had never heard of even in Naples, where religion is so highly regarded by the people. After having thanked the good priest for his relation, he begged that he would no longer permit Lucilla to ask charity in the streets, for that he would take care to see her wish fulfilled before he left the city.

"I am an artist," said he, "and have little property, but I shall not regret the loss of what is bestowed in such a cause, and to make happy an innocent heart. You will do me a favour if you will attend to the preparations for the funeral ceremonies."

Anselmo, surprised at such generosity from a stranger, was profuse in his expressions of gratitude; but Albert stopped him, and asked if what he knew respecting the parentage of Lucilla could avail for the bettering of her condition. Alas! hers was but an ordinary case; her mother had been abandoned by the wretch who had betrayed her, with a promise of support for her and the child, which was only fulfilled for two or three years. The priest believed she had wished to conceal his name, and therefore did not feel himself justified in communicating it. He was resolved never to part with the little girl, to whom he had promised to be a father.

The following day, the bells of the church of San Paolo were ringing, and the people of the neighbourhood crowded within the gates to attend the funeral service of the mother of Lucilla. Magnificent and solemn music sounded from the choir. All the pillars were hung with black cloth fringed with silver. A superb canopied bier, surrounded by wax lights, stood in front of the great altar. The curate Anselmo, assisted by other priests and deacons, officiated with all the pomp of Catholic worship. The fragrance of incense filled the aisles. The choir responded to the priests chanting the prayers for the repose of the dead.

When the sacrifice of the mass was ended, six men in black took up the coffin, covered with black cloth, on which was a white cross embroidered in

silver, and, accompanied by the priests, the singers, and the children of the choir, still chanting prayers for the dead, bore it to the altar of the Madonna, which also had been sumptuously decorated for the solemnity. When they opened the vault that was to receive the body, and Anselmo began to chant the "*De profundis clamavi*," Lucilla, who was kneeling, lifted up her face with an expression of ecstatic joy, and murmured a prayer of gratitude. Then she rose, and piously kissed the coffin before it was consigned to its last resting-place.

The ceremony being finished, the stone covering was replaced; the priests chanted the requiem, and returned to the sacristy. The people left the church. Lucilla came timidly to her benefactor, and presented him with her prayer-book.

"Madonna will bless you, signor," said she, "for you have given repose to the soul of my mother! I have nothing to give you but her prayer-book."

Albert took the simple gift. It was bound in violet-coloured morocco, and on the side was printed, in letters of gold—"Caterina Micali."

"It is my mother's name," said the little girl. The painter promised never to part with the relic. Having given to Anselmo a sum of money, which he desired him to expend in procuring Lucilla a useful education, he left them; and a few days after, quitted Naples to pursue his travels.

II.

THE curtain had just fallen after the third act of a play represented at the Parisian theatre. After the silence that immediately succeeded among the crowd of spectators, the hum of conversation was heard throughout the house.

"That last scene was admirable," observed a man who sat in a side box, to his companion, a painter of some celebrity; "but you, I perceive, have been busy with some drama before the curtain. Indeed, I have not seen you, for the last half hour, take your eyes off yonder box."

"She is, in truth, singularly beautiful," answered the other.

"Who, the young lady there, with her stern-looking old father? Ah! you have taste, Albert. It is Mademoiselle Julie d'Auberg, daughter to the rich old colonel."

It was, indeed, a vision of loveliness. The young girl was apparently absorbed in the representation; and the artless expression of pleasure in her face, as she looked up at her father, or turned to speak with a lady in the same box, showed all the naivete of childhood. Her form was slender, but exquisitely moulded; her neck and bust, and white rounded arms, had the faultless perfection of statuary, with the softness and glowing life of the richest creation of the pencil. But even more attractive than the beauty of her classic brow and chiseled features, was an expression of tender

melancholy in the soft dark eyes, shaded by lashes so long that they rested on her cheek. When the curtain rose, and she fixed them again on the stage, the painter thought he could read in their tremulous glances all the emotions called up by the pictured scene. Presently, she made a slight change in her position, which deprived him of the full view of her face.

When the piece was concluded, and the audience left the house, the artist and his friend stood almost involuntarily in the way where the young girl they had noticed, with her party, must pass them. Her glance, as she passed, met the ardent look of the painter; and for one delicious instant those dark eyes rested on his. There was something of surprise as if at his boldness; but the glance lingered—lingered till her companion drew her forward—and it forever enslaved the artist's soul. Does not the magnetic power that often lies in a look, prove that there is a communion of spirit independent of outward speech?

Albert Monier went home, haunted by those thrilling eyes. Again and again it was his fortune to encounter the possessor; once in leaving the church of St. —, when he rushed to her assistance as she slipped on the marble pavement; once at a ball given by the Duchesse de B. There he saw her surrounded by her equals in rank, the idol of their admiration; while he was but admitted into that lordly circle as an humble acquaintance—as one whose talents and fame might reflect some lustre on his patrons; whose conversation on art might instruct or amuse aristocratic connoisseurs. He felt as though this species of traffic were a base barter of the gifts of art, as far nobler than those of fortune as the true diamond is superior to the tinsel that mocks its brilliancy. He despised himself that he could consent to occupy, even in appearance, the situation of a dependant. Thus embittered with self-reproach, he turned almost rudely from one or two young noblemen desirous of entering into conversation with him, and was about to take his departure, when *her* figure passed him in the graceful measures of the dance, and he met once more the eyes of Julie d'Auberg. He fancied, perhaps dreamed, that she smiled upon him, and stood rooted to the spot. She seemed then a being of a higher sphere, too pure, too fair for contact with aught mortal. Yet why could he not enjoy the same privilege with any one of the frivolous crowd about her of seeing those eyes sparkle in conversation—of listening to the melody of her voice? Should he seek the honour of being presented to her?—to be regarded as an intruder among the noble claimants of her smiles? So gentle a creature would not repulse him harshly, but there would be in her high-bred air a calm consciousness of that superiority which man is least willing to acknowledge, because it depends on the accident of birth. "I shall be still the humble artist—she the proud daughter of wealth and rank!" thought he; and with more bitterness in his heart than he could own to himself was reasonable, he quitted abruptly the scene of festivity.

Some days afterwards, Monier was surprised by a visit in his studio from Colonel d'Auberg, and an inquiry if he would honour him by painting a portrait of his daughter. Was it the singular deference and politeness with which the request was made, that caused the artist's heart to throb and his eyes to flash? The first sitting was appointed for the next day.

The sitting took place. In the subdued light of the studio, and the fancy dress she wore for the picture, Julie was more beautiful than ever. But her father accompanied her, and his presence troubled the joy of the painter. He could, indeed, gaze unreprieved on the idol of his fancy; he could sometimes converse with her; but the extreme reserve of her manner, and the grave, proud air always preserved by Colonel d'Auberg, convinced him that he was in their eyes only the skilful painter—the inferior employed for gold. A sharp pang contracted his heart, and at the moment pride set him free from the thralldom of imagination.

"This is a singular relic," said the colonel, one day while his daughter was sitting, taking up at the same time a fragment of ancient sculpture from the table. Monier informed him it had been dug up among some ruins at Rome; and the mention of those fallen monuments of greatness, and the more enduring monuments of art, of which he spoke with melancholy admiration, caused him to forget his own uneasy feelings. Colonel d'Auberg showed in the subject all the interest of an amateur, and questioned him of the chef d'œuvres he had seen in the different cities of Italy, while Julie listened with pleased attention. From works of art the discourse passed to personal adventures; and many a stirring scene did the artist describe, glad to find some exciting subject of conversation. Among the incidents of several years travel, he did not fail to relate the touching story of Lucilla, the beggar girl. Pride forbade the mention of his own generosity, though he spoke of his visit to the priest, and enlarged upon the pious devotedness of the interesting child.

"Your picture is really a splendid one," said one of his friends, one day, when it was near its completion. "What an innocent and lovely face. Pity it should belong to one who, I learn, is accomplished in coquetry."

"Impossible!"

"Truth! Has she not encouraged the pretensions of Count — to her favour? And now she has cast him off, and is to wed the Marquis de —."

Monier turned pale. "Impossible!" he repeated.

"Why, my dear fellow, did you not know the portrait was intended as a gift to her affianced?"

The artist compressed his lips, that he might keep down the agony that rent his bosom. What was it to him that she was to wed another? Could he ever hope she would stoop to him? No—but in the past, happy hours, when he gazed on those matchless features, more than once had he poured

forth his soul in burning looks, and hers did not seem to chide them! The thought had passed into his heart of hearts, that had he wealth and a name, she would not have disdained his suit. Yet—was she then, really, a coquette?

The next day was the last sitting; but the painter found himself unequal to the task. His hand trembled—his brain whirled. Colonel d'Auberg kindly noticed his evident indisposition, and begged him to desist from labour, though he hinted that he would be gratified by having the picture finished in three days. "It shall be done!" cried Monier, abruptly; and his visitors departed. The artist reproached himself till he had wrought up his spirit to contempt for all the world, and ceased not working till the beautiful creation of his art looked forth from the canvas almost a living copy of the original.

The next afternoon, Monier himself accompanied his picture to the residence of Colonel d'Auberg. His hotel was in the Rue Saint Dominique, between a wide court and a magnificent garden. This secluded situation commanded a silence and calm almost monastic. The artist's entrance into the spacious court soothed his mind, and at the same time impressed him with a feeling of the difference in life between himself and her he so madly loved.

On the first floor of this splendid dwelling was a small apartment, a kind of boudoir, with windows opening on the garden, and perfumed with the fragrance of roses and jessamines. A rich carpet covered the floor, and cushions of crimson velvet, ornamented with golden tassels, were thrown about in sumptuous disorder. In the corner, a marble stand supported a vase full of flowers. Near the window sat the beautiful Julie, in a simple but elegant dress, and leaning her head pensively on her hand. She was alone; she rose to receive the artist, and expressed pleasure that his work was so soon completed.

Monier placed his picture in a proper light, and some conversation grew out of the remarks on its finish and the likeness. Julie was so cordial, so graceful, so kind, that the artist was more and more emboldened.

"I have one favour," he said, at length, hesitatingly, "to ask, which may seem too bold."

"What is it?" asked Julie, looking at him with her clear, earnest eyes.

"That I might be permitted to take a copy of this picture."

Julie looked surprised. "For whom?" she asked.

"For myself!" answered the painter, boldly. "I am about to leave Paris, and would fain carry with me a memorial of the only happy hours whose remembrance I wish to cherish."

His tone and looks, as he said this, spoke all his heart. He saw the eloquent blood rush to the face of Julie, giving evidence that she had understood him; then, as the crimson flush receded, she resumed her self-possession, and coldly replied that she knew her father would not permit the portrait to be copied. The artist hurried from her presence,

with a heart full of anguish. It was but too plain that she scorned him; the very thought of his love was an offence to her. The worship of a heart that knew how to appreciate the best and noblest, because that heart beat in the bosom of a commoner, was in her eyes a presumption not to be forgiven! And he must go forth thus repelled, from the presence of the only being he could ever love—to wear her image in his soul forever; to adore her the more deeply, because, in her haughtiness, she seemed more lovely than ever.

Full of indignation against himself that he had thus yielded to the mastery of such feelings, yet unable to regret that he had left with Julie the knowledge of his passion, Albert Monier wandered alone for hours, through remote parts of the city, seeking in continual motion some relief from his mental suffering. It was late when he returned home. That night was sleepless; and the following day was passed in preparations for the commencement of his travels.

It was near sunset, when a servant in rich livery presented him with a note, directed in a female hand. It contained simply a request that he would follow the bearer to the house of the Marquise de

Monier started—it was the name of the betrothed of Julie d'Auberg! Was she then already married?—or was this the mother of her bridegroom? Not without agitation, after some change in his dress, he followed the messenger.

He was conducted to the hotel of the Marquise, and into a splendidly furnished drawing-room, where he was left a few minutes alone. Then a stately lady, but little past the prime of life, appeared, and welcomed him with apparent cordiality.

The artist now felt no embarrassment, for he was certain he had been summoned merely on professional business. But when the lady presented him with a small box, bade him examine a ring it contained, and he saw engraved on the inside the name of "Caterina Micaeli," his indifference passed into surprise and wonder.

"That ring," said the lady, in a soft voice, "is the only relic of her mother, possessed by a young orphan in whom I feel great interest. You, M. Monier, know something of her history."

The painter briefly related the little he knew.

"This orphan," resumed the lady, "has found a home and friends; but she cannot be happy till she has acknowledged her obligations to her early benefactor. You, monsieur, gave not only repose, as she believed, to her mother's soul, but you furnished the daughter with the means of education."

Albert would have disclaimed the praise, but the lady continued—

"She has seen her mother's prayer-book in your hands. She recognized in you the noble being who gave her aid; she would give you in return all she has to bestow. In a word, Lucilla loves you!"

The artist started and turned deadly pale.

"Not a word," cried the Marquise; "not a

word till you have seen her. I will not have my protégée refused."

Crossing the room, she threw open a wide door at the further end, and the astonished Monier could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, when he saw advance—Julie d'Auberg, leaning on the arm of her father!

"We will have no further masquerading," cried the Marquise. "Julie is the orphan so dear to me. Julie is your Lucilla—the Neapolitan beggar girl."

"I refused you permission, monsieur, to copy my portrait," said the lovely girl, in blushing embarrassment; "will you refuse the original?"

Monier glanced from one to another in utter bewilderment; but he could not doubt the reality of his happiness; and sinking on his knee, he pressed to his lips the hand of his adored Julie.

A few words from the Marquise made all clear. She explained how the good Father Anselmo, feeling his last hour approaching, had written to Colonel d'Auberg, as a last resource, to claim his protection for his unfortunate child; how Colonel d'Auberg, childless and lonely in his declining age, received the news with joy, and determined to in-

troduce his neglected daughter into the world as his heiress; how he had entreated the assistance of the Marquise, and entrusted to her the care of the young girl's education. She explained, also, how the artless Julie, having discovered, by the accident of seeing her mother's prayer-book in Monier's hands at the church of St. —, that he was the benefactor of her childhood, had conceived a regard for him which further acquaintance only confirmed and strengthened; how she had confided her thoughts and feelings to her adopted mother, who had secured her father's consent that his daughter should please herself alone in the choice of a husband.

"She deserves this, at least, at my hands," said the self-reproaching parent; and thus, while the suit of nobles met with repulse, the beautiful Julie had given her heart's devotion to the comparatively humble artist.

In a few days after the marriage was celebrated, and also that of the young marquis, who had long been betrothed to the niece of the Duc de —. The Marquise presided, like a happy mother, over both the aristocratic and the humbler nuptials.

EVENING REVERIES.

BY D. E. WILSON.

The sky is rob'd in brightest blue
With clouds of purest white,
And gem'd with stars of diamond hue,
And crown'd with crescent bright.

How clear the moon unveils her light
To deck the trees and flowers,
Whose shades beneath are spangled bright
With fire-fly sparks in showers.

And insects hum their songs of love
That thrill the languid air,
While, fairy-like, the zephyrs rove
To kiss the perfumes there.

A fountain bubbles up to greet
The moon's soft silver rays,
That twinkle with delight to meet
The dancing crystal sprays.

The stream that from the fountain flows
In dreamy whispers creeps,
Till, slowly sinking to repose,
In grassy couch it sleeps.

This world, so wondrous rich and fair,
Might teem with gladsome life
If man, the ruling, favourite heir,
Would banish war and strife.

"But over all its loveliness
A shade of sorrow dwells,
On every joy a grief will press,
As welcomes bring farewells."

Yet some pure minds create their own
Bright world of holy thought,

And o'er it memory's charms are thrown
With happy visions fraught.

They people it with beings kind,
With friends they love the best,
And heart with heart, and mind with mind
In confidence may rest.

My soul in meditation brings
To such a scene as this
Its dearest hopes, its cherish'd things,
As to a home of bliss.

The many whom I fondly loved
And fondly thought loved me,
Whom death's unsparing hand removed,
I still in fancy see:

I call up parents, sister, brother,
Bless'd visions from the dead—
And ah! I often meet another
To whom my soul was wed.

I talk of many a happy day
Enjoyed with friends so dear,
Who seem with kindest smiles to say,
"We still are ever near."

I hear the sound of each loved voice
In tender accents ring,
And feel my inward heart rejoice
At some remember'd thing.

I linger with serene delight
In such a scene of bliss,
Till fancy will a thought invite
That Heaven may be like this.

THE BALLAD POETRY OF ENGLAND.

BY HENRY W. HERBERT.

THERE is, perhaps, no branch of English literature with which American readers have in general so little familiarity as the beautiful and simple ballads which, from a very remote period, have been the most popular, as they are certainly the most national, of all English poetry.

The ballad is not, it is true, peculiar to the British isles, nor, indeed, to any age or country; for, not to enter into the grave and learned questions—too grave and learned for pages such as these—whether the immortal *Iliad* is itself other than a connected tissue of grand ballads, orally handed down from age to age, of hero-kings, and at the last compiled by some rhapsodist, to whom, unknown although he be, posterity owes deathless gratitude—whether the theory of Niebuhr is correct, and Livy's "pictured page" no more than a prose poem, made up of old Latin and Etruscan lays or ballads, for the difference is in name alone—not, I say, to enter on these vexed and stormy questions, we can find proof sufficient of the extreme antiquity of ballad poetry in the wild lays of the Runic scalds, in the *Nibelungen lied*, in the songs of the Druids, to which it is pretty well ascertained that the old "Derry down" chorus, so well known to ballad readers, belonged, and lastly, in those singular productions, the *στιχη πολιτικα* of the Byzantine historians, which are not only in spirit, tone and character, purely historic ballads, but are actually couched in accentual metre, with no reference to syllabic quantity, as usual in Greek verse, of the same cadence as the vulgar "Oh, Miss Bailey." Still, though not peculiar to the British isles, I have no hesitation in styling them the most national; in the first place, as having been, from the most distant period to the present day, the most widely popular among the most strictly national—that is to say, the lower orders of those islands; secondly, as embodying most strikingly the leading traits of national character, as preserving most faithfully the modes of national thought, feeling, passion—nay, even of national costume and expression; and, lastly, as having, in those islands, attained a degree of finish, grace and sweetness, coupled to absolute simplicity, which they have not reached in any other land—not even in Spain, the fire and spirit of whose popular chaunts, familiarized to English ears by the truthful and soul-stirring translations of Lockhart, can scarcely be too highly lauded.

It is comparatively but within a few years, even in England, that any efforts have been made to collect or preserve these exquisite specimens of natural and untaught minstrelsy.

From the restoration, as it was called—pollution and debasement it might better have been termed—of English literature under the third of the unhappy Stuarts, during the whole polished but, with a few exceptions, effete and emasculated school of Anne and the elder Georges—a school which was founded entirely on French and Latin, to the total exclusion of English models—until the late revival of true taste in the present century, it was the fashion to look with the utmost scorn and loathing on any thing that savoured of nature, truth or simplicity. And, accordingly, we find that Doctor Johnson, who, so far as style, taste and language are concerned, is no more an English writer than Cicero or Pliny, poured out the phials of his thunderous indignation, as might have been expected, upon the first collectors of these, alas! too few and mangled relics of old English song.

The truth is, that the writers of those ages were, almost to a man, courtiers, living in purloins of a large city, utterly ignorant of nature or of man, except the man of courts and saloons, persons to whom the country was a terra incognita, and its most ordinary productions utterly unknown. Thus we find that the pastorals of Pope are no more English—descriptions, I mean, of English scenery, or illustrative of English habits, than the eclogues of Virgil, from which they are, indeed, closely copied; and that those of Shenstone, Tickell and others of that day, are yet worse—bald and puerile imitations of that most puerile of all schools, the French Arcadian Pastoral, with its Colins and Strephons in bag wigs and court dresses, its Dorises and Delias in powder, paint and patches.

What wonder, then, that to such men as these, strains such as that—"The Hunter of Chevrot"—of which the most refined and accomplished scholar, the friend and patron of Spenser, himself a poet and a rare one, Sir Philip Sidney exclaimed—"I never heard the old song of Percey and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet, and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style,"—what wonder then, I say, that such strains as these should appear to such men and their followers, who tricked out their weak verse

"With meretricious gauds of foreign song,"

uncivil, barbarous, unpolished, rugged and unworthy a place even in that temple of British poetry, of which, indeed, they form the base, grand in the beautiful simplicity of Saxon quaintness.

I may be wrong, but I would not give the bold and fiery Saxon strength of "The Percy of North-

umberland," "Sir Patrick Spens," or "Kinmont Willie," for all the rounded periods and Latinized bombast of the great depreciator of Shakspeare; nor the genuine Saxon pathos and simplicity of "Bartholomew's Dirge," "The Douglas Tragedy," "Fair Helen of Kirconnel," or "Jellon Grame," for all French *cliquant*, exquisitely polished as it be, of the Rape of the Lock, or the Essay on Man.

It is to Sir Walter Scott that we owe the great and complete disinterment from the dust of ages of these long unappreciated relics; and it is probably to these neglected relics that the world owes Sir Walter Scott, whose first essay in authorship was "Glenfinlas," an imitation of an old ballad, published in conjunction with some ineffable trash by that strangely overrated genius Mathew, better known as Monk Lewis.

To these reflections and the perpetration of this paper, I have been led in the hope of calling, by my humble words, the attention, it may be, of a few readers to this all unappreciated "well of English undefiled," by the sight of two exquisite English volumes, entitled "The Book of British Ballads," edited by S. C. Hall, and embellished with the most spirited and beautiful illustrations in wood that have appeared in any English publication, with the exception of Lockhart's Spanish Ballads.

The volumes are, indeed, truly beautiful, and it cannot but be a source of gratification to all true lovers of poetry and the arts, that, instead of the miserable, trashy annuals, filled up with the mock heroics of titled drivellers and the mock sentiment of right honourable misses, the pencil and graver are called to lend their aid to the classics of English literature. How can it be considered a slight benefit to the taste of the age, if, through the medium of books like that before us, the eyes of the rising generation can be diverted from the wishy-washy effusions of modern poetasters and infinitesimal poetesses to the pure Saxon English of those old hearty days, when people were not ashamed to call things by their proper names, and were not one whit less modest for doing so than we emasculators of our good English tongue in the nineteenth century—of those good days, when men wrote and spoke even as they thought and acted, strongly?

With the plan, then, and the execution, as far as embellishment goes, of Mr. Hall's Book of Ballads, no fault can be found. It is, however, to be lamented, that he has left out many of the beautiful and striking genuine old ballads, in order to make room for modern imitations of less than questionable merit; that even of the few ancient ballads, comparatively speaking, that he has introduced, those chosen are not, with two or three brilliant exceptions, the most spirited or the most pathetic; and that of the modern imitations he has been singularly unfortunate in his selections.

In the first volume, we have first in place as to merit, among the historical ballads, "Chevy Chase," and next to it, the popular and lovely, be-

cause all truth and nature, and most pathetic tale, though told in the plainest and most unadorned language, of "The Children in the Wood," with its catastrophe, over which how well do I remember weeping, in those bright days of childhood when no real anguish had called forth tears that torture as they flow—

"Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died
As babes wanting relief.

"No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till robin red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves."

For which kind deed, I believe, credited fully by the simple country people, far more than for his domestic habits or implicit confidence in his friend man, the English robin red-breast is revered almost as a household god, so that the rudest boor, the most thoughtless school-boy, would not, for very shame, dare to harm one feather of the cottager's familiar.

"Fair Rosamond," which succeeds the Children of the Wood, is well enough as a simple and sad narration of a tragical event; but there are in it none of those beautiful chance thoughts, those gems of natural pathos, belonging, as it would seem, to a far higher school of poetry than the rude ballad; those touches of nature which make the whole world kin—that are to be found so often, like pearls at random strewn, among many of the older ballads. "The Demon Lover" cannot, in the like manner, be objected to; and as a specimen of the hideous and fantastic of this school, it was, perhaps, well to introduce it. The same observation might be made with regard to "Kempion," except that it is too similar in its character to make it necessary as a specimen, when it has nothing of intrinsic merit comparable to hundreds which have been most injudiciously omitted.

"The Nut-brown Maid," which follows the "Demon Lover," is one of the most exquisite—if not *the* most exquisite ballad in the language, though I am inclined to give the palm of excellence to "Fair Helen." What, in simplicity or sweetness, can excel the following lines—her reply to her lover's declaration of his misery and the causes of his outlawed state. To me it appears unrivaled in the whole circle of our language.

"Oh Lord, what is this worldys bliss,
That changeth as the moon?
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.

"I hear you say, farewell. Nay—nay!
We depart not so soon?
Why say ye so? Whither will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?

"All my welfare to sorrow and care
Should change if ye were gone.
For in my mind, of all mankind,
I love but you alone."

It, of course, needs not to be said that, in a compilation of the nature of that before us, with its rivulet of beautiful type meandering, as some one has said, through a wide plain of margin, it were useless to expect a majority of the surviving ballads which have been collected with so much care and learning by Bishop Percy, Mr. Ritson, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Motherwell and others; but there was reason to expect that the best specimens of the various styles would have been selected, which appear by no means to be the case.

Indeed, it cannot but strike the reader, in spite of his deprecatory notes, that Mr. Hall has preferred those ballads which have been emendated and remodeled by modern writers to the grand, though at times uncouth simplicity of those which have undergone no such purifying process; and it is scarcely to be regretted less that he has made up so large a portion of his volumes of modern ballads of inferior merit, and of some things which are neither ballads nor English, as in one instance he admits, at all. It is to this strange preference only that we can ascribe his admitting "The Birth of St. George," a very bald and uninteresting piece, into his collection at all, a piece which Bishop Percy admits to be in great part modern, and which is in no respect comparable to numbers of those entirely omitted.

To the same hallucination only can be attributed his adopting the modernized ballad, styled "The Child of Elle," to the exquisite "Douglas Tragedy," of which it is evidently a varied form, garbled and filled out to its present proportions by a modern hand. It is still, indeed, a beautiful poem; but to show our readers the great superiority of the old song, the inexplicable charm belonging to the ruder and less polished version, we shall make no apology for taking from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," the Douglas tragedy entire, well satisfied that its simple pathos will prove our best excuse.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

"Rise up, rise up, now Lord Douglas," she said,
 "And put on your armour so bright;
 Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
 Was married to a lord under night."

"Rise up, rise up, my own bold sons,
 And put on your armour so bright,
 And take better care of your younger sister,
 For your eldest's awa' the night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
 And himself on a dapple gray,
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
 And lightly they rade away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder
 To see what he could see,
 And there he spy'd her seven brethren bold
 Come riding o'er the lea.

"Light down, light down, Lady Margret," he said,
 "And hold my steed in your hand,

Until that against your seven brethren bold,
 And your father, I make a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
 And never shed one tear,
 Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
 And her father, hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"Oh! hold your hand, Lord William," she said,
 "For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
 True lovers I can get many a nee
 But a father I can never get mair."

Oh, she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
 It was o' the Holland sae fine,
 And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
 That were redder than the wine.

"Oh chuse, oh chuse, Lady Margret," he said,
 "Oh whether will ye gang or bide?"
 "I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
 "For you have left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
 And himself on a dapple gray,
 With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
 And slowly they baith rade away.

Oh they rade on, and on they rade,
 And a' by the light of the moon,
 Until they came to yon wan water,
 And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to take a drink
 Of the spring that ran so clear,
 And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
 And sair she gae to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
 "For I fear that you are slain."
 "'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak
 That shines in the water sae plain."

Oh, they rade on, and on they rade,
 And a' by the light of the moon,
 Until they came to his mother's ha' door,
 And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
 "Get up and let me in;
 Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
 "For this night my fair lady I've win"

"Oh, make my bed, lady mother," he says,
 "Oh, make it broad and deep,
 And lay Lady Margret close at my back,
 And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
 Lady Margret lang ere day,
 And all true lovers that go thegither,
 May they have more luck than they.

Lord William was buried in Marie's kirk,
 Lady Margret in Marie's quire:
 Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
 And out of the knight's a briar.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
 And fain they wad be near,
 And a' the world might ken right well
 That they were lovers dear.

But bye and rade the black Douglas,
And vow but he was rough,
For he pulled up the bonny briar,
And flang it in St. Marie's loch.

To those who are insensible to the quiet beauty of this simple narrative, it can hardly be hoped that the enthusiastic admirations of souls more attuned to the harmonies of nature can be understood, or that such gems as "Barthram's Dirge," "Fair Helen," "Jellon Grame," "The Bonnie Mill-dams o' Binnorie," "Lady Anne," "Lady Bothwell's Lament," and a thousand others, can be appreciated. Nevertheless, did our limits allow it, we would set before these some of the shorter of our favourites, and, at the same time, would have pointed out the sources of their quiet strength and pathos, and showed the cause of the vast inferiority of almost all modern imitations—which may be, however, stated almost in a word—the introduction of ornamental lines and epithets not directly necessary to the sense, which is a practice totally at variance with the habit of the old ballad minstrels, though almost universal with their copyists of modern days.

Of all the modern imitators, there are but three

ballads which will bear the test and compare with the severe yet touching quaintness of their models: Scott's "Eve of St. John," and Leyden's "Cout of Keeldar," both of which are omitted, and inferior works by the same authors inserted in this collection, and, by all consent, the most beautiful and correct of all, "Auld Robin Gray," by the accomplished Lady Ann Lindesay, which passed for a long time as a genuine ancient ballad.

At some future time, the favour of our readers may encourage the resumption of this subject, on which volumes might be written with greater care and more effect than pages. At present, it only remains to be added, that an American edition of this Book of British Ballads may be shortly expected to appear in this city, and that, *faute de mieux*, it deserves encouragement, and will, it may be expected, tend to the formation of a purer and severer taste than exists at present among our reading world. If this slight notice lead in any wise to the same good result, the author will deem himself fortunate, indeed; if not, the labour is, at least, one of love, and, as such, cannot be said to be wholly wasted.

REDEEMING LOVE.

BY MRS. M. A. GALLOHER.

WHEN high o'er ocean's vast expanse,
Fierce, whelming storms arise;
Contending waves with rage advance,
And tow'r to meet the skies:
There is a voice whose sovereign pow'r
Can bid the tumult cease;
That, in the tempest's wildest hour,
Can hush its rage to peace.

And so, when sin has fill'd with awe
The trembling sinner's breast,
He sees in God's most holy law,
His fearful doom exprest.
Offended Justice mounts her throne,
And waves her glittering sword;
Her finger points to wrath to come,
And shows God's broken word.

With wild alarm his bosom's fill'd,
With horror and with dread;
His brightest hopes are quickly chill'd,
His dearest joys are dead.
Where shall the guilty rebel turn—
Or who his anguish tell?
Above is nought but justice stern,
Beneath, a burning hell.

VOL. XXIX.—23

Despair has seiz'd his fainting heart,
Its waves like mountains roll;
Nor can this earth one charm impart
To ease his tortur'd soul.
But hark! a voice of mercy hear!
It speaks his soul to win;
It whispers in his ravish'd ear
Atonement for his sin.

That voice which calms the raging storm
Can calm his troubled breast;
Can every rising fear disarm,
And lull his cares to rest.
Now swiftly, on the wings of joy,
The blissful minutes move;
His happiness knows no alloy—
It comes from realms above.

Oh! ever shall his grateful tongue
His Saviour's praises sing,
And grace, the subject of his song,
Shall choicest blessings bring.
And when he joins the raptur'd throng
That fills the courts above,
His harp, though tuned to heavenly song,
Still sounds *redeeming love*.

BABY-VISITING.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"THEY do, indeed, look very sweet, Hester," said Mrs. Dunham, after arraying her three children for a walk; "and I think I should be of the same opinion even if I were not their mother. They are in remarkably fine health, to the credit, I suppose I may venture to say, of our faithful nursing, and their spirits are charming from the effects of this lovely spring weather. I have never before felt quite so proud of them, and for once I will lay aside my objections to their visiting, and send them to see a few of my friends. There are several ladies who have expressed a wish that I should do so, and with so much apparent sincerity, that I think it would really afford them pleasure. Mrs. Fenwick, in particular, who has exactly the same number and of nearly the same ages, is quite desirous of comparing their growth and appearance with those of her three, and Mrs. Colgar, who takes a profound interest in the training of children, and makes them her peculiar study—"

"Mrs. Colgar, ma'am, the large lady with blue spectacles, who always has books in her hand when she calls?" said Hester, interrogatively.

"The same; you know her house in ——— street. I have no doubt she will appreciate the care which has made the manners of our little pets so engaging; though, if you should see her, do not let Willy talk *quite* so much as he usually does at home. You must not forget my two old friends, Mrs. Brice and her sister, Miss Patty Carey. The old ladies are doatingly fond of children—equally so, I believe, though they have rather different ways of showing it. Mrs. Brice is one of those persons who would kill them with kindness, so be careful and don't let her stuff them with cakes and candies; and caution them against being frightened at any odd ways which Miss Patty may take to amuse them. You may also call with them at Mrs. Hollowell's. I should like them to have her children for playmates, for she is so perfectly correct herself in all that relates to politeness, that I presume she takes the greatest pains with their manners. I felt quite flattered on her proposing a visit from mine. Mrs. Towson is another friend who appears anxious to see them. She stopped me on the street on Monday whilst I was out shopping, and requested me particularly to send them this week. There are other places where they would meet with a warm reception, but you cannot well get round more than these this afternoon. Now wrap little Charley well in his cloak; shake day-day, mother's baby;—kiss mamma, Willy and Lizzy, and mind what Hester tells you."

Hester, who was a woman of observation as

well as an experienced nurse, did not altogether relish the proposed infraction of a rule which she had assisted in establishing; but it was not in her part to demur, and she quietly led off the children on the prescribed tour. She might well have been proud of her little charges, for among the many juvenile parties swarming the streets in the early April sunshine, there were few that in beauty and sprightliness could compare with her own. Willy, the eldest, was five years old, a bright-eyed little fellow, with ruddy cheeks and soft brown hair curling to his shoulders; Lizzy, the second, was much like her brother; and the third was a chubby, crowing baby in its tenth month. They were simply and comfortably clad, and in their gentle and graceful demeanour, as well as their dress, gave evidence of the care of a judicious as well as a fond mother.

The first stopping place to which they came was the house of Mrs. Hollowell, a lady who, conventionally, might have been styled one of Mrs. Dunham's best acquaintances. She lived in handsome style, belonged to a family of the highest standing, and was unexceptionably well-bred. Her bearing, indeed, was cold and stately, but was not the less admired on that account by Mrs. Dunham, who presumed that where so few professions were made the few must be sincere.

"Mrs. Dunham has sent her children to see Mrs. Hollowell," said Hester, at the door; and the servant by whom it was opened requested her to wait in the passage.

The back parlour door was open, and through that Hester could hear the voice of Mrs. Hollowell from the front room, saying—"An invasion of Lilliputians, it seems. I could have guessed that they were Mrs. Dunham's, for my acquaintances of longer standing know me too well to suppose that I would consider such an irruption any thing of a favour. I have too many children of my own to submit to being bored with those of my neighbours, though when one meets those very domestic young mothers, it is difficult to avoid the civility of humouring their hobbies. Oh, pray don't go, Miss Dexter—I sha'n't have them brought in here. I never allow my own to come into the parlours. I would as soon admit so many spaniels; and as to having my carpets soiled and my bijouterie broken by other people's children, that's out of the question. Direct the woman into the nursery with them, Henderson;—or no, the nursery dinner is not yet over, and if we admit visitors, the china and glass will hardly survive the consequences. Tell her, Henderson, that I am extremely sorry I

cannot have the pleasure of entertaining Mrs. Dunham's little folks, but that I am now engaged to see my dress-maker, and hope their mother will send them on some other occasion. Excuse me for not going to the door with you, Miss Dexter—I never use ceremony with you."

Hester had turned to retreat before the man had delivered his message; and on the steps was overtaken by Miss Dexter, who was an indefatigable visitor of Mrs. Dunham and every body else.

"Well, youngsters, are you out visiting?" said she. "Mind and behave like good children, wherever you go."

Mrs. Fenwick's was the next place for calling, and the party were shown at once into the parlours, as if such visits were matters of frequency. There they found Miss Dexter, who had arrived before them. Mrs. Fenwick, a young, gaily-dressed woman, hurried forward to welcome them.

"Oh, what dear little things!" she exclaimed. "Sit down, nurse, and rest yourself, and let me hold the baby. What is his name—Charley?—and the little girl, I believe, is Lizzy. I have a boy just her age, a nice little fellow, that will do for a beau for you, darling. My Ellen Ann has gone out for a promenade; she is a month younger than Master Willy, here. I got her a new chip hat with flowers, yesterday, and an India muslin mantilla, lined with blossom colour, and there was no peace with her until I gave her leave to go out and show them. She will be sorry to have missed such nice little visitors. Oh, what a solid, heavy baby—and what pretty blue eyes it has; and what rosy little cheeks;—and such a warm, blue cloak and soft worsted cap!"

And whilst Mrs. Fenwick was assiduously caressing the baby, she fingered, with the air of an amateur, the merino of its cloak, and adroitly turned it inside out to inspect the lining.

"*Apropos* of babies' cloaks," said Miss Dexter; "I believe you missed getting the one that was raffled for, did you not?"

"Oh, don't name it—I was so disappointed. I was sure of getting it, for I took eight dollars' worth of shares. It was a lovely thing—the embroidery was so rich and the lining so beautifully quilted. I set my heart on it the moment I saw it, but I considered the price too exorbitant to be thought of, and I was glad to hear that it was to be put up at a raffle. After all, I might just as well have bought it at regular sale—for, including the eight dollars that I lost, I paid as much for one pretty much like it."

"I did not know that another of the sort was to be had."

"Oh, yes; Madame D—— brought forward another, intending it for a raffle, but I persuaded her to let me take it off her hands, for I could not have borne to miss the second, and, after seeing the two, to have had to put up with one of an inferior quality. Some would have preferred mine to the first; it is of cream-coloured cashmere, embroidered as richly as the finest Canton crape shawl, and

lined with a delicate blue satin, of which the quilting is almost as close as that of a Marseilles counterpane. You can't imagine how sweet the baby looks in it. The little fellow is asleep, but I will have his cloak brought down, and also his satin cap, which has excited the envy of many of my friends."

Mrs. Fenwick then rang the bell, and after ordering the girl who appeared to send down the baby's cloak and white satin cap, she directed that little Georgy should be dressed in readiness to receive company in the nursery.

"Be particular to arrange his curls so that they will look as well as this little boy's," she added, impressively.

The cloak was brought and was contemplated with due comment by Miss Dexter, who was scarcely less eloquent upon the cap.

"What do you think I paid for it at Madame D——'s?" asked Mrs. Fenwick.

"I have never seen one like it, and could not venture to guess."

"Seven dollars and a half without the feathers, and those little ostrich tips were a dollar a-piece, in addition. It cost me a great deal for feathers for my children this winter. I got a set like those for Ellen Ann, and Georgy had to have a long one for his new beaver. In the early part of the season, he wore a velvet cap like Master Willy's, but the fashion changed, and I got him a hat. He occasionally wears his cap, though, still, particularly when he is about home. It is very pretty and becoming, though not of so bright a colour as Willy's?"

"His was a present, ma'am, from his Uncle William," remarked Hester. "Mrs. Dunham says she would not have bought one so showy and expensive."

The baby growing restless, Hester walked with it into the next room, and Mrs. Fenwick, who by this time had examined every article comeatable in the children's attire, remarked to Miss Dexter

"Mrs. Dunham seems to pursue a system quite the opposite to mine, and I suppose each of us thinks her own the better. For my part, I acknowledge I like to see my children beautifully and richly dressed. It is easy to teach them that their manners should comport with their appearance, and, when their clothing is elegant, that they must do nothing to disgrace it. It gives them a proper feeling of self-respect, so that they can have no awkward fear of showing themselves anywhere; and besides, the style in which children have generally appeared is remembered long after they have become men and women. However exalted their future fortunes may be, if remembered for certain refinements of dress, their dignity will be enhanced, and quite the contrary if otherwise. My mother has sometimes spoken of having known Judge M—— as 'a little bare-foot boy,' and though his family is good enough, I cannot help feeling towards him as if he were an upstart. No one shall ever feel thus towards my children if I can pre-

vent it. I have made up my mind always to dress them to the extent of my ability. For the same reason, I have had their portraits taken in that elaborate style. You observe, Ellen Ann is in white satin and thread lace, with little white kid gloves on her hands, and amethyst bracelets and necklace for ornaments; and that Georgy is holding his gold watch to his ear, with the chain over his shoulders, and that his little gold-headed cane is projecting from under his arm. Many persons think that in pictures children should be dressed in the simplest and most negligent style, but my idea is that these portraits will be preserved, and that the originals, if they should meet with reverses of fortune, will feel a melancholy pleasure in looking at them, and reflecting that they can never be called *parvenus*."

A message from the nursery now apprised Mrs. Fenwick that the children were ready; and Miss Dexter, as well as the others, was invited to go up stairs to see the baby. To see the nursery was really the object of the invitation, for its fitting up was as much a matter of ostentation as the dress of its little occupants. Its furniture was of the richest kind, and equally so was that of the chamber adjoining, which contained a handsome French bed for the nursery maids, and cribs, elegantly curtained, for the children. These were all supplied with beautifully fine linen, frilled and fluted, which, from its freshness, had evidently been brought out for the occasion.

"I observe you allow your children curtains," remarked Miss Dexter; "you do not seem to regard the opinion that they are injurious to health."

"I am not philosopher enough to understand how they can do any damage, and as I am determined that my children shall be accustomed to the elegancies of life, they must have curtains, even if it should be at a sacrifice. You know how the English ridicule our rude, unfurnished beds."

A little child was standing, fresh from his tire-woman's hands, in the middle of the floor, looking, from his fantastical costume, like a dwarf Cossack. At the approach of the Dunhams, he jerked himself backward from them until he stumbled over a little velvet rocking chair, and then his screams put a check to the conversation for several minutes. He was silenced for the time by the entrance of his sister, who now returned from her promenade, and who bore in her hands two large toys.

"Here, Georgy," said she, "I bought you an elephant—this chimbley-sweep is mine."

"Give me the chimbley-sweep," said Georgy, peremptorily.

"I won't; take your own or you sha'n't have any," answered the sister, in the same tone.

"Hush, daughter," interposed the mother; "you know the money was to be spent equally between you. Is that all you got for your dollar?"

"You couldn't expect, ma'am, to get two such things for less than a dollar," said the nursery maid, sauntering into the other room, and placing her walking apparel in a fashionable wardrobe.

"I have always to give my children money to purchase toys while they are out walking," remarked Mrs. Fenwick to Miss Dexter. "Bina says that if they have none, they will stop before the shop windows, and she might as well attempt to move mountains as to get them away. And nothing less than a dollar will suffice each time. Indeed, I begin of late to suspect that it does not all go for toys, but I should not like Bina to know of my suspicions, for she is a capital nurse; she can dress them with perfect taste, and, besides, she is able to teach them to say many things in French."

During this interlude, the two children were wrangling about the toys—the baby, as babies will, squalling in chorus; even the Dunham No. 3 joining in—and in vain the mother attempted to negotiate a peace. At length, upon Georgy's snatching the chimney-sweep and dashing the elephant to atoms, Ellen Ann laid hands on him, and grasped a little velvet cap which was tied carefully upon his head. The strings gave way, and, to the surprise of the uninitiated spectators, a garland of long curls, which had encircled his head and face, departed with the cap, leaving him in possession alone of a scanty crop of hair, so short that the little belligerent could with difficulty grasp a sufficient length to accomplish the premeditated tweak.

Little Willy Dunham walked forward, looking with mingled compassion and consternation from the dismantled head to the capful of curls, and then exclaimed to Ellen Ann—

"Ain't you a wicked girl to pull all your brother's hair out!"

"Who are you? What are you, I say?" retorted Ellen Ann, turning round upon him with a stare of utter scorn and indignation; and sturdily marching towards him, she grasped his ringlets in turn. They proved to be more tenacious than her brother's, but before she could enjoy the discovery to the extent she desired, she was carried kicking from the room. Lizzy Dunham had screamed with terror at the menaced danger of her brother, and, with a view to pacify her, Mrs. Fenwick had brought to her the French hat which Ellen Ann had dashed on the floor.

"Just look at the pretty bonnet, darling," said she; "let me take off your little gimp and try it on. Look, Miss Dexter; look nurse, what a little beauty. Mustn't mamma buy her just such a pretty bonnet? Seriously, it does make her look quite a different creature. Mrs. Dunham does not do justice to her children by dressing them in that plain way, and I must tell her so the first time I see her. Look at yourself in the glass, darling. Did you ever see such a beautiful little girl? Mamma would hardly know her own little daughter, if she saw her dressed so prettily."

The child nodded her head, and made mouths before the glass in evident admiration of herself; and Hester, seeing that no good was likely to result from the visit, would protract it no longer, much as Mrs. Fenwick urged her to stay until Ellen Ann

should be restored to good humour. She had scarcely reached the street before the consequences she had apprehended manifested themselves. Little Lizzy, who had preceded her to the door, threw her bonnet upon the pavement, and stamping *a la* Ellen Ann, exclaimed—

"I won't wear that nasty bonnet; I want a new one with lace and flowers. I want to be a little beauty! I will be dressed in pretty clothes!"

With much persuasion, the nurse prevailed upon her to resume the despised bonnet; and after she had done so, was obliged to seat herself on a door step to tie it, while holding the baby.

"Now be a good girl," said she, "and come on."

"I won't," returned Lizzy; "I won't go till you get me a chimney-sweep."

"Then you must stay here in the street," said Hester, "and your brothers will come with me."

"Stop—stop, Hester, Willy!" cried the child, frightened at the thought of being deserted; "I'll go if you'll get me an elephant."

No notice being taken of her proposed compromise, she followed in pouting silence, while Hester made many sage reflections to herself upon the ease with which the precepts of years are overruled by a single hour of evil communication.

The next visit was to Mrs. Brice and her sister, Miss Patty Carey, two old ladies who, by their fondness for children, had instituted their house as a rendezvous for those of the whole circle of their acquaintance. Our party was shown up stairs to the common sitting-room, and received with loud acclamations by Miss Patty. She was a tall, thin, sallow personage, looking very spectral in a long, white dressing-gown and a large white turban of exceedingly queer construction. She had, also, a very harsh voice; and the children, with something of apprehension, shrank from her caresses and gladly sought refuge with Mrs. Brice, who, being plump and smiling and well-dressed, was much more prepossessing.

"What pretty creatures they are!" exclaimed the latter; "the living images of Mr. Dunham!"

"Mr. Dunham, indeed! I wonder where your eyes are, Sally!" responded her sister; "they are their mother from top to toe."

"Why, yes; after looking more closely, I believe the girl does resemble her mother strikingly."

"It is the boy who is most like her. You never will learn to distinguish likenesses. The boy is just what Mary Dunham was at his age, and I think he is much prettier than his sister. He should have been the girl, he is so much better looking."

Upon this, Lizzy hung her head and impatiently kicked her chair.

Mrs. Brice winked towards her, and remarked, soothingly—"They are both pretty. Lizzy is a beautiful little girl, and every body loves her as well as her brother. Don't you, nurse—and doesn't her mamma?"

"Yes, ma'am, when she is as good; but to-day

she does not behave as well as Willy, and no one can like her looks or love her as well."

The child hung her head still lower, and Miss Patty, to make amends for her offence, took her on her knee to amuse her. After repeating a series of renowned melodies, such as "Jack and Gill went up a hill," and "Sing a song—a sixpence," she asked her—

"Now, shall I tell you how old you are?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Lizzy.

"Then open your mouth till I look at your teeth."

She was obeyed, and chucking the chin suddenly, poor Lizzy's tongue was sadly bitten by her sharp little teeth. She cried with the pain, and Miss Patty seemed to consider it a capital joke.

"Poor little girl!" said Mrs. Brice, compassionately. "I do wish, sister, I could get you to give up that trick. I shall have to get something good to cure the little mouth."

She hastened from the room, and, in a few minutes, returned with a large tray full of plum-cake, gingerbread, raisins, lemon-drops, and even a quantity of dried peaches and cherries.

"Come, now," said she, "sit up to this little table, both of you, and eat as much as you are able. Nurse, couldn't the baby eat some gingerbread or suck a few lemon-drops?"

"You are very kind, ma'am," said Hester, anxiously; "but their mother never allows any of them things of the kind. She gives them none but the plainest food."

"Nonsense," said Miss Patty, loudly; "we never encourage these new-fashioned notions about feeding children. We have seen too many children, in our time, grow up on the old plan, to give way to such absurdities. When the little things come to see us, we make them enjoy themselves; and what pleasure can they have equal to eating? Come on, dears; don't be a bit afraid—we'll settle with your mamma about it, one of these days."

The children were, of course, not inclined to resist this strenuous encouragement, and soon applied themselves with much appetite to the tempting fare. Their nurse regarded them with uneasiness during the progress of the feast, but saw, from the authoritative firmness with which her hints were combated by the old ladies, that it was vain to attempt withdrawing them from it. At length they voluntarily left the table; and while Mrs. Brice busied herself with Lizzy and the baby, Miss Patty undertook the entertainment of Willy. She asked him if he had ever played "Is the crow at home?" and on being answered in the negative, she arranged, by crossing her fingers, what she called a trap; then after directing him to put one of his into it, she pinched it sharply with her nails. She then produced a box, on the lid of which she laid some sugar that he was to take off. As he did so, a hideous little figure started out, and scattered a pinch of snuff against his face, which set him to sneezing, and caused his eyes to smart severely. She then asked him "if he wished to see London?"

and lifted him from the floor by the ears, to the danger of his neck and the alarm of his watchful nurse.

After all these exploits, to which Willy submitted so manfully as to elicit high commendations of his fortitude from Miss Patty, she asked him, with a view to test his courage, if he was afraid of "Giant Grim, who tears little boys from limb to limb?"

"No, ma'am," replied Willy; "he never comes to our house."

"And did you never see old Raw-head-and-bloody-bones?"

"No, ma'am."

"Are you afraid to be in the dark?"

"No, ma'am; for if any thing wanted to hurt me, it couldn't see me in the dark," was the philosophic answer.

"Would you like to see a fairy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I'll go into that room, and whenever I rap on the door, you must come in and you'll see one."

She then retired to her chamber, which opened from the sitting-room, and, in a few minutes, the signal was heard. Mrs. Brice, laughing heartily, instructed him to obey it, and he walked boldly to the door, which was closed after him. Hester heard a rapid scampering about the room, and then a loud scream from Willy. Mrs. Brice told her not to be frightened, that it was all fun, but permitted her to open the door softly and look in. The chamber was darkened, but not too much so to prevent her from discerning an odd apparition dancing about the floor, which proved to be Miss Patty, with the skirt of her dress thrown upward from the waist, and distended, like a sail, above her head by her very long arms. From the interior of this could be distinguished a suppressed chuckle, which indicated that she, at least, found amusement in the performance. But Willy stood sobbing in the middle of the apartment, and it was discovered that, in the chase by the fairy, he had struck his head against the bed-post. Mrs. Brice led him out to console him, and Miss Patty, after she had readjusted her habiliments to a more familiar aspect, took full part in making reparation for the injury, which was a swelling of considerable magnitude on his forehead. She insisted that he should have an extra supply of plum-cake, which, as it could not be refused, Hester advised him to preserve in his pocket. She then proposed taking leave, and both the old ladies, expressing their gratification from the visit, entrusted her with a message to Mrs. Dunham, the purport of which was, that they would take it as a kindness if the children were sent to them at least once a week.

The effect of the unusual quantity and quality of the food they had taken showed itself, before long, in the lagging steps and listless countenances of the little people; but there were still other visits to make, and their nurse conducted them to the dwelling of Mrs. Colgar. The dictatorial address and

self-appropriating manners of this lady, a large, masculine person, with hollow, gray eyes and very thin lips, at once announced her intellectual pretensions. She, indeed, eschewed the reputation of being literary, but was very tenacious of the title of "a superior woman." She considered herself perfectly *au fait* to the most improved methods of bringing up children, and was, therefore, much deferred to by her acquaintances who had not bestowed upon the subject an equal degree of study. She was occupied with one of these when our party entered, and summarily allotting them seats, she resumed her discourse.

"In my concluding paragraph," she said, taking up a manuscript from the open desk at which she was sitting, "I have made an appeal directly to females in the relation to which we ourselves belong. 'On you, mothers of the land, devolves this noble and lofty task. The time is here when you may cease to be the mere nourishers of the bodies of your children—of the elements that perish, and may lay the foundation of an intellectual superstructure which will endure for ages. The nation's destiny is in your hands; you may make it one in which each individual will be a statesman, an orator, a philosopher, a poet—a nation such as the world has never seen, such as was never conceived of by the most enlightened imagination of the past. Why should you shrink from the effort? Regard it as a solemn duty to exert the power with which nature has endowed you, and your influence will become a tremendous engine which shall control the world!'"

"It is very fine, very eloquent, indeed," said her auditress, a Mrs. Dewey; "but all women have not your talents and energy, Mrs. Colgar. You certainly intend that spirited article for circulation, do you not?"

"I did intend it as an address to our Education Society," replied Mrs. Colgar, complacently folding her manuscript; "but as we have disorganized, I think I shall have it inserted in one of the magazines devoted to the subject—that is, my friends advise me to do so. For myself, I generally avoid much publicity, if possible, as I consider that my exertions may be more effective if concentrated upon a certain limited sphere."

"I heard, some weeks ago, that your society was dissolved, but could not ascertain the cause. I presume there is no objection to my knowing it?"

"Certainly not, as you are a particular friend, though we do not make it a subject of common conversation. Several causes operated, but the root of all was the admission of some members who had not sufficiently trained themselves for our requisitions. Such an association should be composed exclusively of females of a high order of mind, who would be prepared to sacrifice their private feelings for the public good, and would have the discretion to guard the affairs of each other as scrupulously as their own. That we had some of a different character among us was first proven by the non-observance of a law of vast im-

portance, which required that if we discovered any moral or mental infirmity, whatever it might be, in any of our children, we should submit it for consideration at one of the *conversazioni*, so that we might have the benefit of assistance for its extermination from the united judgment and experience of all the members."

"I can perceive how difficult it must have been to observe such a regulation," remarked Mrs. Dewer, "for mothers to expose the foibles of their little ones, and have punishments devised for them by persons who could have no personal sympathy with them."

"With weak women it might have been difficult, Mrs. Dewer," responded Mrs. Colgar, with a look that insinuated Mrs. Dewer to be a weak woman; "but, as I said before, each should have been ready to overcome any reluctance she might have felt in consideration of the light which was to be afforded her by a general discussion."

"I have heard something of a disagreeable occurrence in which Mrs. Thomas Headly was involved," observed Mrs. Dewer.

"It was, indeed, an unpleasant affair, and the immediate cause of our dissolution, which, however, I hope is to be but temporary. Mrs. Headly was, certainly, one of the most enthusiastic and influential members of the association, and had my warmest sympathy. In order to encourage a timid member to relate a case of juvenile delinquency which had transpired in her family, she set an example by reporting one which had, a few days before, come under her own experience. In her eloquent and polished style, she lamented that her daughter—that is, her husband's daughter; you, no doubt, remember little Maria Headly, an exceedingly thoughtless and ungovernable child—had manifested a disposition to appropriate to herself the property of others, specifying, as an instance, her having abstracted a gold chain from her (Mrs. Headly's) wardrobe."

"She could not have done it, Mrs. Colgar, if little Maria had been her own child! Had one of mine been guilty of such an act, I would have chastised her, pleaded, reasoned with her—prayed for her; but I could not in that manner have exposed her depravity."

"Permit me," said Mrs. Colgar, waving her hand: "Mrs. Headly, merely through the refinement of her language, was misunderstood by some of the company, and one of them, Mrs. Brentford, was imprudent enough to enter into a private conversation with another about it, in the presence of her own daughter, expressing, in her coarse way, her horror of a child that had a thieving propensity, and regretting that she had not asked whether Mrs. Headly had recovered the chain. The conversation was repeated the next day at school, no doubt with exaggeration, by the little girl, and the consequence was, I am told, quite a scene, the teachers being obliged to interfere."

"That was the point about which I was particularly informed," interposed Mrs. Dewer. "Little

Maria was almost frantic with distress, and the next morning Mr. Headly went to the principal and demanded permission to make an explanation before the whole school. He emphatically denied the culpability of his daughter, stating that, on the occasion in question, she had wished, through a childish vanity, to have some ornament to wear at an examination fête, and that Mrs. Headly, not being at home to furnish her with what she desired, she had supplied herself with the chain, neither attempting secrecy nor conscious of impropriety. He remarked, as his reason for interposing so openly in what appeared a very trifling matter, that the character borne in childhood is often remembered to the advantage or injury of an individual in after life, and that he could not be satisfied to know that of his daughter tainted with the suspicion of a vice so disgraceful."

"Mr. Headly is a very ordinary man," said Mrs. Colgar; "his conduct grieved his wife exceedingly, and caused her immediate withdrawal. In consequence, too, of his imprudent interference, the husbands of several other members insisted on their abandoning the association, and, with the reduction of our number, the meetings so decreased in interest that it was no longer desirable to hold them."

"I am afraid our human nature is too imperfect to allow such a system to work very smoothly," observed Mrs. Dewer; and as Mrs. Colgar seemed to disdain an argument, she asked, to change the subject—"How do your little girls proceed in their studies?—so rapidly, I suppose, that it will soon be beyond my ability to understand their recitations?"

"Their attainments are, I believe, unusual to children so young, though not sufficiently so to satisfy my wishes. There is nothing like disciplining the mind from the earliest infancy. It is contrary to my theory to make an exhibition of their knowledge, but as you are a particular friend, and a young mother desirous of investigating the merits of different systems, I shall call them down, and give you a few specimens of their exercises. You can have no idea of how frequently I am called upon to do it. Charlotte, I am obliged to confess, is now in confinement for failing in her trigonometrical lesson, but the younger two are at liberty. They ought, indeed, to have been down before now, to make acquaintance with these little strangers, but I was so much interested in your conversation—" She then rang the bell, and gave orders that the children should be summoned.

"You would be quite surprised," continued Mrs. Colgar, "at the taste they evince for classical studies. Lucia, though but six years old or a little better, is perfectly mistress of the three first declensions of Latin nouns, and Jane, who is but five, can repeat the whole Greek alphabet, and is entirely familiar with ten of the characters."

Mrs. Dewer expressed her astonishment, and the children entered—two pallid, meagre little creatures, with dull, sunken eyes, prominent foreheads, and their scanty hair cropped close to their disproportionately large heads. They looked vacantly at

the little Dunhams, and then repeated, monotonously, after their mother, the salutations proper for the reception of their visitors. They were immediately called to their recitations, and, in parrot-like voices, the elder ran through her declensions, and the younger through her Alpha, Beta, Gamma, to the proper delight and edification of Mrs. Dewer, who regretted her own want of classical acquirements.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Colgar, "little Master Dunham can take his turn with you in answering scientific questions;" and Willy was directed to come forward, looking very much puzzled to know what was to be done with him. "Now, Jane, tell us to which of the natural kingdoms that pier-glass belongs?"

"The mineral and vegetable—the glass, mineral; the gilding of the frame, mineral, and the wood, vegetable," answered Jane, glibly.

"What is a mineral, Lucia?"

"A substance without life or organization, found on or under the surface of the earth."

"Now, Master Dunham, of what substance is this pen?"

"Feathers," said Willy.

"Animal substance," corrected Jane.

"And your merino dress, Jane?"

"Animal."

"Why, Lucia?"

"Because it is manufactured from the hairy covering of a quadruped, of the family *ovis*, called in English a sheep."

After this display of learning had been continued for some minutes, it was given up through pity for Willy Dunham, who discredited himself more and more by his invariably unscientific answers, and who, on being released from his examination, manifested his satisfaction by offering to one of the little girls the cake which he had brought in his pocket. Mrs. Colgar intercepted it, with an exclamation of—"Trash! poison! I am glad to perceive, my dears, that you have been so obedient to my prohibition and shown no inclination to accept it. There are few children, I believe, Mrs. Dewer, that have not been indulged sometimes in the deleterious compounds devised in such variety to pamper the appetite, yet I have been so vigilant, that mine, I can confidently assert, would not be able to distinguish the taste of one from that of another."

"Those are uncommonly fine children," remarked Mrs. Dewer, looking admiringly at the Dunhams.

"Physically they are," returned Mrs. Colgar; "yet I fear that the more precious part is already allowed to run to waste. Mrs. Dunham is not yet fully awakened, I should judge, to the vital importance of infantile tuition. Oh! how early should the seeds of knowledge be sown! When will mothers devote themselves with their whole hearts to the momentous charge of developing the minds instead of gratifying the palates and adorning the persons of their offspring?" and she glanced at Willy's pretty cap and at the rejected cake, which he was again depositing in his pocket.

Hester now arose to go, and the little girls were informed that they might attend their visitors to the door, and should then return to the school-room.

"Give my compliments to Mrs. Dunham," said Mrs. Colgar, "and say that I will call in a few days and bring her a new treatise, which will greatly assist her in commencing the education of her children."

The parlour door had scarcely closed after them, when Jane, seizing the arm of Willy, demanded, in a sharp but suppressed tone—"Where's the cake mother wouldn't let me have? Give it here, and she won't know any thing about it."

Willy complied, and Lucia sprang forward to snatch it.

"Give me some," said she; "I'll have the biggest piece, for you kept most all the candy we bought with the fip we took from mother's work-box."

"I won't give you any, for you got all the marmalade old Lize sneaked from the store-room."

Upon this refusal, her arm was grasped by her sister and pinched so violently that no child except one well trained to concealment could have borne an outcry. Lucia possessed herself of a piece of the cake, and with clenched teeth and flashing eyes they looked at each other, deliberating what to do next, when the two ladies were heard approaching from the parlour. Instantaneously, they resumed their former dull, quiet expression, and hiding their booty under their aprons, received demurely the parting salutations of Mrs. Dewer.

The last lady named by Mrs. Dunham, a Mrs. Towson, lived on their direct way home, and at her house Hester again sent in the name of her trio. They had waited but a few moments in the passage, when Mrs. Towson herself made her appearance.

"Well, nurse, you have brought the little things at last," said she; "I am glad of it. I watched for them all day yesterday, and also this morning, and began to fear that Mrs. Dunham's courage had failed her. Bring them after me to the nursery. Poor children—it seems like betraying them into trouble, but we can't look for them to be exempt from the evils that belong to our nature, and the sooner they pass through them the better."

At a loss to understand her, Hester followed her up stairs to the nursery, and on entering, observed a little child lying in the middle of the floor, coughing so violently that his mouth was covered with foam, and his bloodshot eyes seemed starting from his head.

"Has he the hooping-cough," she inquired, apprehensively.

"Yes; he is the only one that has it now, and his fits of coughing are less severe than they have been. It is more important, however, that you should see the girls immediately; the rash is going off the elder ones, but it is still out finely on the baby. Come and kiss the little sick children—won't you, dears?"

Hester had by this time perceived the red and

pimpled faces of two little girls, tossing about in a trundle bed, and, in the arms of a nurse, that of a still redder baby.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said she, "but I wouldn't for the world have brought them where they could catch either the whooping-cough or measles. Mrs. Dunham has such a dread of both;" and she was about to make a precipitate retreat.

"Stop—stop, nurse," called Mrs. Towson; "is it possible that Mrs. Dunham did not apprise you of the object of your errand here? I met her a few days ago in the street, when the measles were just appearing among my children, and suggested that she should send hers down for the benefit of contagion, as it is so much better that these necessary diseases should come on in the spring than at any other season."

"There must have been some misunderstanding, ma'am," returned Hester, anxiously. "Mrs. Dunham told me that she had seen you, and that you had kindly given her an invitation for the children; and also she said that some of yours had been indisposed—but I think she could not have understood what was the matter with them, or she would have mentioned it;" and she hurried her little charges through the door.

"Of course, you are justifiable in not staying with them if she did not order it," said Mrs. Towson, coolly; "yet I cannot help saying that I think it very singular I should have made so little impression on Mrs. Dunham, while I was showing so much interest for her children, and so much inclination to lighten her cares by explaining to her the proper method of treating them during illness. I have so large a family that my experience should be worth something to a young mother. And that my conversation did make but little impression, is evident to me through your uneasiness, for I know that in all that relates to her children, she has so much confidence in you that she would have told you something about the matter."

The truth was, that when stopped on the specified occasion in the street, Mrs. Dunham, who had set out shopping, was so much engaged in deliberating, within herself, upon French chintz and mousseline de laine for wearing apparel, that she could attend to but few of Mrs. Towson's communications; and afterwards she merely recollected the apparent solicitude with which that lady had urged an early call from her children.

Hester, who had been much embarrassed what answer to make, now hastened home, and lost no time in revealing what she regarded as the disastrous finale of her afternoon's round. Mrs. Dunham was seriously discomposed, for, like most mothers, she had always been anxious to defer the evil hour of disease as long as possible; but the danger could not now be averted, and she spoke of it as calmly as she was able. The children were

offered their usual supper of bread and milk, but the indulgence they had received from Miss Patty and Mrs. Brice had spoiled their appetite for such simple fare, and they were prepared for bed. Whilst undressing the baby, Hester gave Mrs. Dunham a conscientious detail of their adventures; and though the mother made no comments, excepting to express her fears of the result of their overfeeding, and to repeat her regret for their admission into the infected atmosphere of Mrs. Towson's nursery, she felt that she had no reason to triumph in the success of her progeny.

After tea, the sociable Miss Dexter came in to spend the evening.

"Were your little folks much fatigued from their walk?" she asked; and added—"I cannot forbear to tell you that I was on thorns about them all the afternoon, and to advise you, as a sincere friend, to be careful to what places you send them visiting. I happened to encounter them in several houses, and had a fair opportunity to decide upon the amount of attachment which certain persons bear towards you."

Mrs. Dunham prudently made an effort to escape any particulars, but the subject was one of too much value to her guest to be easily abandoned. In addition to what Hester had overheard, she repeated that Mrs. Hallowell remarked, with her majestic air, that she did not think Mrs. Dunham could be very well up to society to be guilty of the bad taste of sending her children for exhibition to people who could have no possible interest in them.

"I was not so much surprised at Mrs. Hallowell," continued Miss Dexter, "as I was at a speech of Mrs. Fenwick's. You and she have been intimate from your girlhood, and I really thought you might rely on her friendship, yet after the children had gone, she observed slyly that she was under the impression something was wrong with Mr. Dunham's affairs, from the fact of his children's being dressed with such scrupulous economy. I also stepped for a few minutes to see Mrs. Towson on my way here. She seemed quite short when I spoke about you, though for what reason she did not explain, as she was very busy with her sick youngsters. She, however, took occasion to observe that you had sent yours to see her in the afternoon. She could not imagine for what reason, unless it was to get them off your own hands for a while. 'Mrs. Dunham,' she said, 'could hardly have supposed I required their company for my amusement. When I need any thing of that kind, I have seven of my own to supply it to me.'"

"It was the first visiting expedition of my children," said Mrs. Dunham, quietly, "and before you came in I had made up my mind it should be their last."

EPITOME OF ASTRONOMY.

BY REV. GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

ONE of the great objects to be attained in the pursuit of any science, is the development and strengthening of the various powers of the mind. If with this we can combine the highest possible pleasure, we have attained the acme of terrestrial happiness. With these in view, there is, perhaps, no one so worthy of our attentive consideration as the science of astronomy. Other sciences are connected directly with earth—they have their source and centre here. But this, disdaining to be confined by terrestrial limits, claims as its appropriate sphere the regions of space—selecting worlds and systems as the subjects of its dominion, and not resting contented while one refractory orb refuses to transmit a copy of its constitution and laws to the seat of universal empire.

The starry firmament—the field of astronomical research—is an object of universal admiration to the learned and the illiterate, the old and the young. The child has often

“———paused at set of sun
To gaze upon the golden sky,
And view the stars, as one by one
They deck the coronet on high.”

The poet has caught new inspiration while beholding

“Their mystic dance
O'er heaven's imperial pavement.”

And the philosopher has had his mind strengthened, his feelings elevated, and his heart improved, while viewing those same sources from which the pure, perennial fountains of pleasure send forth their cooling streams to refresh the wearied mind. The heavenly bodies afford an ever-varying, but never-failing source of delight, whether we contemplate them as “diamonds sparkling in the noon of night,” or as worlds, the residence of pure, ethereal intelligences, or of beings like ourselves. For we cannot suppose that the Great Creator would have formed so many and of such vast dimensions as we know some of these to be, and then left them without any inhabitants to witness his glory and to be the happy recipients of his goodness. But how little do we *know* of these things! The human mind, with all its pride of intellect, here finds itself compelled to yield to superior wisdom, and acknowledge its own weakness and insufficiency.

In the study of astronomy, the first great subject to which our attention is directed, is the solar system, consisting of eleven primaries, which, with their secondaries, or satellites, eighteen in number, revolve around the sun as their common centre. The following beautiful miniature representation

of the solar system, as given by Sir John Herschell, may aid our conception and assist in investing the whole with the confidence of reality. “Represent the *Sun* by a globe of two feet in diameter. *Mercury* will be represented by a grain of mustard seed on the circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter for its orbit; *Venus*, a pea on a circle 284 feet in diameter; the *Earth*, also, a pea on a circle 430 feet; *Mars*, a rather large size pin's head on a circle of 654 feet; *Juno*, *Ceres*, *Vesta* and *Pallas*, grains of sand in orbits of from 1000 to 1200 feet; *Jupiter*, a moderate size orange on a circle nearly half a mile across; *Saturn*, a small size orange on a circle four-fifths of a mile; and *Uranus*, a full size cherry or small plum upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half.” Such is the relative view of the solar system as presented in miniature. But if we change the ball of two feet in diameter into one of 882,000 miles in diameter, or into a body 1,384,472 times larger than the earth, and make the corresponding changes in the other numbers, we shall have some correct idea of the comprehensive whole. How vast a field for investigation! What mind so capacious as to take in the whole at a single view, or fully comprehend any one of the parts! Even of the planet which we inhabit, we know but little compared with the vast amount which remains unknown. A few interesting facts have been ascertained concerning our nearest neighbour, the Moon. The laws of gravitation, which have since been found to govern the entire system, and even to extend their influence to other systems, were first proved by observation with reference to her. Of the moon's physical condition we know but little. Mountains checker the surface, the highest of which, as ascertained by their shadows, are about one mile and three-quarters high. But no clouds are found to cast their delightful shade over her diversified surface during the short but burning summer of two weeks' duration, or to moisten the parched soil after the excessive heat of that short but constantly recurring period. From this fact, it has been supposed that no atmosphere surrounds her capable of supporting human life. If we pass from the moon to other members of our system, we find greater obstacles and fewer facilities for investigations of this character. Their relative distances, densities and magnitudes have been determined. The elements of their orbits are also known. Beyond these we know comparatively nothing. Yet these are abundantly sufficient to demonstrate the existence of some of the general laws of nature—laws which are as immutable as

the system which they regulate, and which prove, most conclusively, that the great Author of the universe has not left his works to the control of blind chance, but manifests the same power in their government as was exhibited in their creation.

Vast as is the field already glanced at, yet we are not confined in our investigations to such narrow limits. By the aid of powerful instruments, we are not only enabled to leave the earth but also the system of which it forms a part. Other *systems* have been discovered, and their motions and periodic times ascertained with considerable certainty. These are generally composed of two bodies, revolving around their common centre of gravity, and apparently subject to the same general laws which regulate the members of the solar system. About forty such systems of binary stars have been investigated and their motions determined, some requiring a period of no less than 1200 years to complete a single revolution, while others perform it in the comparatively short space of forty-three years—a period only little more than half that occupied by Uranus in describing its orbit around the sun. Here we are not dealing with *planets*, but with *suns*—each, perhaps, the centre of a system of planetary worlds concealed from us only by their great distance and the intense and united light of their respective centres.

Some of these binary stars exhibit the beautiful phenomena of contrasted or complimentary colours.

“Other suns, perhaps,
With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light,
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stored in each orb, perhaps, with some that live.”

In such instances, the larger sun is usually of a red or orange hue, while the smaller one appears blue or green. “It may be easier suggested in words,” says Herschell, “than conceived in imagination, what variety of illumination *two suns*—a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue one—must afford a planet circulating about either; and what charming contrasts and ‘grateful vicissitudes’ a green and red day, for instance, alternating with a white one and with darkness, might arise from the presence or absence of one or other or both above the horizon.”

Although many things may be ascertained concerning these different systems, yet we have as yet no known means of determining their distances from us or from one another. We only know that it is immense without being able to assign a limit within which to place them.

In order to form a correct idea of the vastness of the fruits of astronomical research, we must cease to regard the stars which

“Stand marshaled on the mighty plain”

as stars simply, and contemplate them in their true character as *suns*. That such is their real character, is evident from their fixedness and their distance. Excepting the solar and binary systems

already mentioned, almost all the remainder are denominated *fixed stars*, from their apparent stationary situation upon the surface of the celestial sphere. Their distance from us cannot be determined directly. It is so great, however, that no change has been discovered in their size or brilliancy when seen from either extremity of the earth’s orbit, although at one time we may be 190,000,000 of miles nearer to them than at another! From annual parallax observations made at the extremities of the transverse axis of the earth’s orbit, it has been ascertained that the distance from us to the nearest fixed star cannot be *less* than nineteen millions of millions of miles! How much greater it really is we do not know.* Supposing the nearest fixed star to be at no greater distance, its light—travelling at the rate of 180,000 miles per second—would require about three years to reach the earth! Some astronomers have thought the actual time very much greater; and even Herschell supposes there are stars whose light would require one thousand years to reach us. When we compare the shortest possible period with eight minutes, the time occupied by light in coming from the sun to the earth, we can form some faint conception of their immense remove from us. Many of these even exceed the sun in their actual brilliancy. Dr. Wollaston has concluded, from direct photometrical experiments, that the light of *Sirius* is nearly equal to fourteen suns!

In a clear night, the naked eye reveals to us but about 2000 stars, embracing the first and sixth magnitudes inclusive; but by the aid of powerful glasses, those of as low an order as the seventeenth have been discovered. Between the sixth and seventeenth orders, the number is innumerable. More than 40,000 have been distinctly noticed and mapped down. The attention of astronomers has been directed to the point whether or not we belong to a detached stratum of stars. The result of their investigations has been—that we do. With a space penetrating telescopic power, reaching more

*The following *alleged* discovery of the parallax of one of the fixed stars, and perhaps the nearest, was reported some months ago in the German scientific periodicals.

“Mr. Bezzel, a German astronomer, has made one of the greatest discoveries of modern times, by having ascertained the parallax of the double star 61 Cygni. He found, from repeated observations made from August, 1837, to March, 1840, that the parallax of a cygnia did not exceed thirty-one hundredths of a second, which places the distance of that star from us at nearly 670,000 that of the sun, or which is nearly sixty-four millions of millions of miles, or, more nearly, 63,650,000,000,000 miles. This immense distance can better be conceived when we state, that if a cannon ball were to traverse this vast space at the rate of twenty miles a minute, it would occupy more than six millions of years in coming from that star to our earth; and if a body could be projected from our earth to 61 Cygni, at thirty miles an hour, which is about the same rate as carriages on rail-roads travel, it would occupy at least ninety-six millions of years. Light, which travels more than eleven millions of miles in a minute, would occupy about twelve years in coming from that star to our earth.”

than five hundred times the distance of Sirius, it has been determined that we belong to a stratum or cluster of stars whose length is about one thousand times the distance between *Sirius* and the sun, and whose thickness is about two hundred times the same distance. A great many other similar strata or clusters have been discovered, some of which even exceed our own in magnitude! One of these, seen in the constellation *Lyra*, appears nearly circular, and is one of the most beautiful objects of telescopic investigation.

The inquiring mind often seeks, with anxious solicitude, for the reasons why so many vast and luminous bodies are scattered throughout the regions of space. It cannot be to afford their mild but inefficient light to us during the absence of the sun. And we cannot avoid the conclusion that "these are themselves suns, and may, perhaps, each in its sphere, be the presiding centre around which other planets—or bodies of which we can form no conception from any analogy offered by our own system—may be circulating."

Are all these various systems separated, disconnected, having no bond of union whatever subsisting between them as members of the same great community? To entertain such a supposition would be far more difficult than to suppose that the same influences which bind the members of one system to each other by indissoluble bands, extends throughout all space, uniting in perfect harmony all the parts of the vast creation. Systems may be united with systems, like a band of lovely sisters, thus constituting a new order; and these again uniting, may produce a similar organization—and these again, another; while Heaven itself, the centre of all happiness and the blissful abode of unveiled Deity, may be the common centre of the whole!

"Omnipotence the corner stone
Of all creation laid,
And by indissoluble bands
A lasting union made.

"A noble structure—vast, sublime—
One great harmonious whole—
Shall speak his praise while time endures
Or endless ages roll."

Could we range the universe at pleasure, and reaching its utmost limits, plant our feet on

"Th' extremest orb of Nature's farthest bound,"

what a delightful prospect would be presented to our wondering eyes. Before us, and in the dim distance, world upon world and system upon system are spread out in all the splendour and profusion of which the mind can conceive; while behind us is nought but space—immeasurable, boundless, infinite space, without one object upon which the weary eye can rest to relieve the painful void. How delightful such a situation to contemplate the vastness of the creation, and thence upon the threshold of nature's infinite temple, adore the majesty of the Creator. But where can such a place be found! Shall we transport ourselves to the most distant member of our own family? We have seen that there are other systems, whose distance from us must be immeasurably greater than that of the remotest planet. Shall we place ourselves upon the most distant of these, beneath a blue, a red, a purple, or a golden sky, and thence view the widespread manifestations of Jehovah's handiwork? Even then we could not see the whole—for beyond their utmost limits, worlds on worlds in numbers infinite still, mark the distance in advance. And when all these are passed, and the imagination, with weary wing, seeks a resting-place upon their utmost verge, an infinitude of worlds remains still unexplored—and even space itself seems converted into innumerable systems, which obstruct her vision and impede her progress. Wearied and discouraged, she attempts a return; but the dim light of her native earth has faded; the sun, whose rays illumined the earlier part of her journey, diminished to the feeblest star, has long since ceased to be visible. No polar star directs her course, by whose familiar guidance she may once more behold those scenes endeared by early association; but lost in immensity, she veils her face—and kneeling before the central altar of the Temple of Deity, adores the Author of the whole, and seeks a more complete knowledge of Himself, His attributes and His works.

THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT WIND.

BY JOHN LOGON.

How like the wail of deepest woe,
The moan which on the night wind swell,
And die away till soft and low,
As music of the streamlets flow,
Or mimic surge of ocean shell,
Lyre of the winds, no earthly strings,
Can utter thoughts which thine can tell,

Whilst lulled beneath thy shadowy wings,
Thy mournful voice to memory brings,
The loved, the lost, the long farewell;
The light of youth's bright sunny days,
Sheds o'er the soul its distant rays,
Like twilight beams of eve's lone star,
Dim twinkling in the depths afar.

VISITS TO THE PAINTERS.

BY AN AMATEUR.

It is pleasant on a leisure afternoon to roam about town and lounge for half an hour in each of the painters' studios; to watch the progress of those delightful creations of genius which are destined to adorn the saloons of the fashionable and the galleries of the tasteful lovers of art, of whom, thank Heaven, there are a few left in these latter days of dulness and dollars.

We frequently surprise Rothermel with his charcoal or chalk in hand, striking out those masterly studies of Spanish figures, which are to be introduced into his great historical painting of "*Cortes before Mexico*." There is Alvarado, leaning on the spear with which he took his immortal leap, the *Salto d'Alvarado*, on the "melancholy night" of the retreat from Montezuma's capital. There is the "ever composed" and heroic Sandoval, gazing on the newly-discovered city where he is destined to gain an undying fame; and that figure seated on the ground, a little weary with the weight of his armour, may be old Bernal Diaz himself, meditating a chapter of his "True History of the Conquest,"—quaint, ingenuous old Bernal Diaz, who was not ashamed to confess that he was very often horribly frightened, expecting every moment to be taken and minced up and eaten by those villainous heathen savages, or to have his heart torn out and laid on the altars of their execrable idols; and he believed, moreover, that the rest were as much frightened as himself, notwithstanding all their boasting.

Rothermel seems to have a penchant for the heroic age of our western world—for we have had our age of chivalry as well as Europe. Columbus and Cortes and Soto, Rothermel's favourites, were all belted knights in their time—and knights errant, too, for they wandered further in quest of adventures than even the Crusaders.

Sometimes Rothermel takes up the revolutionary period, and it is darkly intimated that he has more than one subject on his easel which the engraver will have the pleasure of introducing some day to the readers of the *Lady's Book*. This will be a treat of no ordinary character, we promise them.

Sully confines his pencil chiefly to portraits, in which department he has long held pre-eminence. When we call upon him, we stop a few moments in the ante-room to admire the sketches and studies which adorn its walls. Then we tap gently at the door of the grand painting hall, with its almost Rembrandtish light. The smiling face of the ever-urbane and good-natured man of genius appears, and we are welcomed to the studio, saving and ex-

cepting when the great arm-chair is occupied by a sitter. Here we see the progress of that splendid portrait of Miss Leslie, and that smiling group of children, both of which are "being painted,"—as the Grammar King would say,—"being painted" for the *Lady's Book*. We wish Sully would paint grand historical subjects oftener; and considering the great popularity of his "*Washington Crossing the Delaware*," it is really surprising that he has not. He set a noble example in that picture, which our American artists would do well to imitate more frequently. There is a fine historical portrait of Decatur by Sully, which might serve as a model for pictures of naval and military heroes. His late equestrian portrait of Washington belongs to the same class. It is a magnificent affair, and ought to be bought, at a princely price, and placed in some state capitol or in the legislative halls, or the President's mansion at the seat of government of the United States. Sully, as all the world knows, paints exquisitely beautiful portraits of ladies. His praise is in all the parlours.

Croome is engaged on historical subjects. He is now drawing subjects from Egyptian, Grecian and Roman history, for the forthcoming *Pictorial History of the World of Professor Frost*. His pencil is one of the most prolific in our country, and the large number of his designs which appear in books have rendered his name familiar to some millions of people, who will never have the pleasure, like ourselves, of lounging in his studio and seeing how deftly he handles that delicate pencil which seems equally at ease upon a pyramid or upon a peach. He has just finished, by the way, a fruit piece for the all-grasping Godey, who lays every good artist he can catch under contribution.

One must find his way down to the Mansion House in order to see Freeman at work. He paints miniatures of queens and dukes and presidents. His finish is like enamel; his likenesses are astounding. You expect every moment to see the lips move and say, "How d'y'e do?" the features of your friends are so marvellously like. His reputation is so splendid that the *Lady's Book* must have him. One of his miniatures is already in Armstrong's hand and will soon appear.

Are you fond of the grand and terrible, the dashing and picturesque in effect, step with me into Hamilton's studio. That river view, with the battle and a ship exploding with a mighty crash, is the storming of Fort Mifflin. It is painted by way of a battle-ground picture for Godey. So is its companion—the Ruins of Red-Bank. This is a fine counterpart to the other—this tranquil, woody

scene, with the crumbling walls and the lone monument to poor Count Donop's memory.

When the weather is fine, we sometimes drive out to Milestown and visit that prince of landscape painters, Russell Smith. His residence, "bosomed high in tufted trees," is a gem of art itself—a perfect artist's cottage, with picturesque views in every direction, and a little world of romantic beauty within the enclosure of his park walls. What a pleasure to visit him and tumble over those inexhaustible portfolios of sketches, painted under

every aspect of the heavens in every region of our country. And then it is so pleasant to hear the modest, but profoundly learned and tasteful remarks of the artist as he turns them over. It is a great treat to visit Russell Smith's studio. Before he was monopolized by the State of Virginia to paint the historical scenes of the ancient dominion, Godey used to take us out to his residence once a week; and then it was that he secured those battle-ground views which are destined to adorn the Lady's Book.

LETTER FROM NAHANT.

BY LYNN BARD.

In my snug little cot, by the ocean side,
I sit and list to the roar of the tide,
As the storm-wind rolls it in sullen shocks
Against the dark barrier of wave-worn rocks,
That in rude and majestic masses stand
And frown o'er the beach of shining sand.
'Tis an awful scene, in the midnight hour,
When the tempest rages in all its power,
And the mountain wave, by the strong wind driven
On the craggy cliff, is torn and riven,
And writhes and foams as 'tis rent asunder,
And roars with a rage that mocks the thunder!
Then the storm-tost ship no shelter finds,
But dashes and plunges before the winds,
While the sails are rent, and the splintered mast
Bends, breaks and splits in the angry blast,
And the sailors—their last fond hopes who cherish—
Cast their boat adrift, to sink and perish!
Such scene I saw as the morning light
Dawned heavy and slow on a stormy night,—
And the ship, that for twelve long hours had striven,
By the reckless tide was rent and riven,—
And the helpless sailors, a weary band,
Lay strewn in corpses along the sand!
Yet safe we slept in our little cot—
In a humble, perhaps, but a quiet lot;
And we love to look on the boundless sea
As it sleeps in the sunlight pleasantly,
And the day goes down in peaceful smiles
O'er the beach, and the cape, and the ocean isles.
Then the deep tide rings, as it slowly swells,
The porphyry pebbles and white sea shells;
And the billows, they sing a rippling tune,—
And the moon comes up—the bright, sweet moon,
And her light is spread o'er the shining bay,
Where the seal, and the loon, and the wild duck play;
And they look like specks on the silver sea,
Whose margin reflects the rock and tree.
And often I wish thou wert here with me,
That we might these beauties together see;
We would talk of their might and their loveliness,
And thank the good Being who deigns to bless
Our lives with such sights and sounds of joy,
And gives to our minds such sweet employ.
Each joyous morn, and each cheerful night,
We would praise Him who gives us such pure delight,
And has made our souls to understand

The wonders and works of His bounteous hand.
We would not sleep, like the brute and the clod,
Which feel no joy and know no God,—
But, like spirits placed on this earthly sphere,
We would taste the pure joys of angels here,—
We would drink delight with the evening dew,
And each glad morn should our bliss renew,—
And the sultry noon and the dark midnight,
Should but vary our scenes of sweet delight.
Oh! would there not be the refinement of bliss
In a life of devotion and love like this?
'Twould be sweet to enjoy it with one, as I've known,
But now I must breathe it, in silence—alone!
Yet I am not alone—for my children are here
By my side, whom I love and cherish dear;
And the kit, as she sits upon Arthur's knee,
Partakes of the joy as well as we;
While Llewellyn reads in his book a tale
Of the shipwrecked bark, with its riven sail.
Thus we together enjoy delight
At the dappled morn and the dim twilight,
And the evening taper sheds its beam
On the converse sweet and the poet's dream;
For here full many a tale is wove,
Of friendship and truth and maiden's love,
Which, haply, when I am gone to my sleep,
May cause some gentle heart to weep!
But now they think little of poet's song,
Because my hair is so curly and long!
Yet when I am dead they will grieve and sigh,
To think I was passed neglected by,
While many a one, less gifted and free,
Enjoyed the reward should have been for me.
Yet Mary's friendship I'll ever treasure—
'Twill be a fond source of purest pleasure.
I'll think, while others were cold and sad,
Her spirit was always warm and glad,—
And her cheek wore a smile and her eye was bright,
And she welcomed the poet with pure delight.
Then she came, like a spirit of light, to bless
The bard in his silent loneliness,—
And she rambled with him in the shady grove,
And told him her thoughts with a SISTER'S love;
And they sat together, the poet and she,
In the cottage parlour, joyously,—
And their friendship was fond, and warm, and pure—
And so may it be while time shall endure.

EMMA'S BIRDS.

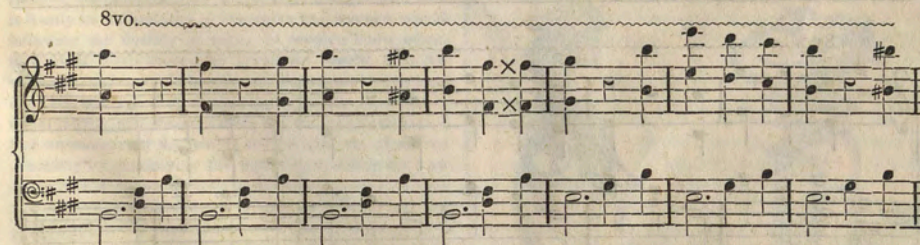
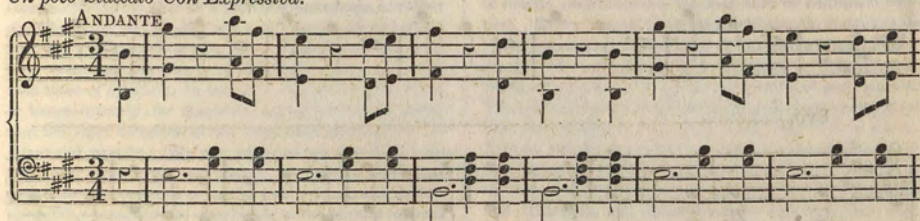
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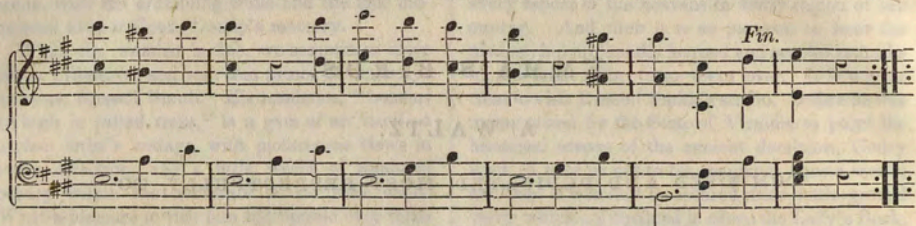
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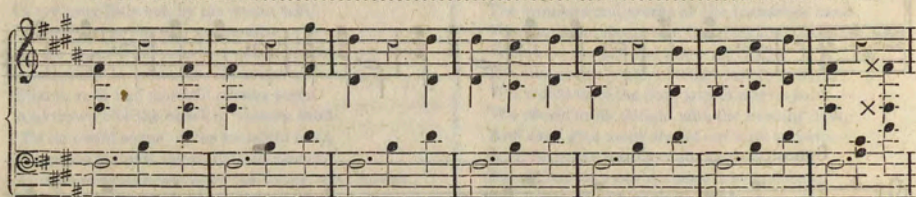
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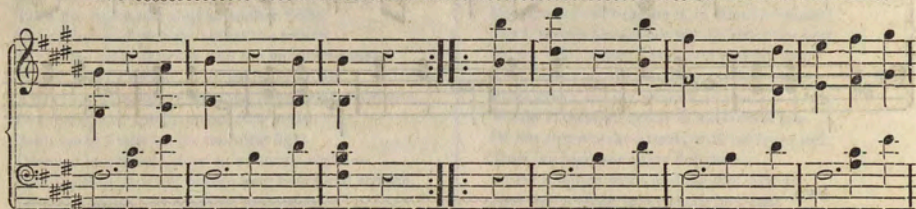
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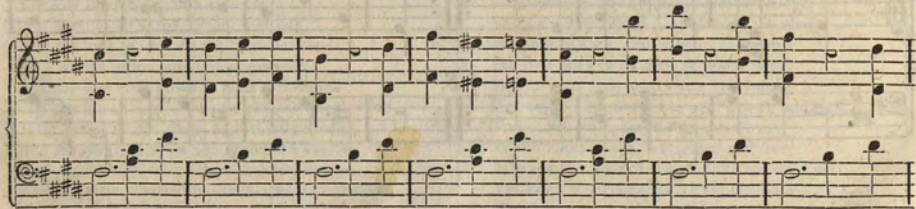
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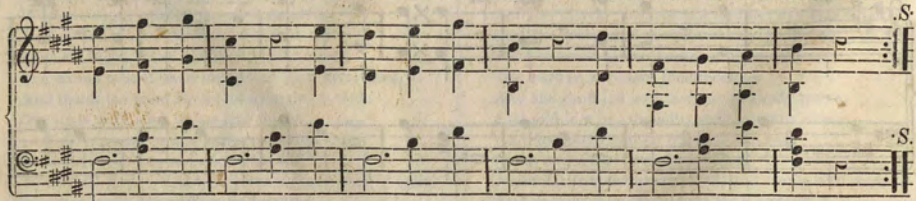
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EDITORS' TABLE.

THE wheel of Time "hath come full circle" again, and the twenty-ninth volume of the *Lady's Book* closes with this number. There is no instance in our country of a merely literary publication continuing to be so long sustained. It certainly affords cause of just exultation to our own sex, so frequently accused of vacillation and the love of novelty, that the ladies of America have steadily supported *one periodical* for fifteen long years. Nor has this been done as a matter of patronage, or rather eleemosynary aid to a Journal which could not otherwise compete with its rivals. No; our subscribers have been free, voluntary friends, tendering their names with the assurance of sympathy in the cause we have so earnestly at heart—namely, the improvement of female education and the right direction of the vast moral and mental influence of woman. We are happy to say that these subjects have, with every year since the *Lady's Book* was established, been gaining on the public mind, and that its exceeding popularity is ascribable to the faithful manner with which our plan has been pursued. That we do not overrate the importance of our work, we will give an extract from an article on Female Education, written by one of the popular English writers of the day, the Rev. Sydney Smith, a man whose caustic wit and clear, good sense, will exonerate him from all suspicion of "soft flattery" to the sex.

"Why the disproportion in knowledge between the two sexes should be so great when the inequality in natural talents is so small, or why the understanding of women should be lavished upon trifles when nature has made it capable of higher and better things, we profess ourselves not able to understand. The affectation charged upon female knowledge is best cured by making that knowledge more general; and the economy devolved upon women is best secured by the ruin, disgrace and inconvenience which proceed from neglecting it. For the care of children, nature has made a direct and powerful provision; and the gentleness and elegance of women are the natural consequence of that desire to please, which is productive of the greatest part of civilization and refinement, and which rests upon a foundation too deep to be shaken by any such modifications in education as we have proposed.

"If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying, beyond measure, the chances of human improvement by preparing and *mediating* those early impressions which always come from the mother, and which, in a great majority of instances, are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women would influence the destiny of men. If women knew more, men must learn more—for ignorance would then be shameful, and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world; it increases the pleasures of society by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest; it makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to the female character.

"The education of women favours public morals; it provides for every season of life as well as for the bright-

est and the best, and leaves a woman, when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she is now, destitute of every thing and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attraction of knowledge—diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature and receiving the just homage of learned and accomplished men."

While, therefore, the *Lady's Book* sustains justly the high character of carrying onward this important work of female improvement, we feel sure of continued success. Every year adds to our list of friends, and gives us better opportunities and surer means of carrying out our plans. The coming year will, we hope, be distinguished for the advancement of sound literature and good morals. The wild excitements which, for the last three years, have been sweeping over the public mind, must have a pause. Politics will no longer be the raging whirlwind that draws every thing (even the heart of woman, which should be the star above the storm.) into its vortex. The Mormons and Millerites, and other sectarian agitators, must lose their influence; and the flood of cheap and foreign publications is surely decreasing, and will no longer overwhelm native talent and good taste. In short, as the *Lady's Book* has gone on prospering hitherto, notwithstanding every obstacle, now, when the way before us looks clear and bright, the friends of moral and social improvement may anticipate a triumph. We shall endeavour to make our work worthy of our cause. Could we say more?

"Duty is invariable, fashion is fluctuating," and, therefore, we give the highest prominence to woman's duties; still we do not think these include a total disregard of things fashionable. We would have her first study to do what is good, and then seek, as far as possible, to make her goodness agreeable to others. It is right and proper that ladies should pay attention to their costume, and, so far as consistent with delicacy and condition in life, conform to the prevailing modes of dress. But they need not worship these fashions, nor consider their own attire as constituting any merit of character. The ephemeral nature of fashionable superiority would seem to be sufficient check to all vanity of display. What looks so odious, or rather ridiculous, as our antiquated fashions? We give below specimens of the dresses which were the "top of the mode" at the beginning of this century—the dresses of our mothers and grandmothers, when they figured as the belles of Broadway, Chestnut and Washington streets. Are they dresses to be proud of?





We shall continue our plates of authentic fashions during the coming year, with such teachings of the end

and aim of the influence of dress as, we trust, will be interesting and useful to all our readers.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles are accepted—"An Ode from Horace," "A Recall," "Ocean Music at Evening," "A Song for Thee," "Poetic Reveries," "The Voyage of Life," and "The Maiden Knight."

We have no room for the following articles—"The Belle of the Little Village," "For an Album," "The Knight of the Sable Plume," "The Spirit of Change," "Alas! I feel that e'er alone," "The Second Wife," "The Adopted Daughter," "Selfishness," "Musings," "Written for my Daughter's Album," "Too Soon," "A Hymn to Winter," and "The Sisters."

We have still a considerable number of MSS. on hand, but we hope to finish the examination of our old stock in the course of next month.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*The Gift for 1845*."—Messrs. Carey & Hart deserve great credit for the high standard of excellence which they maintain in their splendid annual, "*The Gift*." Original pictures cost a great deal of money; but they are satisfied with nothing short of original paintings from first rate masters—such as Page, Stuart, Leslie, Mount, Malbone, Durand and Huntington—engraved by Cheney, W. Humphreys, Pease and Dodson. It is the same with the writers. They are all of the first class—persons of caliber and character. Joseph C. Neal, H. W. Longfellow, Mrs. Kirkland, Anne C. Lynch, N. P. Willis, Edgar A. Poe, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Gilmore Simms and so on to the end of the chapter. This part of the operation is costly, too. But these publishers persist in making the best annual in the world, year after year, cost what it may; and we verily believe they have their reward. If they make no money by the operation, they have the satisfaction of sustaining the artistic and literary character of the country, and making even the London critics acknowledge that they are not to be beaten. "*The Gift*" for 1845 is not only the handsomest book, but it is the most rich, readable and entertaining of the season. That story of Neal's is incomparable—Poe's is in his best vein—Willis's is in his happiest mood. Indeed, all the contributors seem to have done their best. The engravings, as usual, are in the highest and most finished style of art.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have just issued "*Peter Ploddy and Other Oddities*," by Joseph C. Neal, with ten illustrations by Croome, from original designs by Darley." Here will be a treat for the lovers of genuine humour. Neal's last and best stories, with graphic illustrations by Darley and Croome, will afford a fund of the richest and spiciest entertainment.

Mr. Picot's *French Course*.—One of the most eminent French instructors in this country, Mr. Charles Picot, of Philadelphia, has recently commenced and is rapidly bringing out a complete series of books for instruction in the French language and literature. Of this we have Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6 before us. "No. 1, *First Lessons in French*," consists of rules and directions for the attainment of a just pronunciation, select pieces, sentences, colloquial phrases and words in general use conveniently arranged for double translation—from French into English and from

English into French. "No. 2, *The French Student's Assistant*," is a recapitulation of the most important grammatical examples and facts of the French language, with a key to pronunciation. These two books have been for a year in the schools of this city, and are very heartily approved by teachers. We have noticed them already. "No. 3, *Interesting Narrations in French*," consists of tales, fables and anecdotes, intended for reading, translation, and particularly for narration. By the free use of this volume the pupil soon learns to narrate any occurrence, with ease and freedom, in the French language. The *copia verborum* necessary for this purpose is acquired by the industrious and daily exercise of narration from the incidents and by means of the phraseology used in the book, which, of course, is pure and classical French. "No. 4, *Historical Narrations*," is a larger volume intended for the same purpose. It contains, besides, a very considerable amount of valuable historical information. No. 5 is still in press. "No. 6, *Fleurs de Parnasse Francaise*," is a volume of elegant extracts from the most approved productions of the best French poets. It is unnecessary for us to enlarge upon the utility of such a system of books as this, proceeding from such a source. The saloons of Philadelphia are filled with young ladies whose attainments in the French language and literature are a living testimony to the consummate practical ability of Mr. Picot as a teacher. This series of books is the result of twenty years' experience and reflection. They embody the fruits of a lifetime of labour and study. Teachers here well know their value. Our friends in other parts of the United States may order them with confidence for the use of their families and schools.

We have received from Little & Brown, publishers, Boston, the two first volumes of Sparks's "*American Biography*," new series, executed in the superior style which marks the works issuing from that establishment. There are four biographies in these books, namely, that of "The Cavalier de la Salle," written by the editor; "Patrick Henry," by A. H. Everett; "James Otis," by Francis Bowen; "James Oglethorpe," by Mr. B. O. Peabody. We need hardly add that the volumes are replete with interest. The illustrious subjects of these memoirs have found worthy biographers, and every American family

should treasure these writings as their most instructive and pleasant fireside friends.—From the same publishers we have "*Summer on the Lakes*," a very interesting work by Miss Fuller, well known to all who have read "*The Dial*," as a writer of much power and beauty. This volume will add to her reputation as an author.

The publishers of Boston get up their works in a beautiful manner, as we have evidence now before us from the house of William D. Ticknor, who has issued, in uniform style of print and binding, a series of English poetical works which cannot fail of being popular, both from their intrinsic excellence and the unique style in which they appear. We have the "Poems of Tennyson" in two volumes; of "Barry Cornwall," "Leigh Hunt" and "Motherwell," in one volume each; and better or more appropriate books for Christmas gifts and poetic keepsakes can hardly be found.

The Appletons have just published "*Incidents of Social Life amid the European Alps*, translated from the German of J. Heinrich D. Zschokke by Louis Strack." It comprises four first-rate nouvelles, translated from one of the best German writers of the day. It will, of course, have a great run.

Messrs. Ferritt and Co. have received two of Mrs. Holland's invaluable domestic tales, entitled "*Energy*" and "*Moderation*." Mrs. Holland has no superior as a writer for young people, and none of her works have ever been published in this cheap form before. They have also for sale "*A History of the Siege of Londonderry and Defence of Enniskillen*, in 1688 and 1689. By the Rev. John Graham, M.A., Rector of Tamloghtard, in the Diocese of Derry." This is a valuable historical work, printed in a cheap but elegant style. The paper and print are beautiful.

"*Rookwood*," by Harrison Ainsworth, has just been reprinted by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard. This is the novel by which Ainsworth established his reputation as a novelist. It is written in the melodramatic vein, and introduces supernatural agents with great effect. The ride of Dick Turpin to York is said to be the finest specimen of description in all modern fiction. Ainsworth leads a new school of novelists, in which excitement, stir and vivid emotion are the chief objects. He is by far the best of this school.

Messrs. Nafis & Cornish, of New York, have published "*The Wonders of History, comprising Remarkable Battles, Sieges, Feats of Arms and Instances of Courage, Ability and Magnanimity, occurring in the Annals of the World from the earliest ages to the present time. Embellished with several hundred Engravings on wood. Compiled from the best authorities, by John Frost, L.L.D., Author of Pictorial History of the United States.*" This is a royal octavo volume of near 600 pages, beautifully printed and embellished in the style of the Pictorial History of the United States. The historical information is of the most striking and impressive kind, at the same time that it affords an almost inexhaustible fund of entertainment. We commend this work to the notice of our friends in town and country as a suitable fire-side companion during the long evenings of autumn and winter.

Mr. Henry G. Langley, of New York, has recently published "*Atala*, by M. Le Vicomte de Chateaubriand, translated by M. J. Smead and H. P. Lefevre." It is in the form of a shilling pamphlet, on fine type and paper, and in a style to be bound uniformly with the other cheap publications of the same firm—such as the following. "*The Mysteries of the Heaths*," by Frederic Soulie, one of the most popular French novelists. "*Corinne, or Italy*," the most popular of all the works of Madame de Stael; and "*Ellen Woodville, or Life in the West*," a new and highly-interesting novel, giving graphic and lively views of western manners, customs and scenery.

Messrs. Harper & Brother have just published "*Medi-*

cines and their Uses and Mode of Administration; including a complete Conspectus of the three British Pharmacopias, an Account of all the New Remedies, and an Appendix of Formulae. By J. Moore Neilan, M.D. Edited by D. M. Reese, M.D., of Baltimore." This is an octavo of 453 closely printed pages. The title will sufficiently commend it to the notice of the medical faculty. It appears to us that it may also be used with great advantage as a book of reference by intelligent heads of families. The copious alphabetical index at the end of the volume will enable one at once to refer to any given medicine, and learn its properties, uses and mode of administration. The same publishers have just issued "*Jacobs' Scenes in the Pacific Ocean*," one of the most interesting books of the class.

Messrs. W. & S. B. Ives, of Salem, Mass., are delighting the young folks of all ages by their series of newly-invented games. Of the "*Improved and Illustrated Game of Dr. Busby*," ten thousand were sold the first year after its publication. Of the "*Mansion of Happiness*," twenty-five hundred copies were sold between December and March. The national game of the "*American Eagle*," is just published, and promises to be quite as interesting and popular as the others. It is well when children can find amusement brought to their homes and firesides in so attractive a form.

Mr. Henry G. Langley, of New York, has just published "*A Drama of Exile and Other Poems* by Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," author of the Seraphim and other poems. Among the living poets of England, this author enjoys a very eminent position. Her writings are of such a character as to exert a powerful influence among the imaginative, the religious and the reflecting portions of the reading public. The subject of the poem, which fills the greatest space in the first volume, is such as the boldest poet must approach with reverence, treading in the footsteps of Milton. Mrs. Barrett in this, as in her former volume, handles the most sacred and sublime topics with a force and ability which all must admit; while there will undoubtedly be many, attached, like ourselves, to old fashions, who will startle at the diction, unusual as it is, and find great difficulty in appreciating the new and daring flights of speculation which present themselves throughout all the productions of the new school, of which Mrs. Barrett is the chief ornament.

Mills's "*History of the Crusades*," appears from the firm of Messrs. Lea & Blanchard. It has long been acknowledged as a classical production in England, and will doubtless find its way into families and libraries in its cheap American edition, especially as the same publishers have also issued a cheap edition of the same author's "*History of Chivalry*," uniform with it. Each of these works, we are glad to observe, has an alphabetical index of subjects. Mr. Mills's able remarks on armour, costume and the customs of the middle ages, interspersed through these volumes, are of first-rate authority; and they give to the books the value of a classical dictionary of reference on all these topics. The reader of romance, as well as the reader of Froissart, Monstrelet and the other chroniclers and memoir writers, should keep a copy of Mills upon his table for reference. He will solve historic and antiquarian doubts, and help one out of difficulties. As reading books for evenings, Mills's "*Crusades and Chivalry*" are incomparable. They have the lively interest of the old chroniclers without their prolixity. That "circumbendibus garrulity" of the chroniclers, in such an age of short-hand reading as this, is a "leete trying" to a reader's patience.

Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, of this city, have just published "*The Illustrated Book of Christian Ballads*," edited by Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. This is a highly embellished work, with illuminated and gilded letters and titles, and all the engravings printed on tinted paper. The literary

part of the work is first rate, embracing a beautiful collection of devotional and religious poetry.

Messrs. Zeiber & Co. have published a "*Bowl of Punch*," consisting of the choicest articles from the London Punch, with a great number of embellishments.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published Vol. I. of "*The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith*," in the cheapest possible form. The merits of this work are known to our readers.

Messrs. Harper & Brother are publishing "*Sue's Wandering Jew*" in very cheap numbers.

Messrs. Thomas Cowperthwaite & Co. have just published the "*Cantus Ecclesie*," the long-expected book of church music prepared by those eminent and well-known professors—Darley and Stanbridge. It is beautifully executed, and the music is most conveniently arranged for the use of full choirs as well as private parties—accompaniments for the organ and piano being added to the usual harmony for voices. The great composers of Germany, Italy and England, as well as those of our own country, have all furnished their respective contingents. Our country friends cannot go amiss in ordering supplies of the Cantus Ecclesie for church choirs and singing schools.

Mr. Cunningham, in south Third street, is agent for Dunigan's splendid "*Pictorial edition of the Douay Bible*." This edition is embellished with elegant steel plates and illuminations in colours, and sold at 12½ cents per number. Those who are desirous to see a version of the Bible executed under the direction of the Catholic church, can obtain from Mr. Cunningham an edition both cheap and elegant.

Messrs. Ferritt & Co., No. 101 Chestnut street, are agents for Harper's splendid "*Pictorial Bible*," Hewitt's illustrated "*Shakspeare*," and "*Tales from Shakspeare*," "*M'Culloch's Gazetteer*," Neal's "*Peter Ploddy*" and "*Charcoal Sketches*," and the other serial, illustrated and cheap publications of the day. They have begun to publish in numbers a new pictorial edition of Mrs. Hall's "*Irish Tales*," with splendid wood-cuts and illuminations, to be sold by travelling agents. The specimens of this book which we have seen are superb.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and George S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, have just published a "*Narrative of a Visit to the Syrian Church of Mesopotamia, with Statements and Reflections upon the present state of Christianity in Turkey, and the Character and Prospects of the Eastern Churches*," by the Rev. Horatio Southgate, M. A. This book is by the accomplished author of the "*Tour through Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia and Mesopotamia*," which attracted so much attention and elicited so much approbation, both in this country and in Europe, on account of the author's exceedingly novel, intelligent and liberal views of the Mahometan nations and their religion. This work is written in the same enlightened and Christian spirit, and it will be eagerly sought by all who are anxious to understand the condition of the Mahometan countries in a moral and religious point of view, and the state of those few Christian churches which exist in Western Asia. The author has just been ordained Missionary Bishop for Turkey.

The same publishers have recently issued "*The Apostle's Doctrine and Fellowship—Five Sermons preached in the Principal Churches of his Diocese during his Spring Visitation, 1844*," by Rt. Rev. L. Silliman Ives, D.D., L.L.D., Bishop of North Carolina. These sermons are short, condensed into a few pages each, but marked with great vigour and classical purity of style. The subjects are those on which so much earnest discussion is now going on in the Episcopal Church, and the views are what are called High Church.

"*The Echo; or, Borrowed Notes for Home Circulation*," by Charles Fenno Hoffman, author of "*Greyslaer*," &c. We do not exactly like the title which the author has chosen, as it seems to us entirely with reference to the unjust imputations of the British reviewer. This is paying too great deference to English prejudice and misrepresentation. But the title is of little consequence, since the "*Poems*" have that intrinsic excellence which could redeem a much greater fault. We like the "*Vigil of Faith*" particularly; it is replete with beauty of sentiment, deep feeling and true poetic imagery, and the descriptions of American forest scenery and aboriginal character give it a high degree of interest, insuring it a long popularity. Some of the short poems are exquisitely finished, and all show refined taste and a deep love for the beautiful, the true and happy in nature and art. We are sure the patrons of American talent will not permit the author to regret that he has "*written a book*." New York: Burgess & Stringer.

The tenth number of the "*Common School Journal of Pennsylvania*" has several excellent articles.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published a book which will excite great attention among all classes of readers, and especially among those who have a penchant for history. It is entitled "*Richard III. as Duke of Gloucester and King of England*," by Caroline A. Halsted, author of the "*Life of Margaret Beaufort*," and "*Obligations of Literature to the Mothers of England*." The object of the work is to strip off the disfigurements which the hireling historians of the Tudors and the poets and dramatic writers of later times have heaped upon the character of Richard III., and to exhibit him in his true proportions and colours as an able, intelligent and politic sovereign, arriving at and maintaining his power by means no worse than the practice of all his cotemporaries exemplified. The author does not attempt to make this out by mere argument and disquisition founded on the published histories, but she goes directly to original sources of information wherever they are to be found, and she certainly makes out a case which will not fail to place the character of Richard in a much more favourable point of view than that in which it has hitherto appeared.

The Appletons have published a new book of Captain Marryat's, of a much more interesting and useful character than any of the novels of that author. It is entitled "*The Settlers in Canada—written for Young People*." It relates the adventures of an English family who settled in Canada in 1794, and follows their fortunes from the first attempts of the denizens of the log cabin to reclaim a spot in the wilderness up to the moment when they arrive at wealth and ease. Of course, it has a general resemblance to his Masterman Ready and the Swiss Family Robinson, but it has the great advantage of facts for a foundation and abundance of fresh, original materials for the superstructure. It forms two volumes of Appleton's Library for the people and their children.

Dunigan's embellished family Bible (Douay version) comes out very rapidly. It has already reached the tenth number. The steel plate engravings are very effective.

FASHION PLATE.

We call attention to our new idea of fashion plates. It has two in-door and two out-door dresses. Since we made the declaration in our last number that we would continue the fashions, several papers have commented upon it, but we are determined upon the point. Continue them we will, and when published our subscribers may expect a gradual improvement in both design and beauty.

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